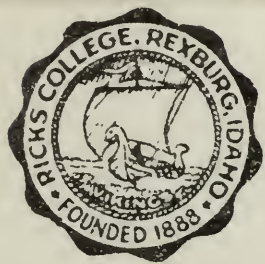


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# SONGS WE LIKE TO SING

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

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# Songs

## We Like to Sing

A Collection of Familiar Songs and Hymns for High  
Schools and Normal Schools and for Assemblies

Compiled and Edited by  
**BIRDIE ALEXANDER**  
*Supervisor of Music, Dallas*



**SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY**  
BOSTON      NEW YORK      CHICAGO

Young's

We like to sing

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**SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY**  
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## PREFACE

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**B**ELIEVING that there is a demand for a well balanced collection of familiar songs for assembly use — one designed primarily to give pleasure and inspiration rather than to teach music — this book has been compiled.

The fundamental idea underlying it has been to include only those songs which experience has shown that boys and girls of the North, South, East and West like to sing. Thus it avoids the defect common to many song collections, which contain a large amount of material that no one enjoys singing. It is confidently believed that there is no song in the book that cannot be sung and enjoyed in the average school.

Before compiling the collection the publishers obtained from many teachers in different states lists of the songs which, in their experience with high school and normal school pupils, had proved to be genuinely and lastingly popular. A selection was then made of the songs that appeared on the greatest number of individual lists. This selection was again submitted for criticism and suggestions to many different teachers and supervisors; the collection represents, therefore, the judgment and experience of many.

For valuable assistance and suggestions the publishers desire to express their thanks to the following teachers, to whose coöperation they feel will be due a large share of whatever success the book may obtain: Professor William A. White, Northwestern University; Winifred Shumway, Houston, Tex.; Herbert Griggs, New York City; Gracelynn Glidden, State Normal School, San Diego, Cal.; Eugenia H. Golding, Tampa, Fla.; Mattie D. Embree, Meridian, Miss.; Eva Dungan, University of Oklahoma; George Kimbrill, Bisbee, Ariz.; Lula Griesenbeck, San Antonio, Tex.; Verna B. Van Wormer, State Normal School, Ada, Okla.; Jessie Mae Agnew, Shreveport, La.; A. Mae Bacon, Oklahoma City, Okla.; H. D. Wilson, Louisiana Industrial Institute, Ruston, La.; M. Manora Boylan, State Normal School, Denton, Tex.; H. W. Stopher, State Normal School, Natchitoches, La.; E. C. Marshall, Winfield, Kan.; Alva C. Lochhead, Ft. Worth, Tex.; D. J. Evans, Little Rock, Ark.; Harriet Milledge, Atlanta, Georgia; Elizabeth Doak, Waco, Tex.; Laverna Lossing, State Normal School, Flagstaff, Ariz.; F. W. Gillis, University Preparatory School, Tonkawa, Okla.; M. Edith Reynolds, Enid, Okla.; Katherine Murrie, Austin, Tex.

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# SONGS WE LIKE TO SING

## AMERICA

SAMUEL F. SMITH

HENRY CAREY



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,  
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
4. Our fa - thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the  
Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
Sweet free - dom's song. Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
To thee we sing! Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

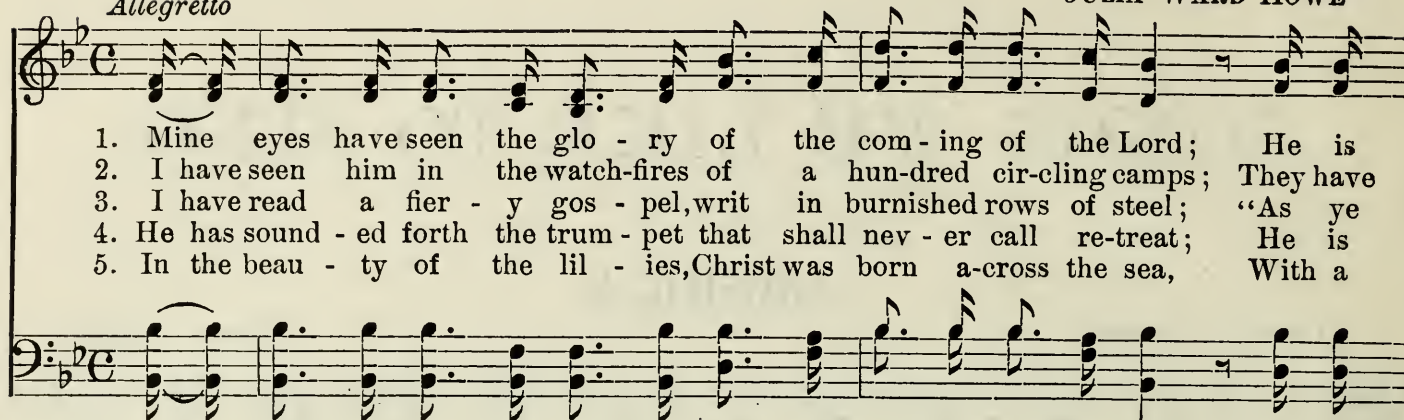


Pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!  
tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

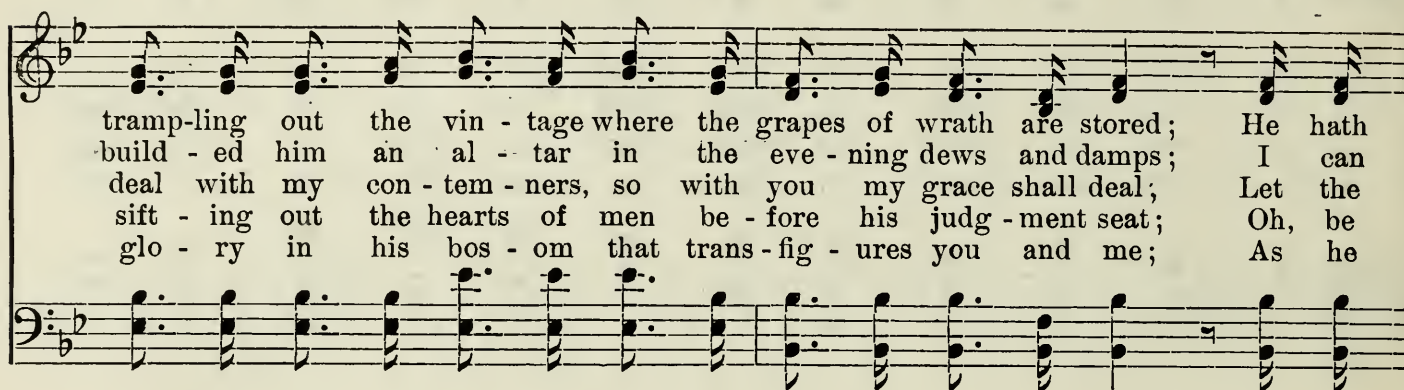
# BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

*Allegretto*

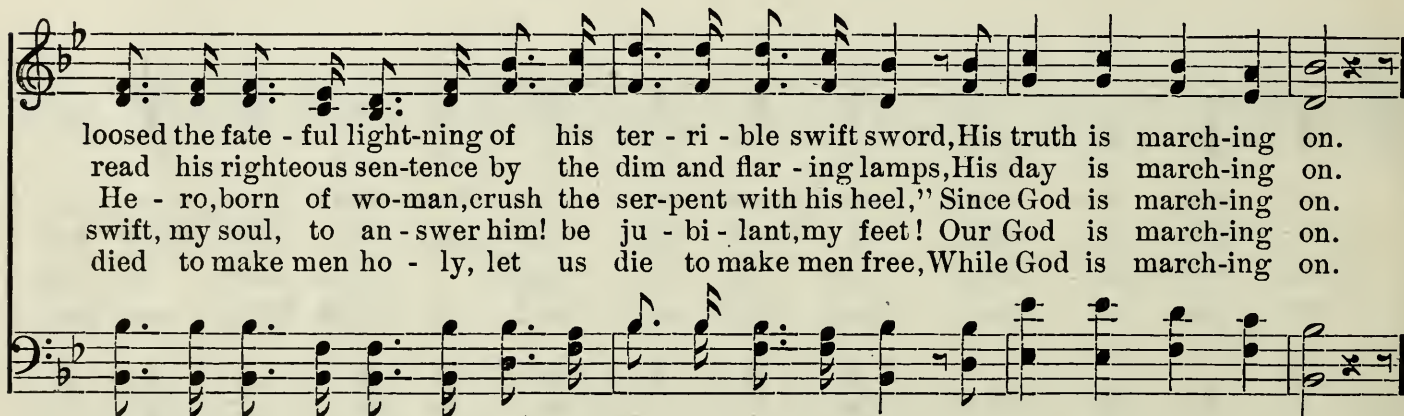
JULIA WARD HOWE



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is  
 2. I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have  
 3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel, writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye  
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is  
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a




tramp-ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath  
 build - ed him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can  
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the  
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat; Oh, be  
 glo - ry in his bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As he

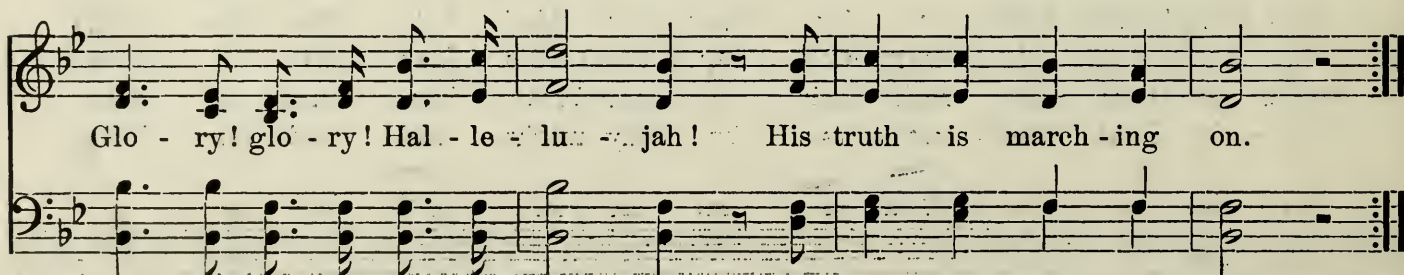


loosed the fate - ful light-ning of his ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.  
 read his righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.  
 He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with his heel, "Since God is march - ing on.  
 swift, my soul, to an - swer him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.  
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

## CHORUS



Glo - ry! glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

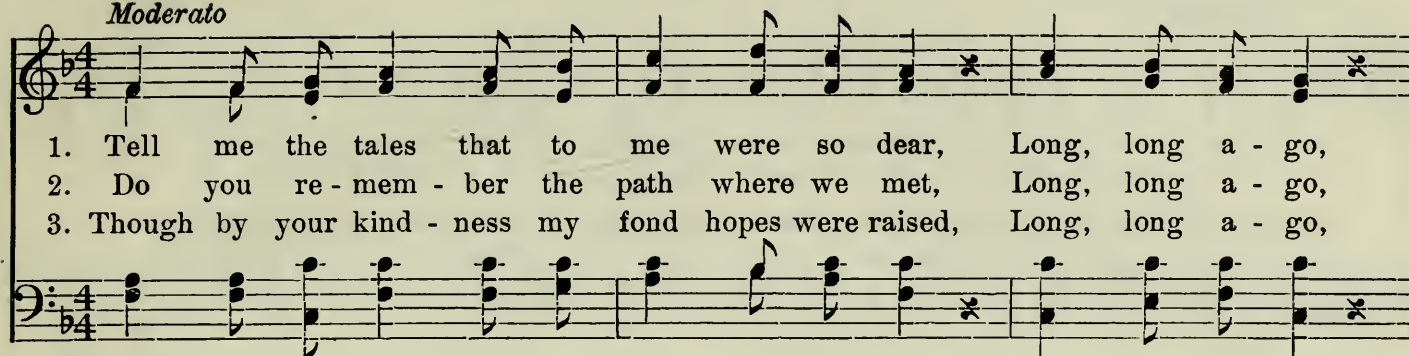
NOTE: — This song was inspired by a visit made by Mrs. Howe to the "Circling Camps" around Washington, gathered for the defence of that city, early in the war between the States.



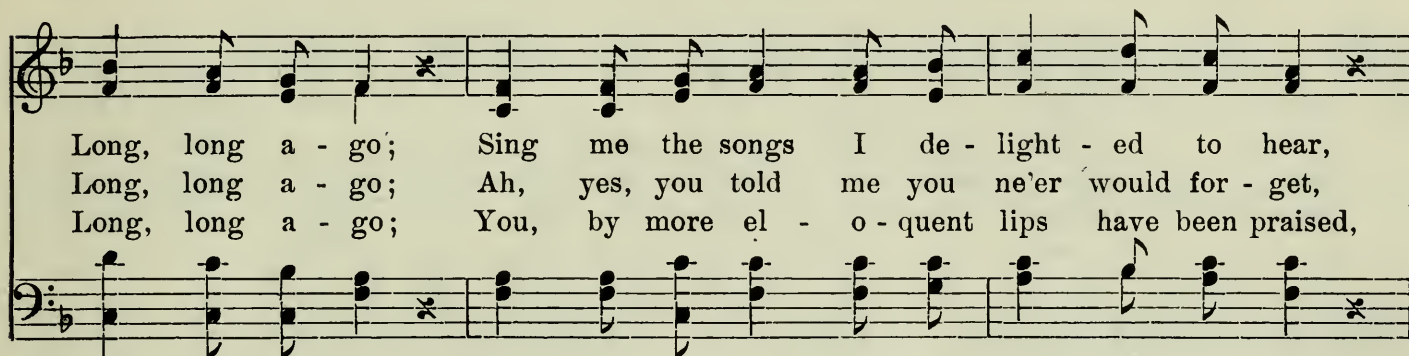
# LONG, LONG AGO

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

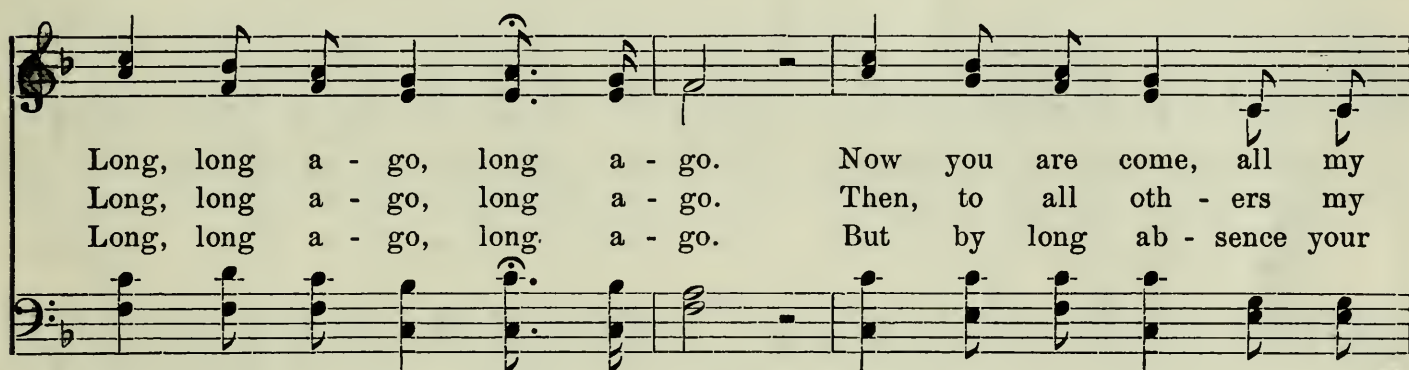
*Moderato*



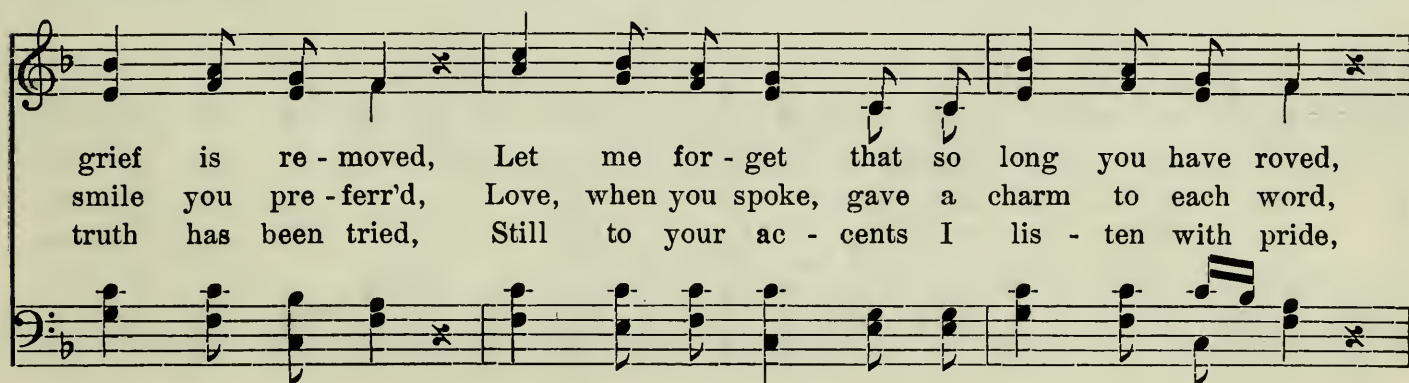
1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go,  
 2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go,  
 3. Though by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go,



Long, long a - go; Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear,  
 Long, long a - go; Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get,  
 Long, long a - go; You, by more el - o - quent lips have been praised,



Long, long a - go, long a - go. Now you are come, all my  
 Long, long a - go, long a - go. Then, to all oth - ers my  
 Long, long a - go, long a - go. But by long ab - sence your



grief is re - moved, Let me for - get that so long you have roved,  
 smile you pre - ferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,  
 truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I lis - ten with pride,

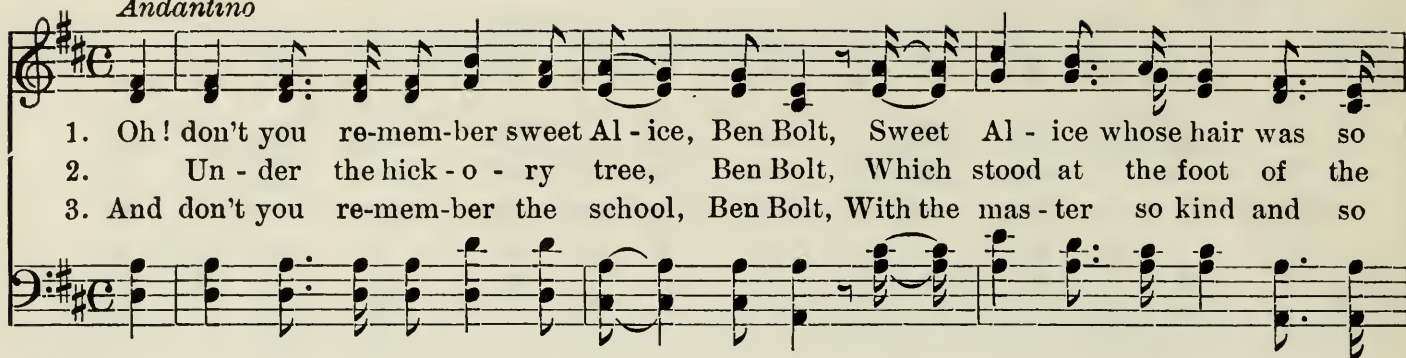


Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 Still my heart treas - ures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

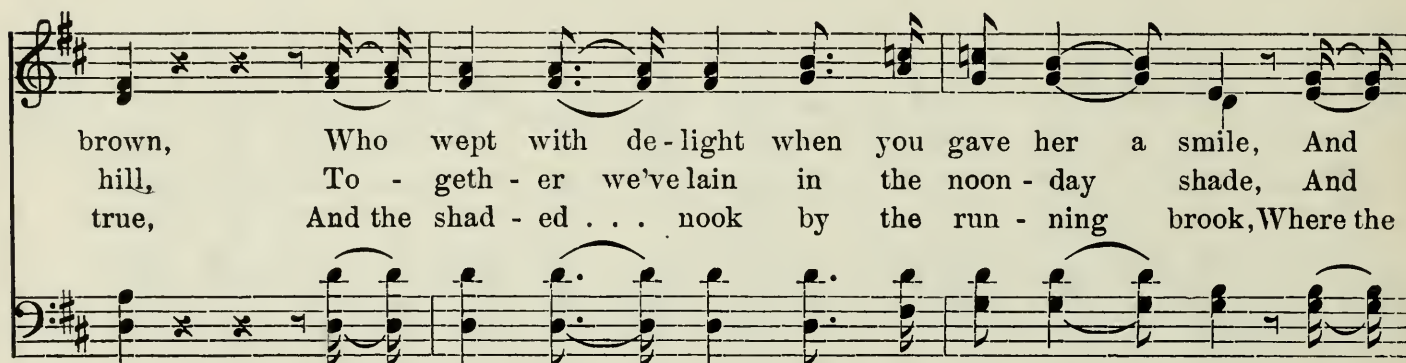
## BEN BOLT

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

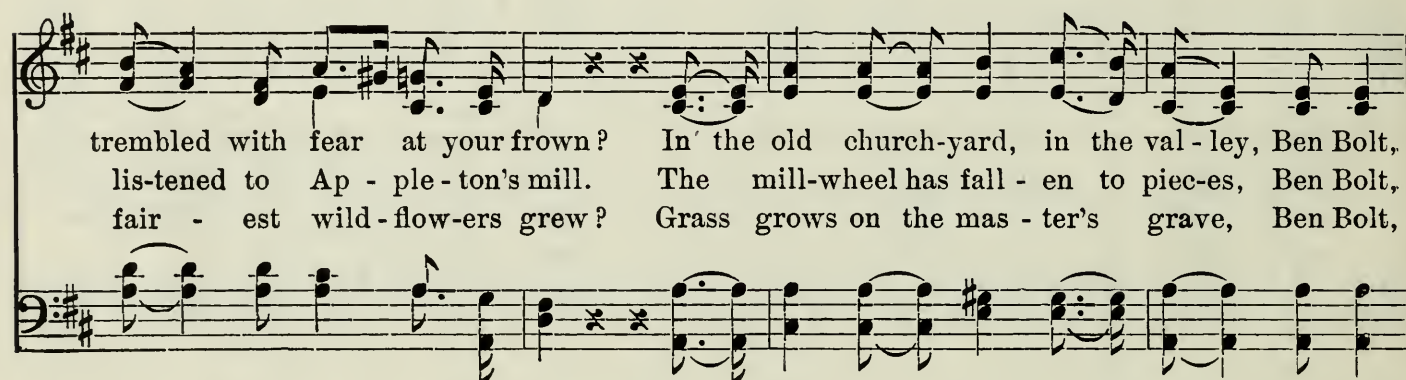
NELSON KNEASS

*Andantino*


1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al - ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al - ice whose hair was so  
 2. Un - der the hick - o - ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the  
 3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas - ter so kind and so



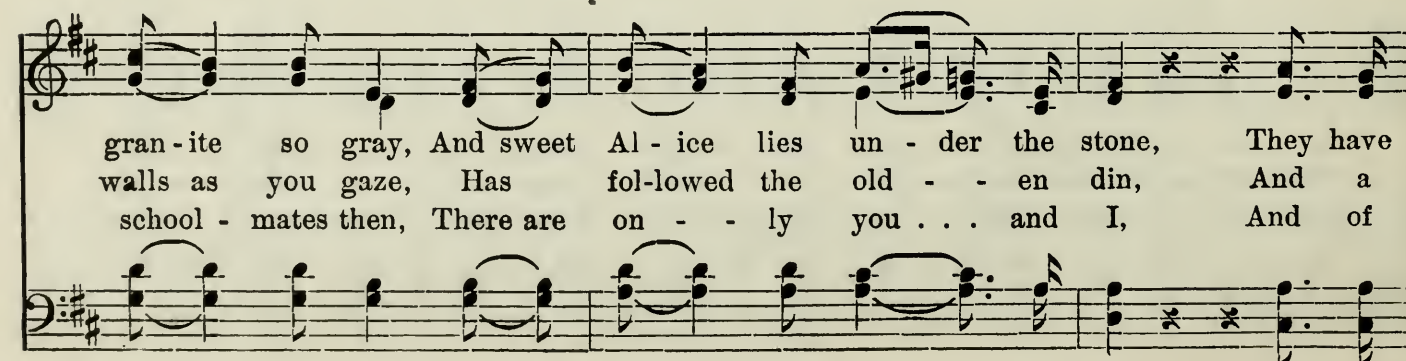
brown, Who wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And  
 hill, To - geth - er we've lain in the noon - day shade, And  
 true, And the shad - ed . . . nook by the run - ning brook, Where the



trembled with fear at your frown? In' the old church-yard, in the val - ley, Ben Bolt,  
 lis-tened to Ap - ple - ton's mill. The mill-wheel has fall - en to piec - es, Ben Bolt,  
 fair - est wild-flow-ers grew? Grass grows on the mas - ter's grave, Ben Bolt,



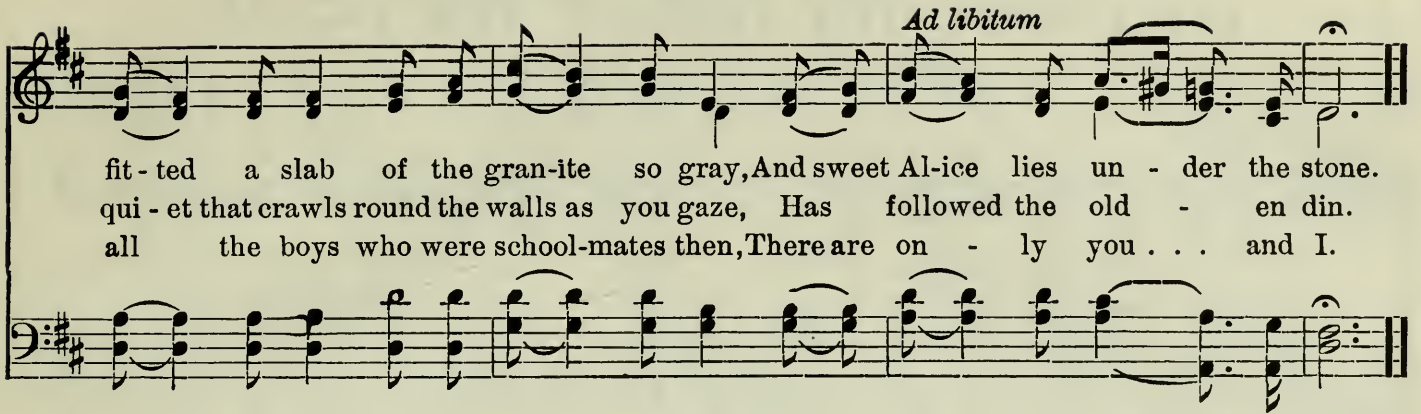
In a cor - ner ob - scure and a - lone, They have fit - ted a slab of the  
 The raft - ers have tum - bled in, And a qui - et that crawls round the  
 The spring of the brook is . . dry, And of all the boys who were



gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone, They have  
 walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - - en din, And a  
 school - mates then, There are on - - ly you . . . and I, And of



*Ad libitum*



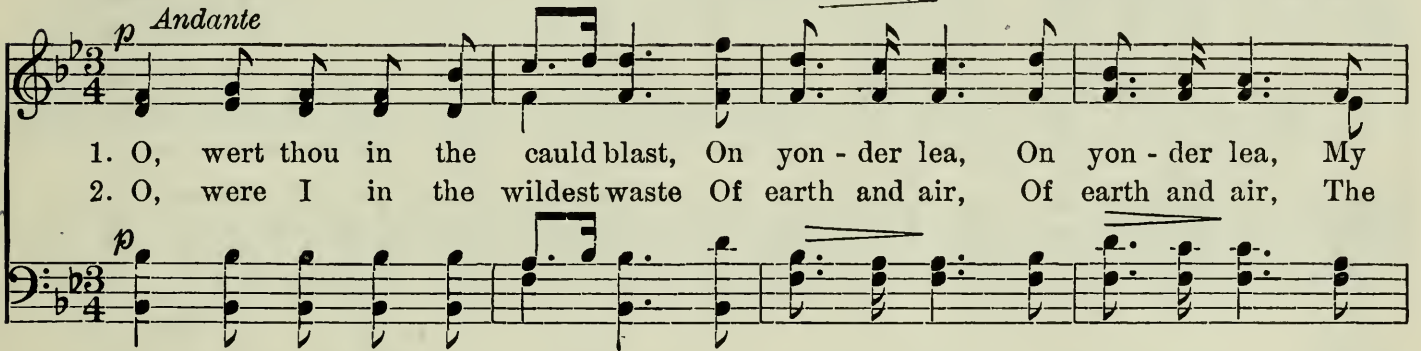
fit - ted a slab of the gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone.  
 qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has followed the old - en din.  
 all the boys who were school - mates then, There are on - ly you . . . and I.

## O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

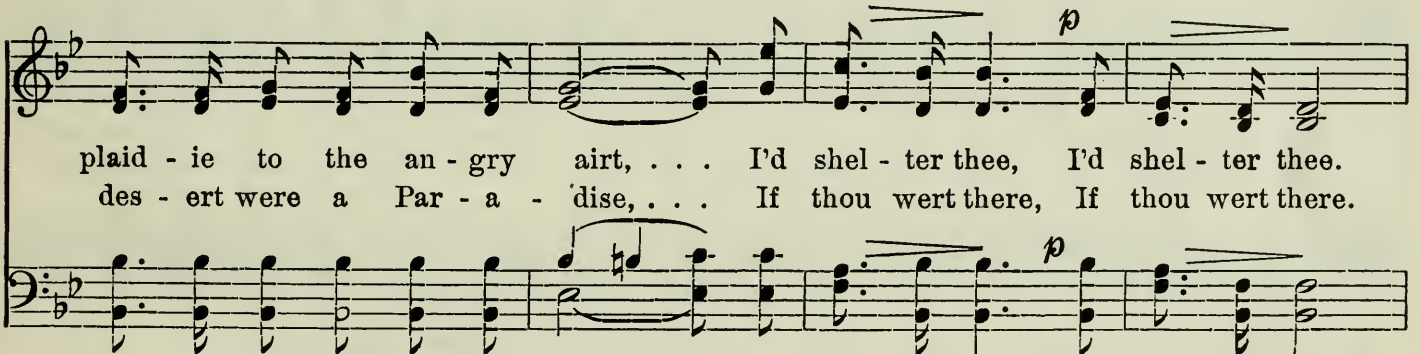
ROBERT BURNS

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

*p Andante*

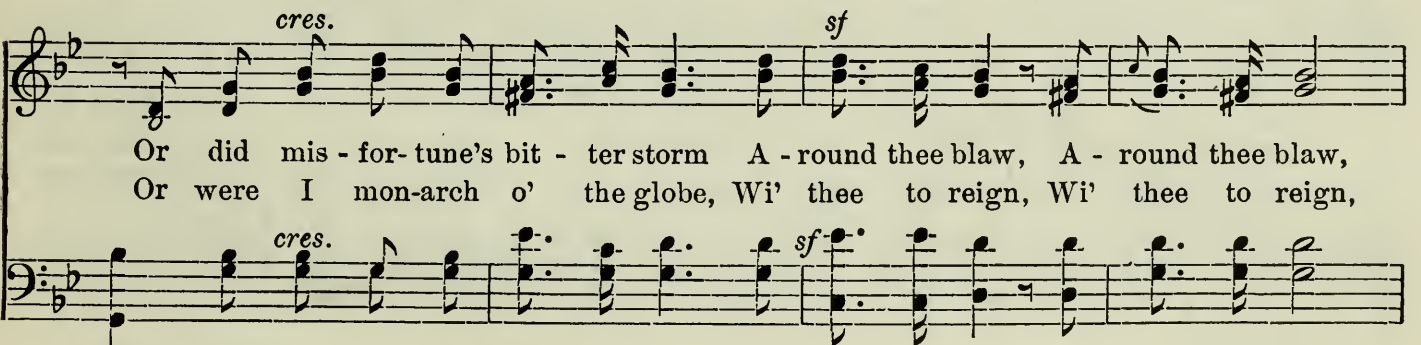


1. O, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea, On yon - der lea, My  
 2. O, were I in the wildest waste Of earth and air, Of earth and air, The



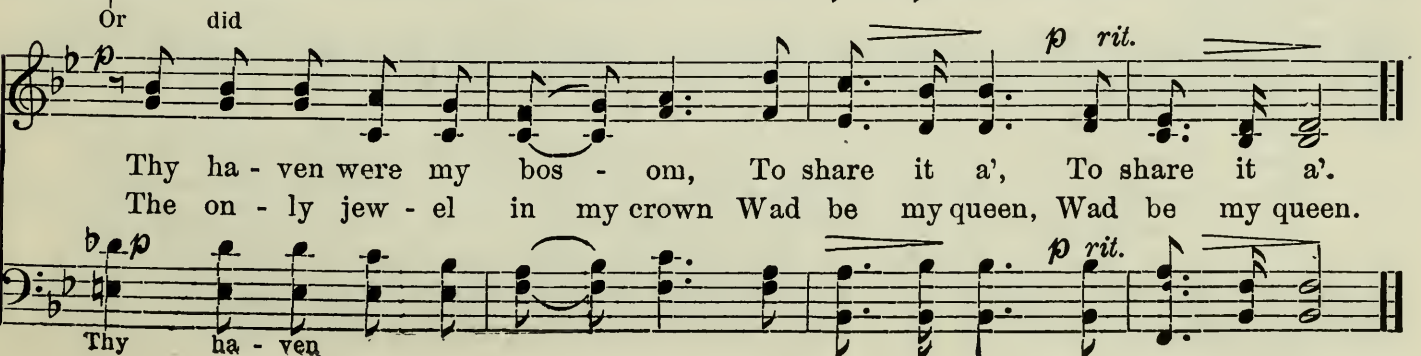
plaid - ie to the an - gry airt, . . . I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee.  
 des - ert were a Par - a - 'dise, . . . If thou wert there, If thou wert there.

*cres. sf*



Or did mis - for - tune's bit - ter storm A - round thee blaw, A - round thee blaw,  
 Or were I mon - arch o' the globe, Wi' thee to reign, Wi' thee to reign,

*cres. sf p rit.*



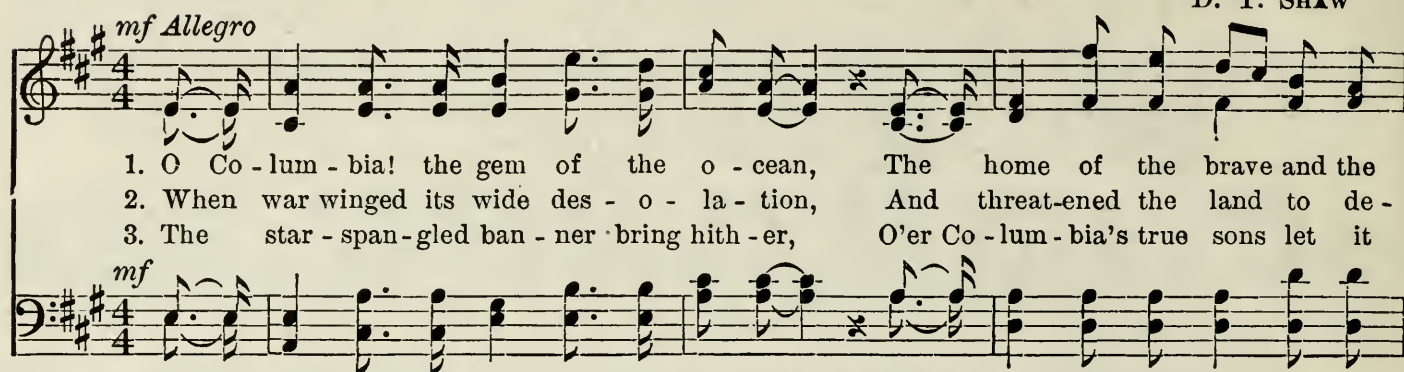
Thy ha - ven were my bos - om, To share it a', To share it a'.  
 The on - ly jew - el in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad be my queen.  
 Thy ha - ven

## COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

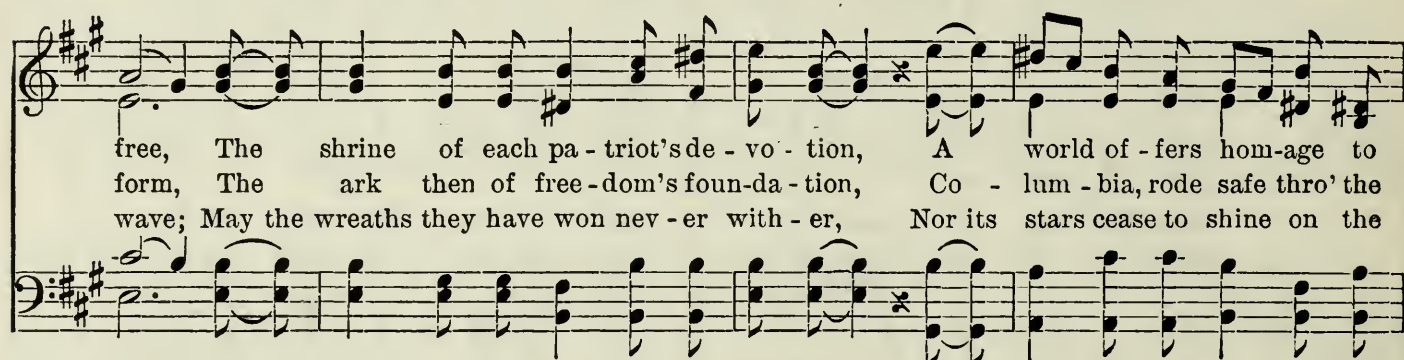
D. T. SHAW

*mf Allegro*

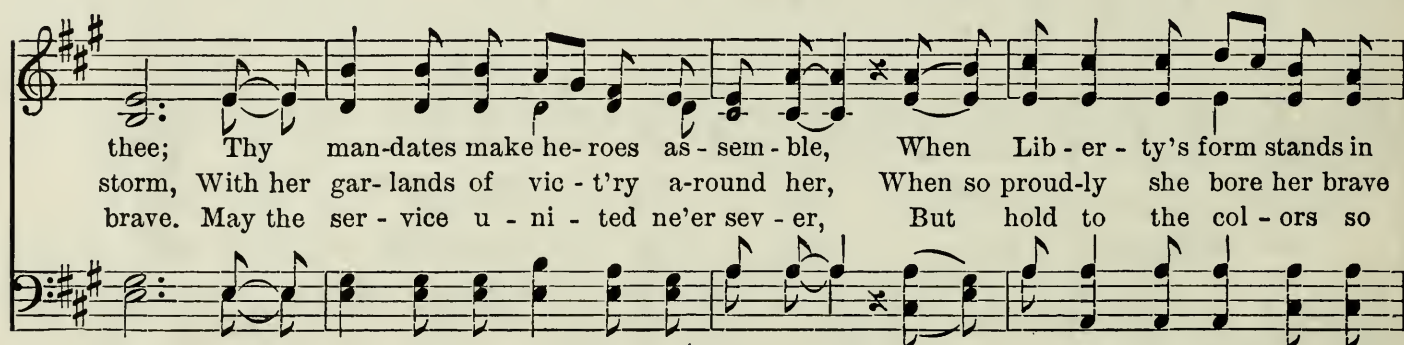


1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the  
 2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threat-ened the land to de -  
 3. The star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co - lum - bia's true sons let it

*mf*

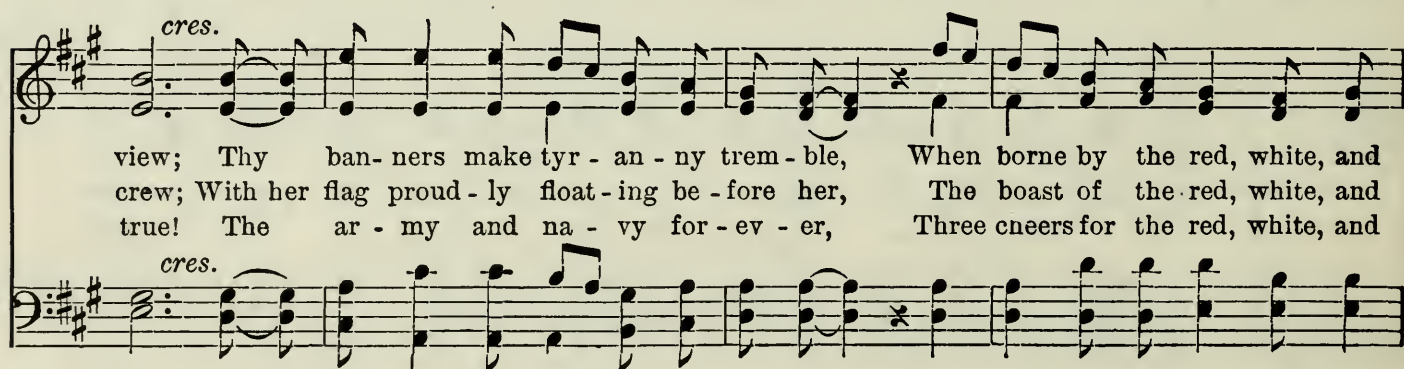


free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A world of - fers hom-age to  
 form, The ark then of free - dom's foun-da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the  
 wave; May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the



thee; Thy man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in  
 storm, With her gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave  
 brave. May the ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But hold to the col - ors so

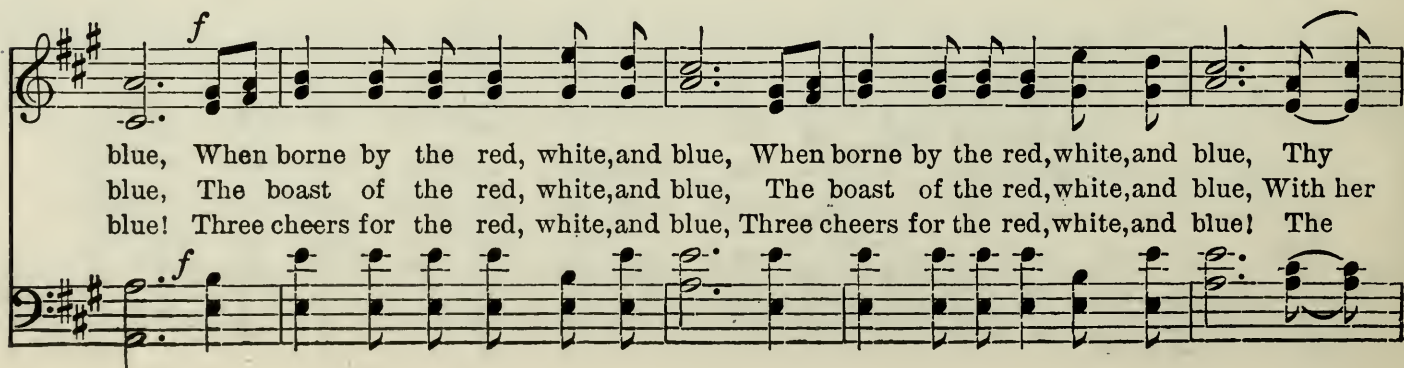
*cres.*



view; Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and  
 crew; With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and  
 true! The ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and

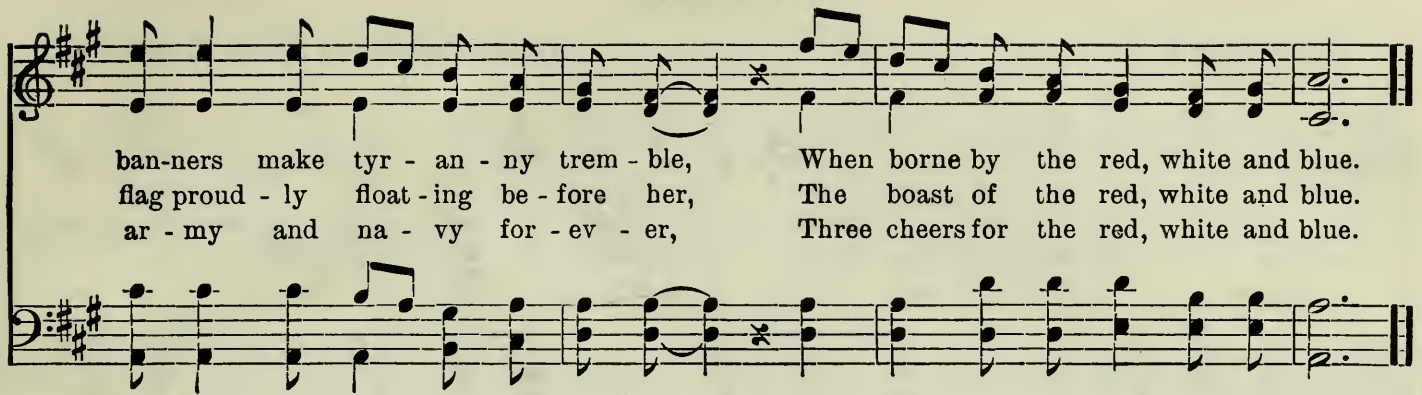
*cres.*

*f*



blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy  
 blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, With her  
 blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! The



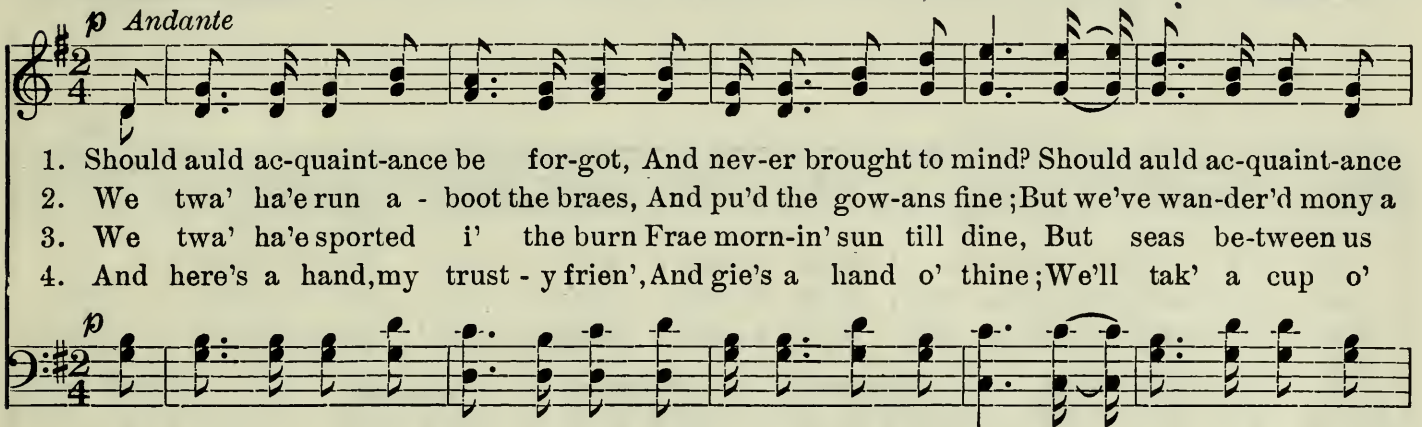


ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble,      When borne by the red, white and blue.  
 flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her,      The boast of the red, white and blue.  
 ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er,      Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

## AULD LANG SYNE

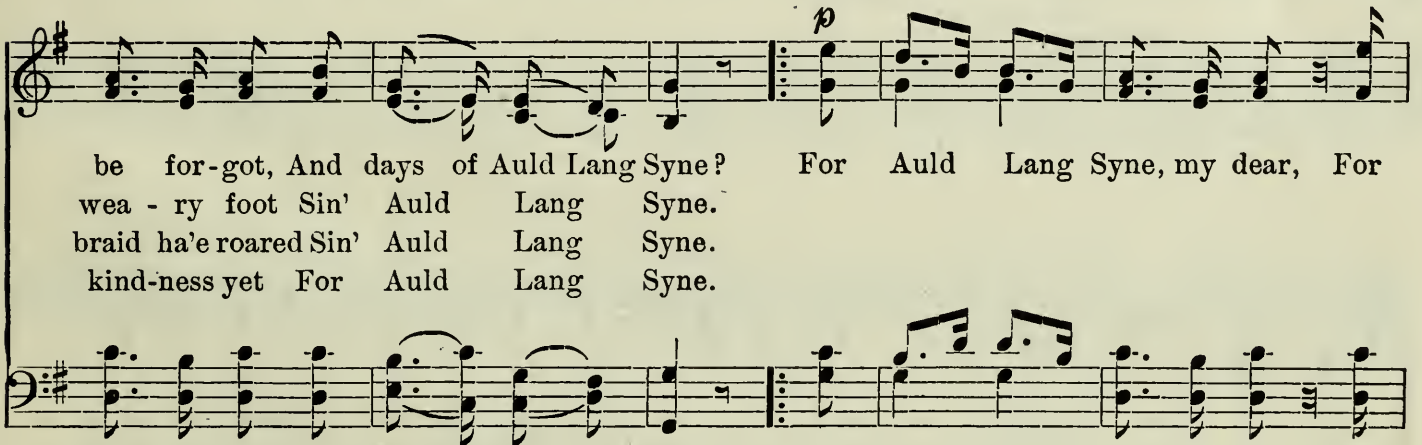
ROBERT BURNS

Scotch

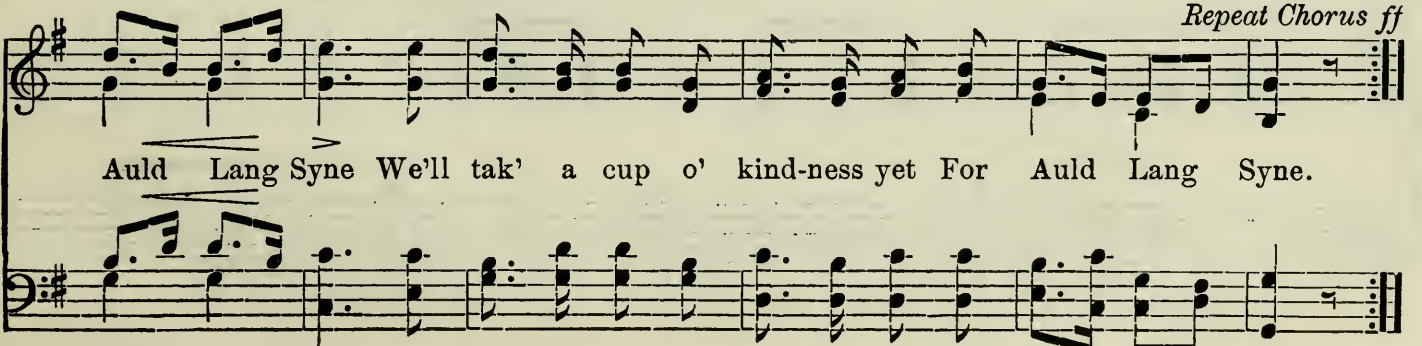
*p Andante*


1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaint-ance  
 2. We twa' ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've wan-der'd mony a  
 3. We twa' ha'esported i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us  
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'

CHORUS



be for-got, And days of Auld Lang Syne?      For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, For  
 wea - ry foot Sin' Auld Lang Syne.  
 braid ha'e roared Sin' Auld Lang Syne.  
 kind-ness yet For Auld Lang Syne.

*Repeat Chorus ff*


Auld Lang Syne We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For Auld Lang Syne.

## DIXIE

Adapted by COLLIN COE

DAN EMMET, Arr. by W. L. HOBBS

*p*

1. I wish I was in de land ob ~~not~~ - ton, Old times dar am  
 2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry "Will - de - wea - ber," Wil - lium was a  
 3. His face was sharp as a butch - er's cleab - er, But dat did not

*Allegro*

*ff* *p*

*f* *p*

not for - got - ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. In  
 gay de - ceab - er; Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But  
 seem to greab'er; Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Old

*f*

Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one frost - y morn - in', Look a -  
 when he put his arm a - round 'er, He smiled as fierce as a for - ty pound - er, Look a -  
 Mis - sus act - ed de fool - ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a -

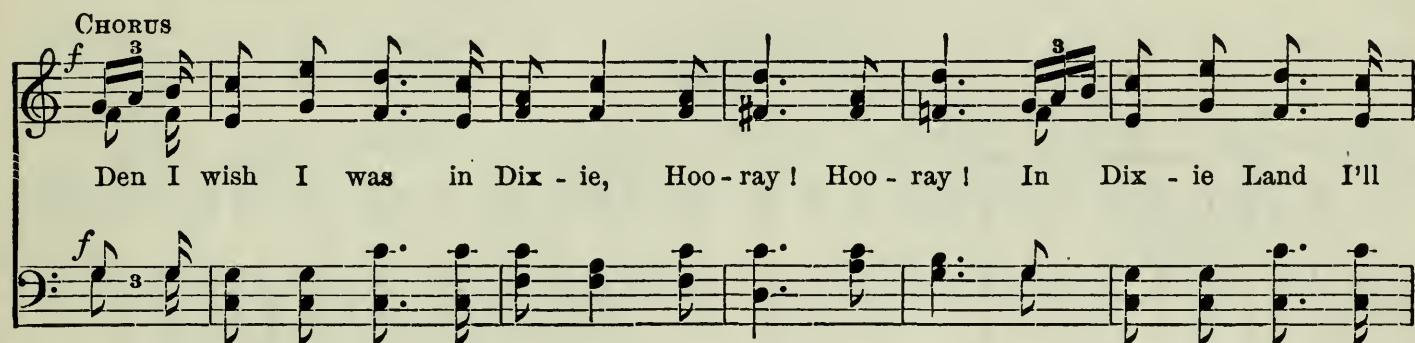
*p*



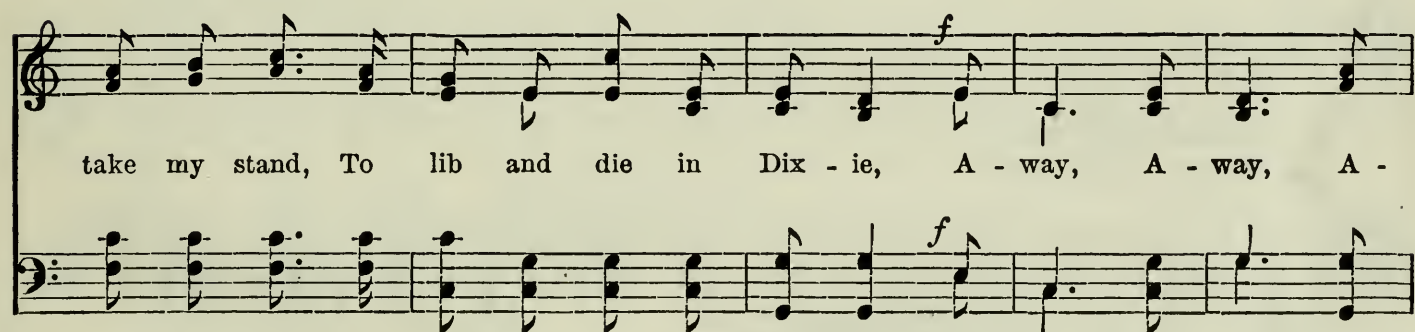


way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

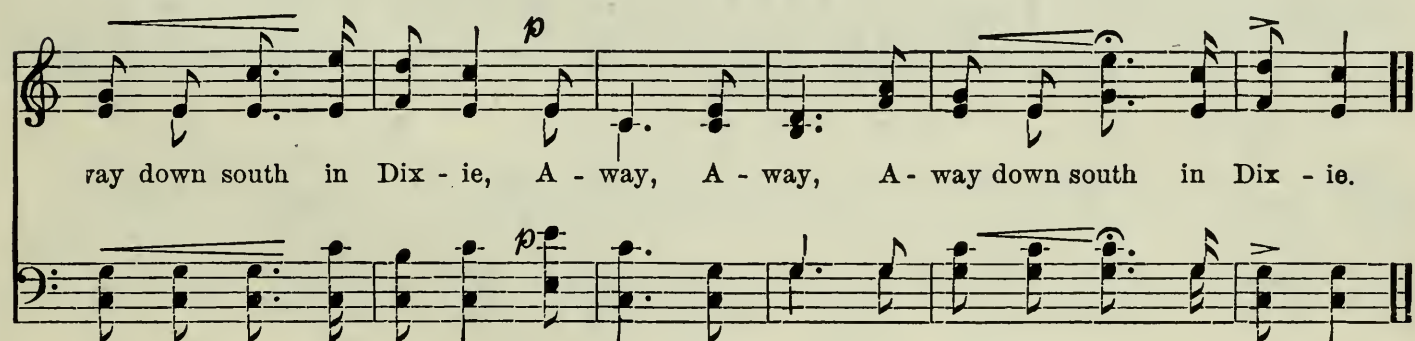
CHORUS



Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll



take my stand, To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A -



ray down south in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,  
 An all de gals dat want to kiss us;  
     Look away! etc.,  
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,  
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow,  
     Look away! etc.,  
 CHO. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,  
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
     Look away! etc.,  
 Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,  
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,  
     Look away! etc.,  
 CHO. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

# BEDOUIN LOVE SONG

For Baritone Voices

CIRO PINSUTI

*Allegretto moderato assai*

*f risoluto* *sf sf* *sf*

*p*

1. From the des-ert I come to thee . . On my  
2. From thy window . . look and see . . My . .

*sf p staccatissimo*

A - rab shod with fire,  
passion and my pain!

And the  
I . .

*f risoluto*

winds are left be - hind . . In the speed of my de - sire.  
lie on the sands be - low . . And I faint in thy dis-dain.



*p*

Un-der thy win - dow . I stand, . . And the mid - night hears my  
Let the night winds touch thy brow . . With the breath of my burn-ing

*animando e cres. f*

cry, . . . I love thee! I love but thee! With a love that shall not  
sigh, . . . And melt thee to hear the vow Of a love that shall not

*molto rall. a tempo*

die! . . With a love that shall not die! . . .  
die! . . Of a love that shall not die! . . .

*affrett. Meno mosso con espress.*

Till the sun grows cold, . . .

## BEDOUIN LOVE SONG

And the stars are old, . . . And the leaves of the

Judg - - - ment Book . . . . un - fold!

*cres.*

*ff con tutta l'anima*

Till the sun grows cold, And the stars are old, And the leaves of the

*ff* *cres.* *sempre cres.*

*ff rall.* *molto rall.* *a tempo*

Judg - ment . . . Book . . . un - fold!

*ff col canto* *molto rit.* *a tempo*



*2 ff molto rall.* *a tempo*

Judg - ment Book un - fold!

*2* *a tempo* *un poco rall*

*ff col canto*

## ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Old Welsh

*Semplice*

1. Sleep, my love, and peace at - tend thee, All through the night! Guard - ian an - gels  
 2. Though I roam, a min - strel lone - ly, All through the night! My true harp shall  
 3. Hark! a sol - emn bell is ring - ing Clear, through the night! Thou, my love, art

God will lend thee, All through the night! Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing,  
 praise thee on - ly, All through the night! Love's young dream, a - las! is o - ver,  
 heav'n - ward wing - ing, Home, through the night! Earth - ly dust from off thee shak - en,

Hill and vale in slum - ber steeping, Love a - lone his watch is keeping, All through the night.  
 Yet my strains of love shall hover Near the presence of my lov - er, All through the night.  
 Soul im - mor - tal thou shalt waken, With thy last dim journey tak - en, Home, through the night.

## ANVIL CHORUS

FROM "IL TROVATORE"

GIUSEPPE VERDI

God of the na - tions, in glo - ry en - thron - ed, Up - on our lov'd

The first system of the musical score for the Anvil Chorus. It features a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "God of the na - tions, in glo - ry en - thron - ed, Up - on our lov'd". The piano part includes a key signature change from G major to E major (indicated by two sharps) and a time signature change to 3/4 time.

coun - try thy bless - ing pour; Guide us and guard us from strife in the

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "coun - try thy bless - ing pour; Guide us and guard us from strife in the". The piano accompaniment features trills (tr) in both the right and left hands.

fu - ture, Let Peace dwell a - mong us for ev - er - more!

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "fu - ture, Let Peace dwell a - mong us for ev - er - more!". The piano accompaniment continues with trills (tr) and a key signature change back to G major (indicated by one sharp).

The fourth system of the musical score, which is an instrumental section for the piano. It features a key signature change to E major (two sharps) and a time signature change to 3/4 time. The music consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.



The first system of the musical score for 'Anvil Chorus'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'Proud - ly our ban - ner now gleams with golden lus - ter! Bright - er each'.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'star . . shines in the glo - rious clus - ter! Hail! Hail! Hail! ban - ner of the'. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and moving lines.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: 'free! And Peace and Un - ion, and Peace and Un - ion, throughout our hap - py land!'. The piano accompaniment ends with a double bar line and a forte (ff) dynamic marking.

## SCOTLAND'S BURNING

A ROUND

The musical score for 'Scotland's Burning', a round in 2/4 time. It consists of four parts, each with a number above it. The lyrics are: 'Scot - land's burn - ing! Scot - land's burn - ing! Look out! Look out! Fire! fire! fire! fire! Pour on wa - ter! Pour on wa - ter!'.

# FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

ROBERT BURNS

J. E. SPILMAN

*Moderato*

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll  
 2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far marked with the  
 3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the

sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by the  
 cours - es of clear wind - ing rills; There dai - ly I wan - der, as  
 cot where my Ma - ry re - sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her

mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.  
 morn ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye.  
 snow - y feet lave, As gath - ring sweet flow - 'rets, she stems thy clear wave!

Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re - sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whist - ling  
 How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be - low, Where wild in the  
 Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet

black - birds in yon thorn - y den, Thou green - crest - ed lap - wing, thy  
 wood - lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild eve - ning creeps  
 riv - er, the theme of my lays. My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy



scream-ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.  
o - ver the lea, The sweet-scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.  
mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

## THE QUILTING PARTY

*Andante*

1. In the sky the bright stars glit - tered, On the bank the pale moon shone;  
2. On my arm a soft hand rest - ed, Rest - ed light as o - cean foam;  
3. On my lips a whis - per trem - bled, Trem-bled till it dared to come;  
4. In my life new hopes were dawn - ing, And those hopes have lived and grown;

*p*

*cres.* *dim.*

And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.  
And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.  
And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.  
And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

*cres.* *dim.*

**CHORUS**

*p*

I was see - ing Nel - lie home, . . I was see - ing Nel - lie home;

*cres.* *dim. e rit.*

And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

*cres.* *dim. e rit.*

# BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

THOMAS MOORE

DAVENANT

*Andante*

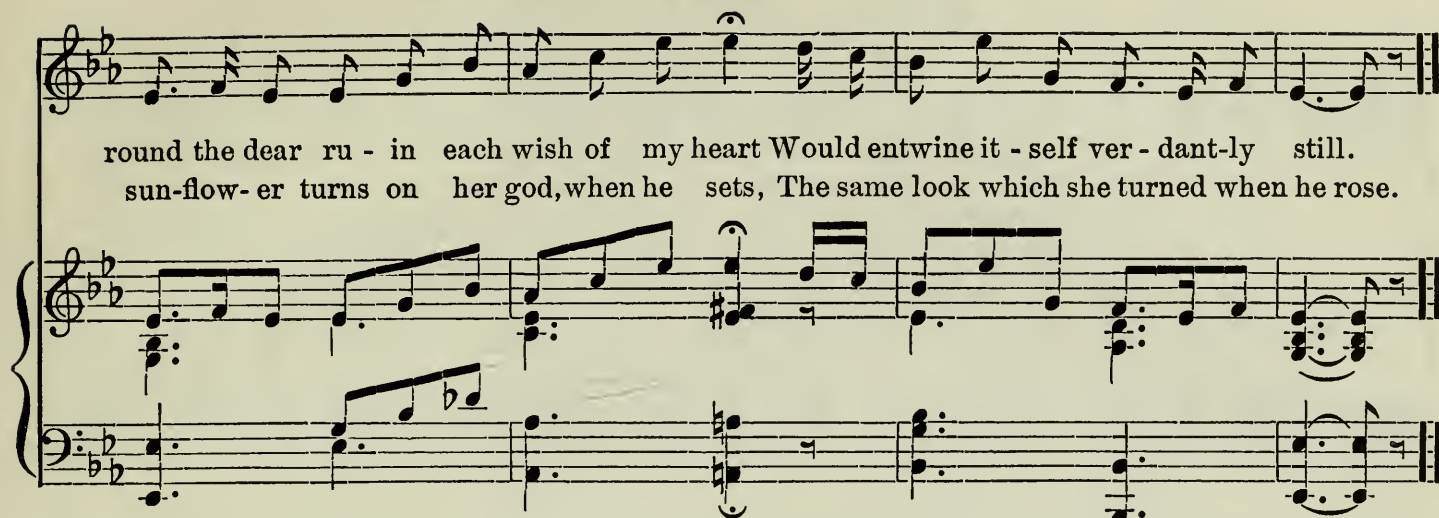
1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -  
2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un - pro - faned by a

day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like  
tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which

fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this  
time will but make thee more dear; No, the heart that has tru - ly lov'd

mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will, And a -  
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close, As the



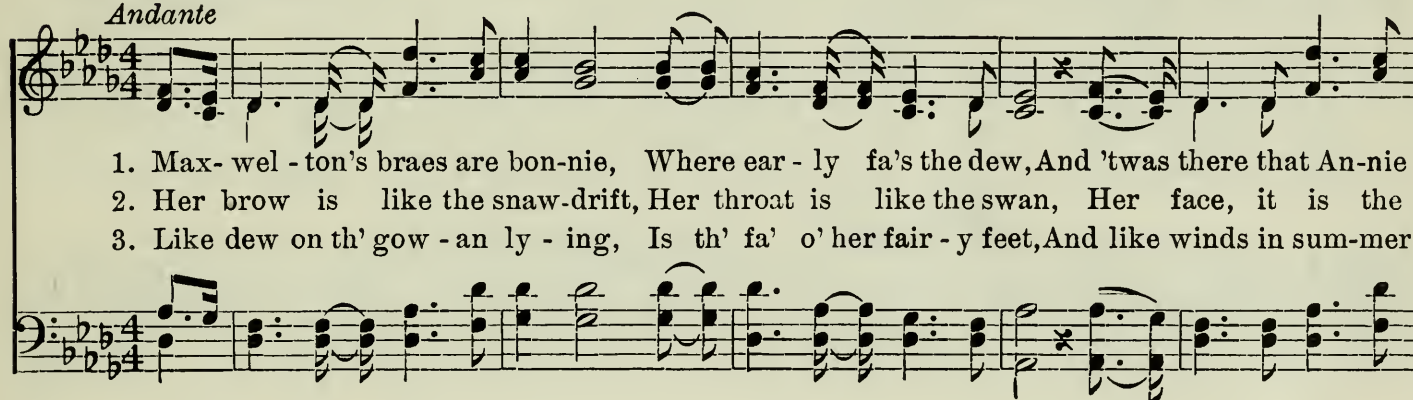


round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would entwine it - self ver - dant-ly still.  
sun-flow - er turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose.

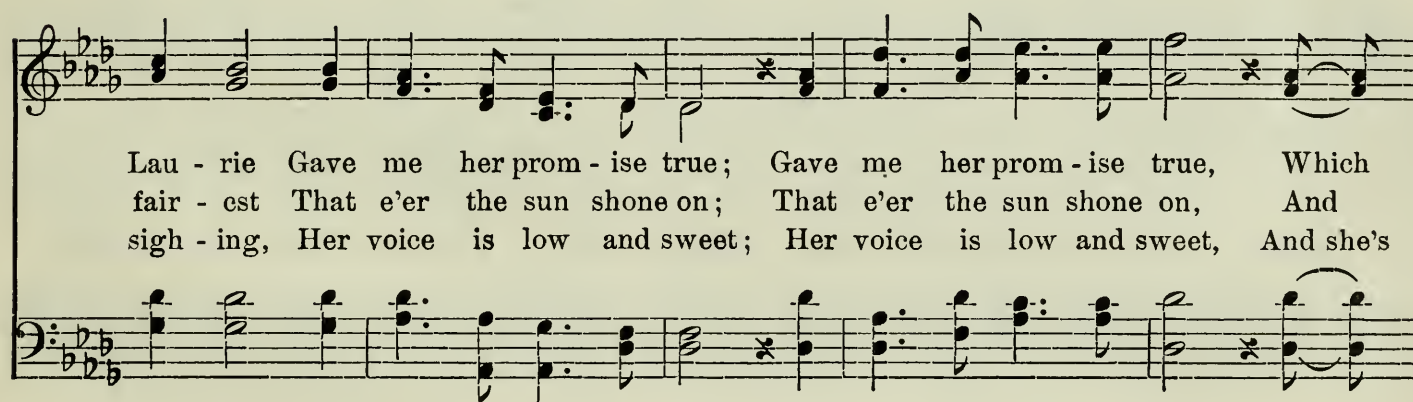
## ANNIE LAURIE

Lady JOHN SCOTT

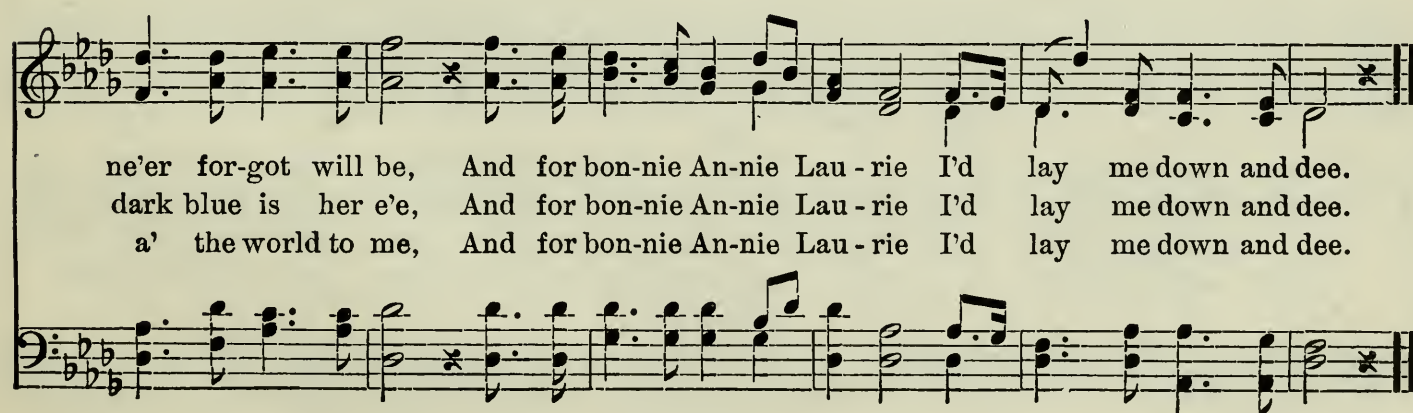
Scotch

*Andante*


1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that An-nie  
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her face, it is the  
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing, Is th' fa' o' her fair - y feet, And like winds in sum-mer

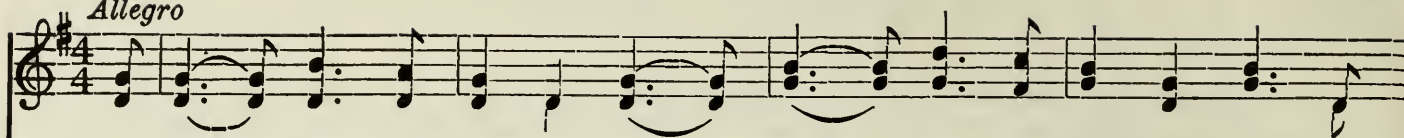


Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true, Which  
fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And  
sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

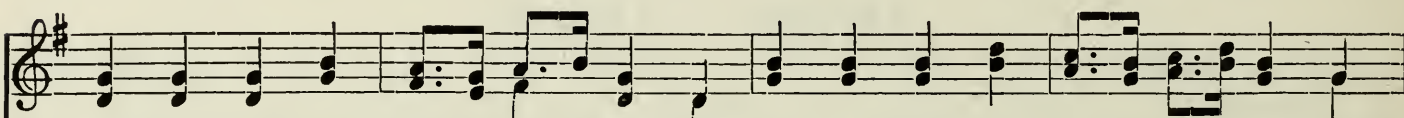


ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.  
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.  
a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.

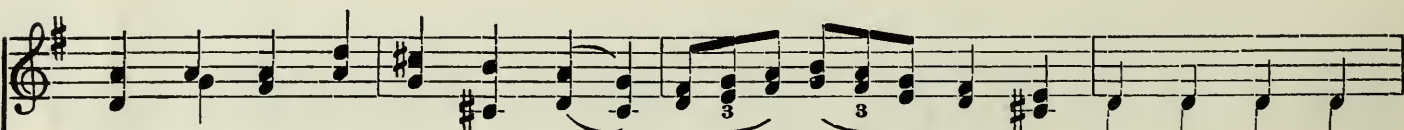
## HAIL, COLUMBIA

*Allegro*

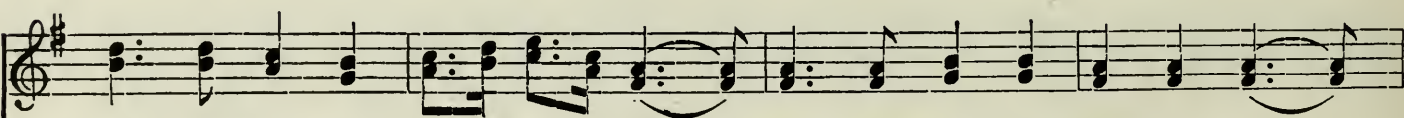
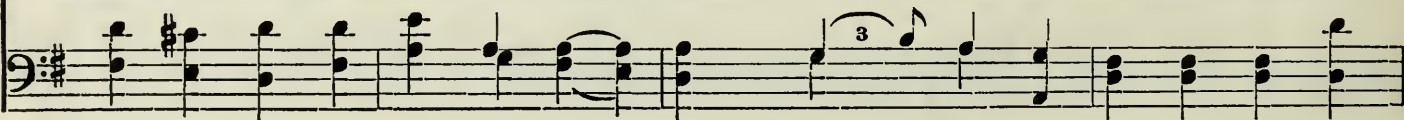
1. Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes! heav'n-born band! Who
2. Im - mor-tal pa - triots! rise once more, De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore; Let
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash - ing-ton's great name Ring
4. Be - hold the Chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun - try stands, The



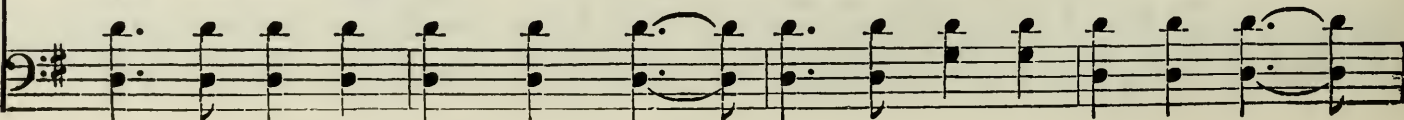
fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, And  
 no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, In -  
 thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause; Let  
 rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But



when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let  
 vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize. While  
 ev - 'ry clime to free-dom dear Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear. With  
 armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When



in - de-pen-dence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost;  
 off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That  
 e - qual skill, with God - like pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of  
 hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom obscured Co - lum - bia's day, His





## CHORUS

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, . Let its al - tar reach the skies. Firm, u - nit - ed,  
 Truth and Jus - tice will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond-age fail.  
 hor - rid war; or guides with ease The hap-pier times of hon - est peace.  
 stead - y mind, from chang-es free, Re-solved on death or lib - er - ty.

let us be, Rallying round our lib-er - ty; As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.

## GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES

*Allegro*

1. Good - night, la - dies!      Good - night, la - dies!      Good - night, la - dies!  
 2. Fare - well, la - dies!      Fare - well, la - dies!      Fare - well, la - dies!  
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies!      Sweet dreams, la - dies!      Sweet dreams, la - dies!

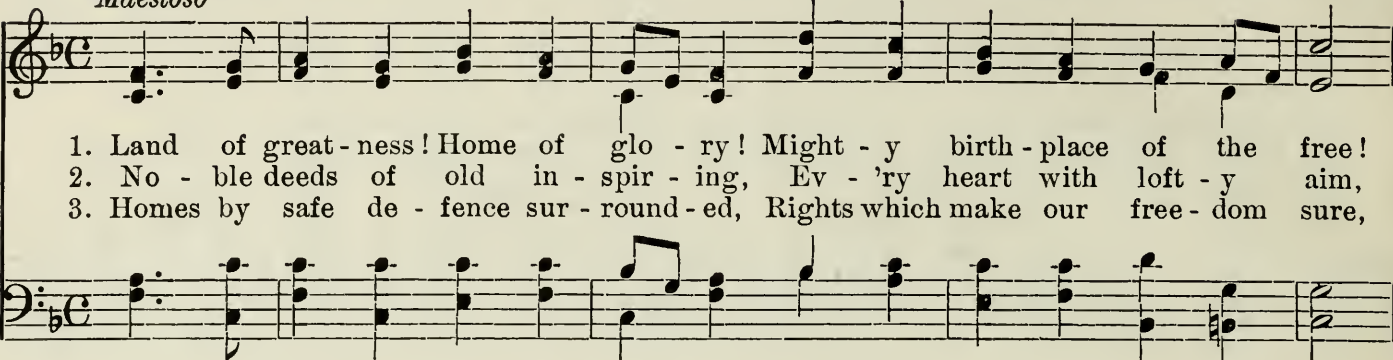
We're going to leave you now.      Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, Roll a - long, roll a - long,

Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O - ver the dark blue sea.

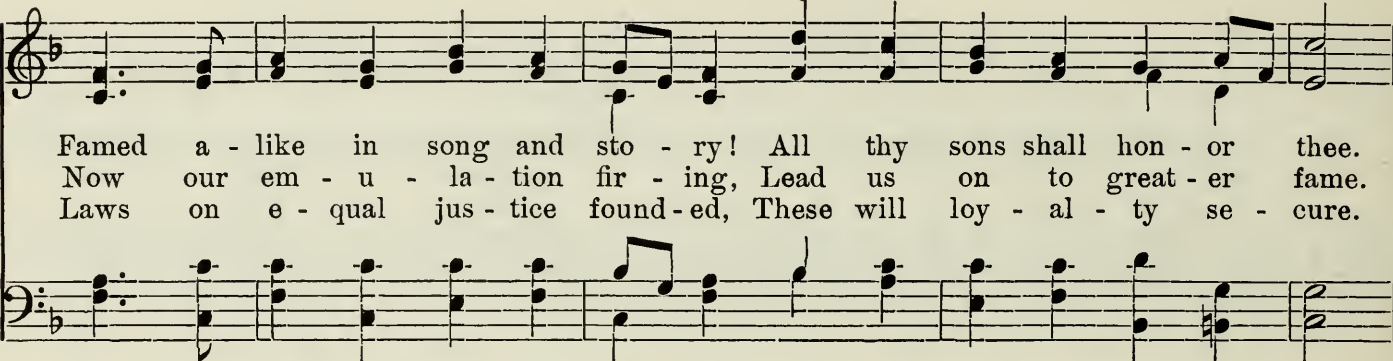
## AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN

A. J. FOXWELL  
*Maestoso*

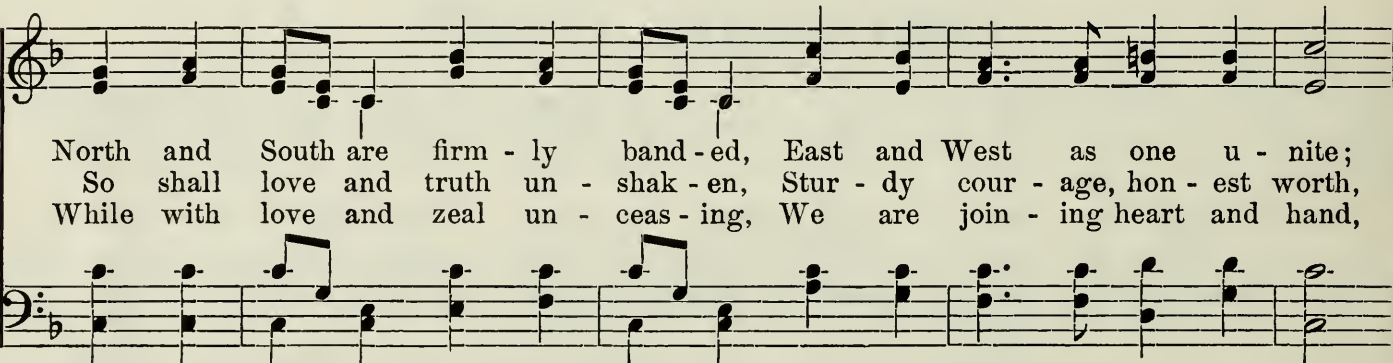
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN



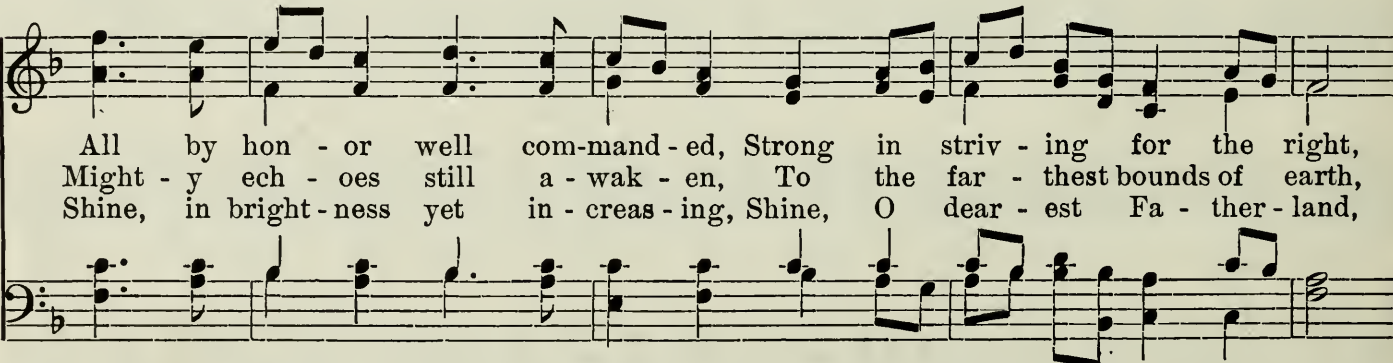
1. Land of great-ness! Home of glo - ry! Might - y birth - place of the free!  
 2. No - ble deeds of old in - spir - ing, Ev - 'ry heart with loft - y aim,  
 3. Homes by safe de - fence sur - round - ed, Rights which make our free - dom sure,



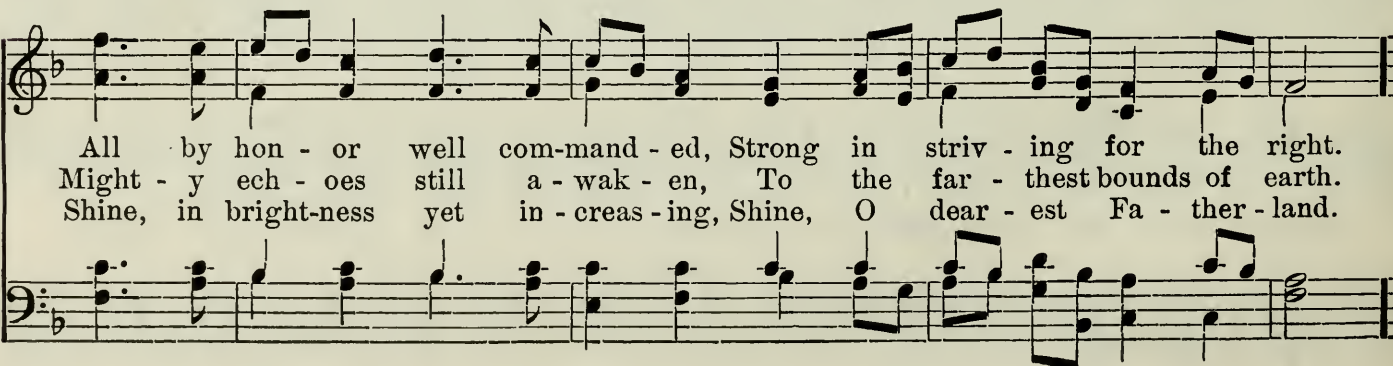
Famed a - like in song and sto - ry! All thy sons shall hon - or thee.  
 Now our em - u - la - tion fir - ing, Lead us on to great - er fame.  
 Laws on e - qual jus - tice found - ed, These will loy - al - ty se - cure.



North and South are firm - ly band - ed, East and West as one u - nite;  
 So shall love and truth un - shak - en, Stur - dy cour - age, hon - est worth,  
 While with love and zeal un - ceas - ing, We are join - ing heart and hand,



All by hon - or well com - mand - ed, Strong in striv - ing for the right,  
 Might - y ech - oes still a - wak - en, To the far - thest bounds of earth,  
 Shine, in bright - ness yet in - creas - ing, Shine, O dear - est Fa - ther - land,



All by hon - or well com - mand - ed, Strong in striv - ing for the right.  
 Might - y ech - oes still a - wak - en, To the far - thest bounds of earth.  
 Shine, in bright - ness yet in - creas - ing, Shine, O dear - est Fa - ther - land.



## BRIDAL CHORUS, FROM LOHENGRIN

*Andante*  
*mf*

RICHARD WAGNER

Faith - ful and true, we lead ye forth Where love triumph - ant shall crown ye with joy!

Star of re-nown, flow'r of the earth, Blest be ye both far from all life's an-oy.

Cham-pion vic - to - rious, go thou be-fore! Maid bright and glo-rious, go thou be-fore!

Mirth's noi - sy rev - el ye have for - sak - en, Ten - der de - lights for you now a -

wak-en! Fragrant a - bode en-shrine ye in bliss, Splen-dor and state in joy ye dis - miss.

both far from all . . life's an - noy, From all life's an - noy!



# THE HEART BOW'D DOWN

FROM "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL"

W. W. BALFE

*Andante*

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, to weak - est hopes will  
2. The mind will, in its worst de-spair, still pon - der o'er the

cling, To thought and im - pulse while they flow, that  
past, On mo - ments of de - light that were too

can no com - fort bring, That can, that can no . com - - fort  
beau - ti - ful . . to last, That were too beau-ti - ful, too beau - ti - ful to

bring; With those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, o'er  
last; To long de - part - ed years ex - tend its

pleas - ure's path - way thrown; but mem - 'ry is the  
vi - sions with them flown; for mem - 'ry is the

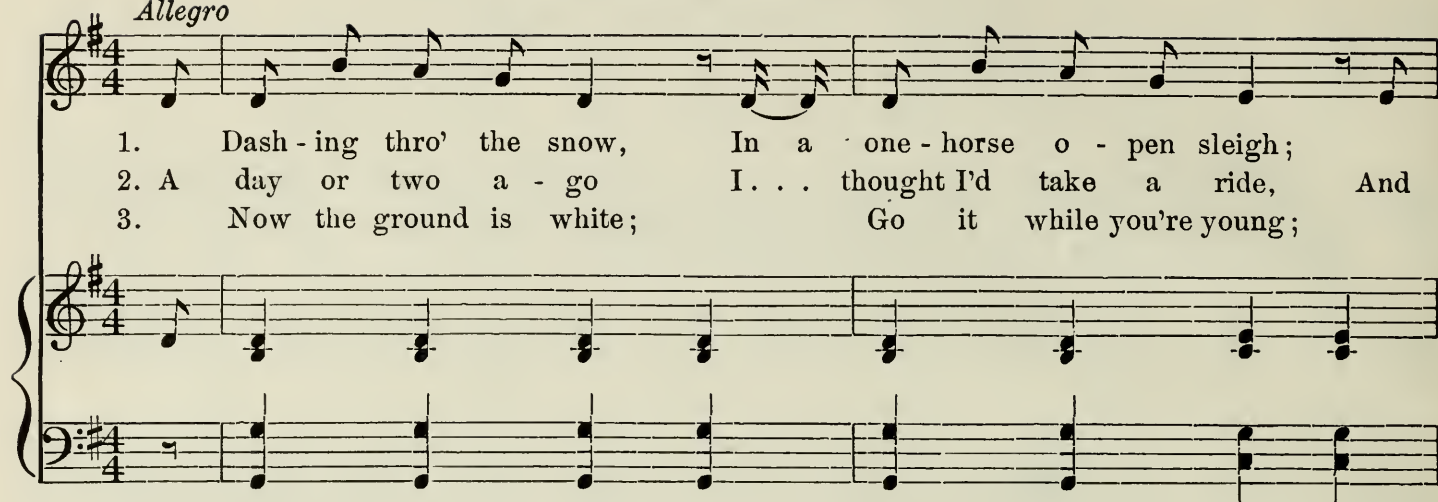
on - ly friend that grief can call its own, That

grief can call its own, that grief can call its own.

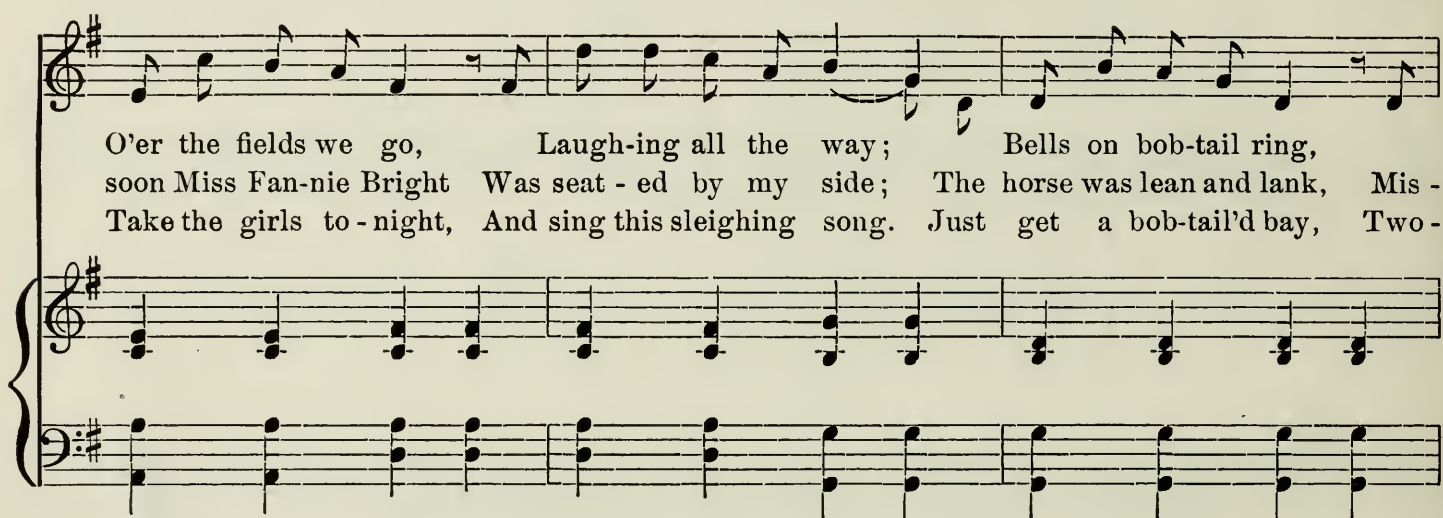
*stringendo* *f*



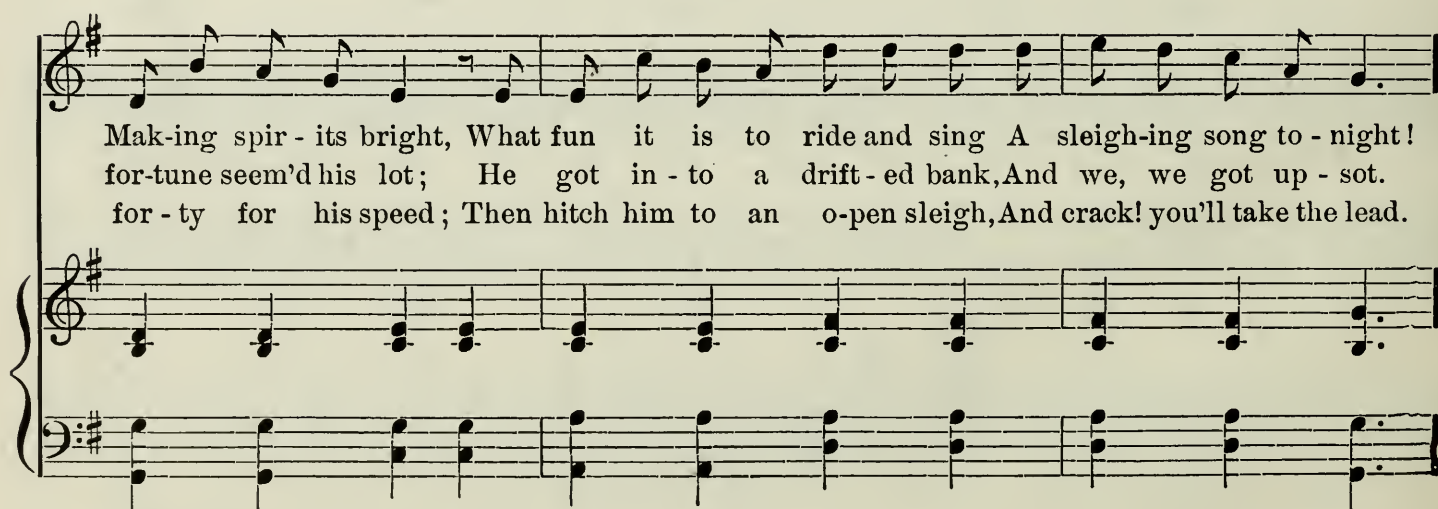
## JINGLE, BELLS

*Allegro*


1. Dash - ing thro' the snow, In a one - horse o - pen sleigh;  
 2. A day or two a - go I . . . thought I'd take a ride, And  
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young;

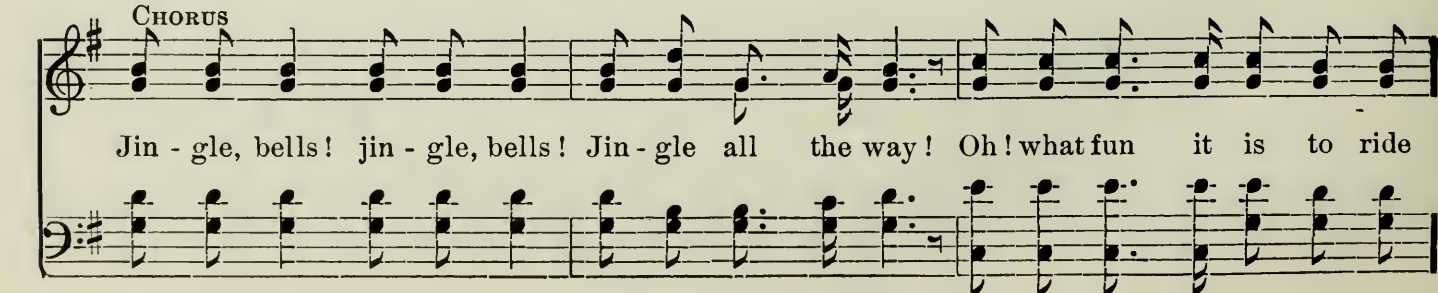


O'er the fields we go, Laugh - ing all the way; Bells on bob - tail ring,  
 soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was seat - ed by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis -  
 Take the girls to - night, And sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob - tail'd bay, Two -



Mak - ing spir - its bright, What fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh - ing song to - night!  
 for - tune seem'd his lot; He got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.  
 for - ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS



Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride



In a one-horse o - pen sleigh! Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle all the way!

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one - horse o - pen sleigh!

## ISLE OF BEAUTY

*Moderato*

1. Shades of eve - ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly bark a - while! Morn, a - las! will  
 2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fac - es Smile a - round the ta - per's light; Who will fill our  
 3. When the waves are round me breaking, As I pace the deck a - lone, And my eye in

not re-store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle. Still my fan - cy can dis-cov - er  
 va - cant plac - es? Who will sing our songs to - night? Thro' the mist that floats a - bove us,  
 vain is seek - ing Some green spot to rest up - on; What would I not give to wan - der

Sunny spots where friends may dwell; Darker shadows round us hover, Isle of beauty, fare thee well!  
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell, Like a voice from those that love us, Breathing fondly, "Fare thee well!"  
 Where my old companions dwell! Absence makes the heart grow fonder, Isle of beauty, fare thee well!

## IN THE GLOAMING

META ORRED

ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON

*Andante*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The melody is played in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

1. In the gloam - ing, O my dar - ling,  
 2. In the gloam - ing, O my dar - ling,

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line continues the melody from the introduction, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

when the lights are dim and low; And the qui - et  
 think not bit - ter - ly of me! Tho' I pass'd a -

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues the melody, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

sha - dows fall - ing, soft - ly come, and soft - ly go;  
 way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free;

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line continues the melody, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.



*Agitato*

When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly, with a gen - tle  
 For my heart was crush'd with long - ing, what had been could

*con anima*

un - known woe, Will you think of me, and love me,  
 nev - er be. It was best to leave you thus, dear,

*rall.*

as you did once long a - go?  
 best for you and best for (Omit.) me; It was

*cres.*

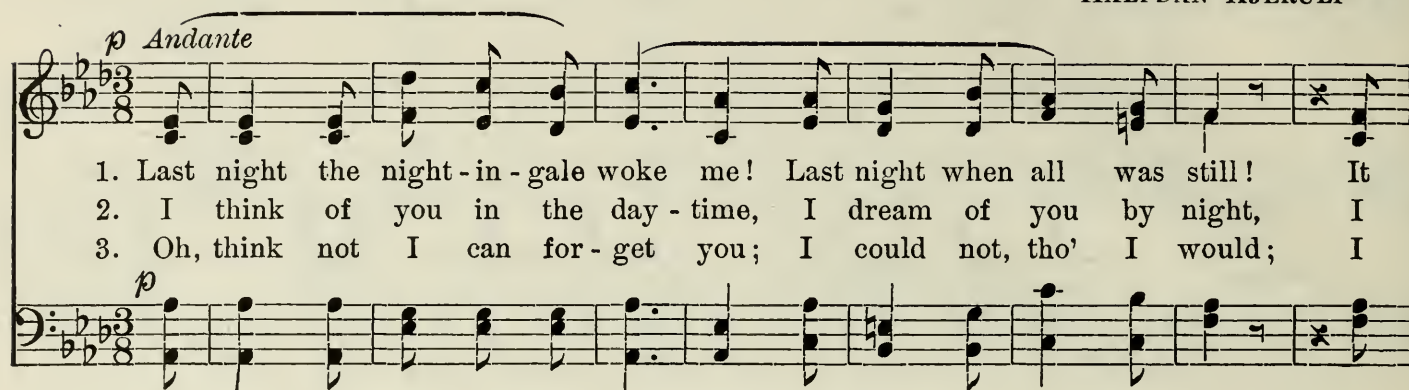
best to leave you thus; . . . Best for you and best for me. . .

*colla voce*

# LAST NIGHT, WHEN ALL WAS STILL

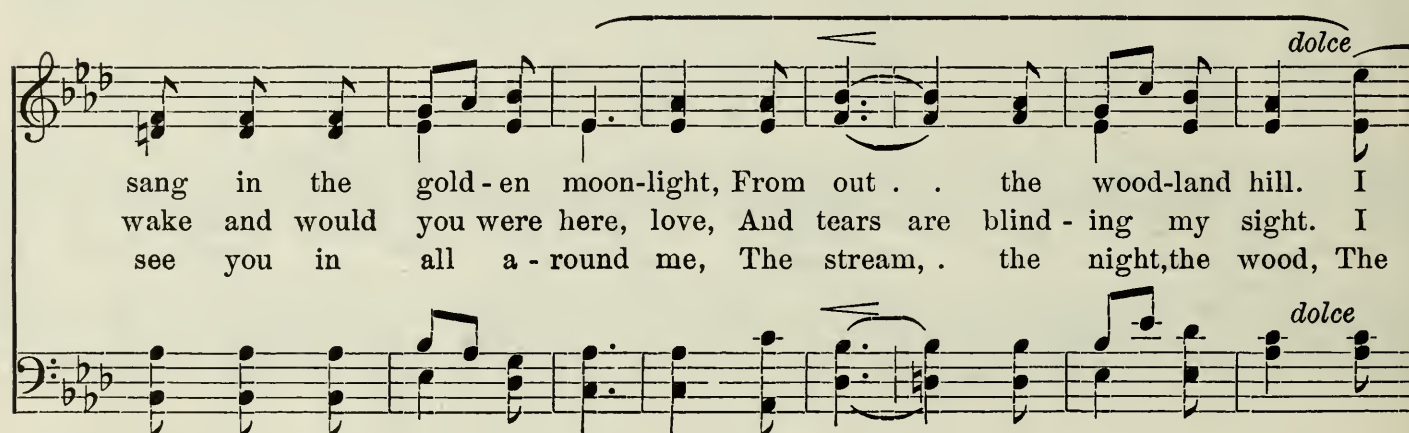
HALFDAN KJERULF

*p Andante*




1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me! Last night when all was still! It  
 2. I think of you in the day-time, I dream of you by night, I  
 3. Oh, think not I can for-get you; I could not, tho' I would; I

*dolce*

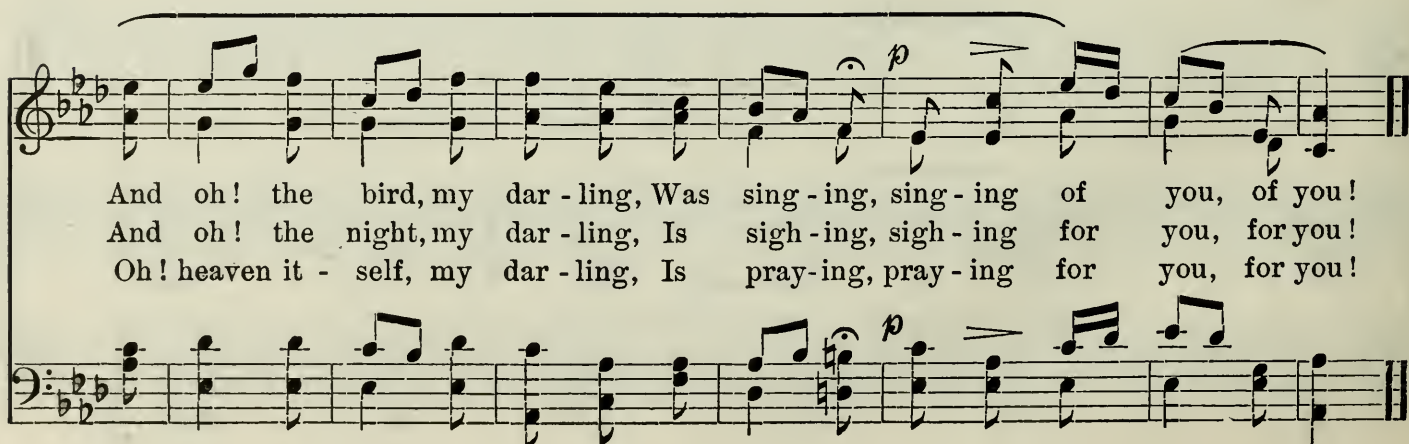


sang in the gold-en moon-light, From out . . the wood-land hill. I  
 wake and would you were here, love, And tears are blind-ing my sight. I  
 see you in all a-round me, The stream, . the night, the wood, The



o-pened my win-dow so gen-tly, I looked on the dream-ing dew,  
 hear a low breath in the lime tree, The wind is . . float-ing through;  
 flow-ers that slum-ber so gen-tly, The stars a-bove the blue;

*p*



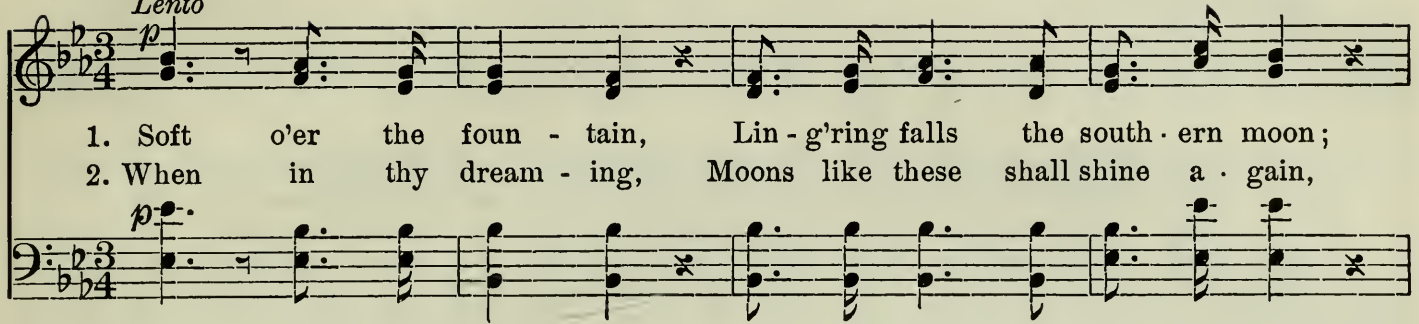
And oh! the bird, my dar-ling, Was sing-ing, sing-ing of you, of you!  
 And oh! the night, my dar-ling, Is sigh-ing, sigh-ing for you, for you!  
 Oh! heaven it-self, my dar-ling, Is pray-ing, pray-ing for you, for you!



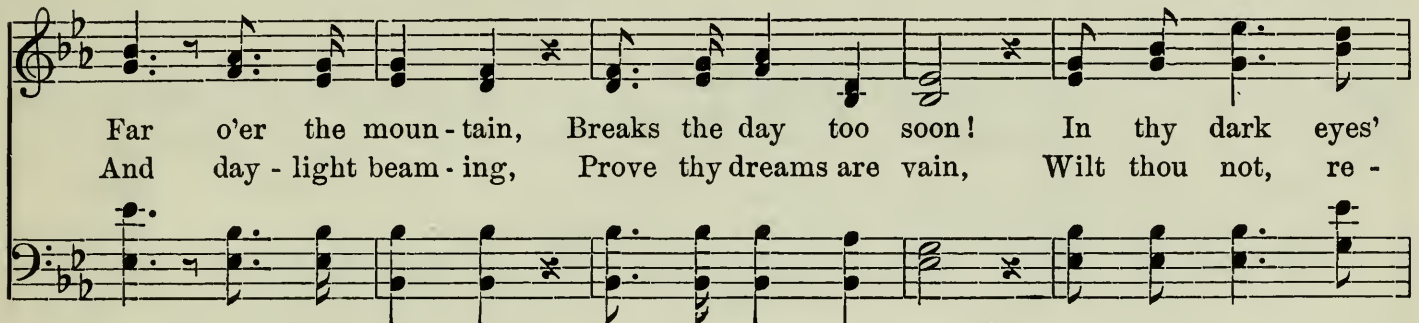
## JUANITA \*

Mrs. NORTON

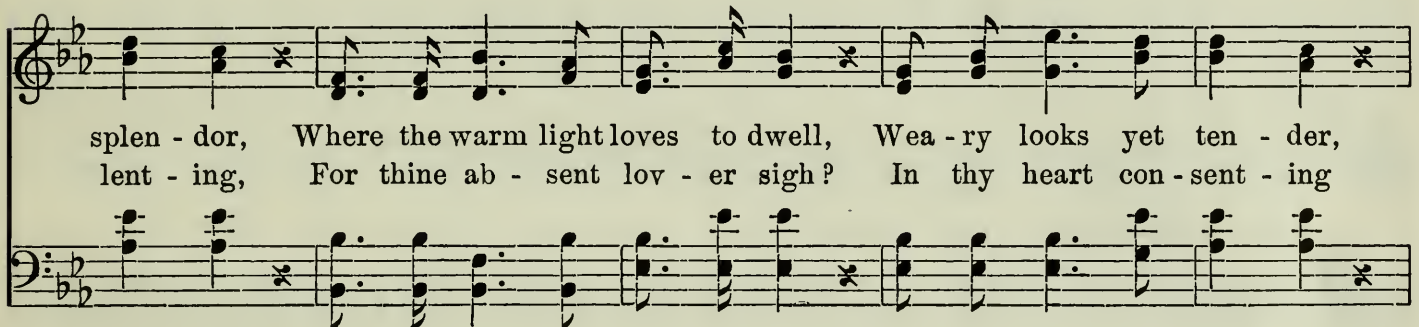
Spanish

*Lento*


1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Lin - g'ring falls the south - ern moon;  
2. When in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain,

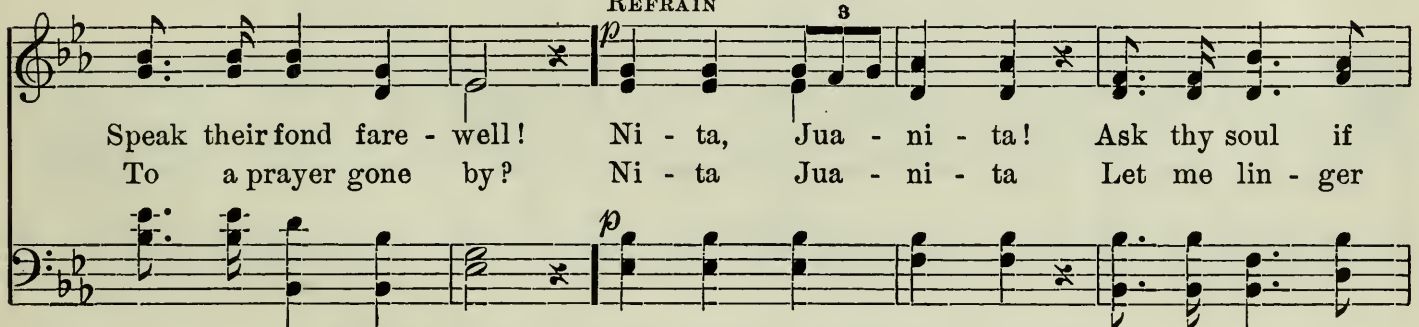


Far o'er the moun - tain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes'  
And day - light beam - ing, Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re -



splen - dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea - ry looks yet ten - der,  
lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh? In thy heart con - sent - ing

## REFRAIN



Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if  
To a prayer gone by? Ni - ta Jua - ni - ta Let me lin - ger



we should part! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart!  
by thy side! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

\*Pronounce *Juanita*, wah nē' tā

# THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER

GERMAN NATIONAL SONG

WILHELM

*Allegro maestoso*

1. A peal like thun - der calls the brave, With clash of sword and sound of wave,  
 2. A hun - dred thou - sand hearts beat high, The an - swer flames from ev - 'ry eye;  
 3. So long as blood shall warm our veins, While for the sword one hand re - mains,  
 4. The oath re-sounds, the wave rolls by, The ban - ners wave, ad-vanced on high;

The Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger - man Rhine! Who now will guard the riv - er's line?  
 The Ger - man youth de - vot - ed stand To shield the ho - ly bor - der - land.  
 One arm to bear a gun, no more Shall foot of foe - man tread thy shore!  
 The Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger - man Rhine! We all will guard the riv - er's line!

Dear Fa - ther - land, no fear be thine, Dear Fa - ther - land, no fear be thine, Firm stands the

guard a - long, a - long the Rhine, Firm stands the guard a - long the Ger - man Rhine!

# ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

A ROUND

E. O. LYTE

1 Row, row, row your boat, 2 Gen - tly down the stream;  
 3 Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, 4 er - ri - ly; Life is but a dream.



# THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS

THOMAS MOORE

*p*

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on  
 2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright, The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a-lone, that

Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled! So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So  
 breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The

*rit. e dim.*

glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.  
 on - ly throb she gives, Is where some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

*rit. e dim.*

## SPIRIT OF THE SUMMER-TIME

W. M. ALLINGHAM  
*Andante*

Old Irish Folksong

*mf*

1. O spir - it sweet of sum - mer - time, Bring back the ros - es to the dells,  
 2. Bring back the sing - ing, bring the scent Of mead - ow - lands at dew - y prime;

*mf*

The swal-low from her dis - tant clime, The hon - ey bee from drow - sy cells.  
 Oh! bring a - gain my heart's con - tent, Thou spir - it sweet of sum - mer - time.

# LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

J. L. MALLOY

Arr. by W. A. W.

*Moderato*

1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall,  
2. Ev - en to - day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev - er-more,

Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throngs Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;  
Foot-steps may fal - ter, wea - ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day.

And in the dusk when fell the twi-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.  
So to the end when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad - ows  
(Melody in tenor)

soft - ly come and go. . . Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long,



*cres.* *mf* *f* *rall.* *p*

Still to us at twi - light comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

The musical score for 'Love's Old Sweet Song' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece begins with a piano introduction marked 'cres.' (crescendo), followed by the vocal entry marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The melody is simple and lyrical, with a final section marked 'rall.' (rallentando) and 'p' (piano). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

# THE LORELEY

HEINRICH HEINE

FRANZ SILCHER

*Moderato*

1. I know not whence it com - eth That I . . . am oft - en sad,  
2. On yon - der height there sit - teth A maid - en wondrous fair,  
3. In ti - ny skiff the boat - man Is seized with a wild, wild woe.

The musical score for 'The Loreley' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The piece is marked 'Moderato'. The melody is more complex than the first song, with a recurring motif. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

A sto - ry of days de - part - ed Will ne'er from my mem - o - ry fade.  
Her gold - en jew - els spar - kle, She combs her gold - en hair;  
He gaz - eth on high un - ceas - ing; He heeds not the cliffs be - low.

The musical score continues with the piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is more complex than the first song, with a recurring motif. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

The air . . grows cool in the twi - light, And calm the Rhine flows on; . . .  
With comb of gold she combs it And sings, so plain - tive - ly, . . .  
I fear me the boat and the boat - man Will both 'neath the wa - ters drown, . . .

The musical score continues with the piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is more complex than the first song, with a recurring motif. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

*cres.*

The moun - tain brow is gleam - ing In light of set - ting sun.  
A strain of wondrous beau - ty, A po - tent mel - o - dy.  
And this with her wondrous sing - ing, The Lor - e - ley hath done.

The musical score continues with the piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is more complex than the first song, with a recurring motif. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

## LOCH LOMOND

Scotch

*Andante*

1. By yon bon - nie banks, And by yon bon - nie braes, Where the  
 2. 'Twas then that we part - ed In yon shad - y glen On the  
 3. The wee bird - ies sing And the wild flow - ers spring, And in

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where me and my true love were  
 steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond, Where in pur - ple hue . . the  
 sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the broken heart it kens . nae

ev - er wont to gae On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.  
 High-land hills we view, And the moon com-ing out in the gloam - ing.  
 sec - ond spring a - gain Tho' the wae - ful may cease frae their greet - ing.\*

Oh! ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road, And I'll be in Scot - land a -

\* Greeting, an old Scotch word meaning *weeping*.



fore ye; But me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain

On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond. . .

## COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

ROBERT BURNS  
*Andantino*

Scotch

1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod - y  
2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod - y  
3. Among the train there is a swain I dear - ly love my - sel'; But what's his name, or

kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry? Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,  
greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown?  
where's his hame, I din - na choose to tell.

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro' the rye.

## MARSEILLAISE HYMN

FRENCH NATIONAL SONG

ROUGET DE LISLE

*Con spirito*

1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise!  
 2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile, in - sa - tiate des - pots dare,  
 3. Oh, Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen - rous flame?

Your chil - dren, wives, and grand - sires hoar - y: Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries,  
 Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bound - ed, To mete and vend the light and air,  
 Can dun - geons, bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame?

Be - hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants, mis - chief breed - ing,  
 To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of bur - den would they load us,  
 Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept be - wail - ing

With hireling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the land,  
 Like gods would bid their slaves a - dore; But man is man, and who is more?  
 That falsehood's dag - ger ty - rants wield; But free - dom is our sword and shield,

While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' a -  
 Then shall they lon - ger lash and goad us? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' a -  
 And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing: To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' a -



veng - ing sword unsheathe! March on, March on, all hearts resolved On vic - to-ry or death!

## MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

## THE HEMLOCK TREE

*Andante con moto*

1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!  
 2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!  
 3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!  
 4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!

Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!  
 Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!  
 Tho' thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!  
 The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!

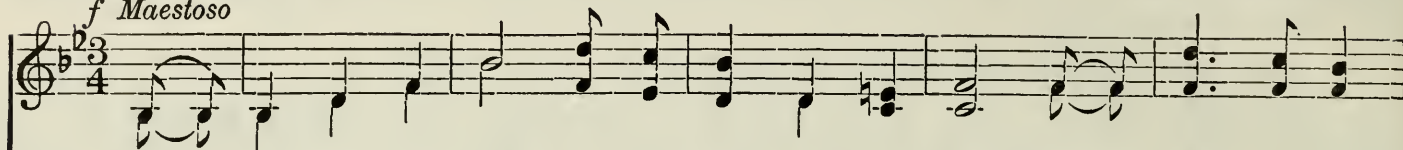
Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's  
 Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the  
 For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al -  
 Come! to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er -

war-like thrust, And all thy slumb'ers with the just; Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land.  
 blade, the bowl, Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land.  
 ry re - veal, And gird thy beau-teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land.  
 ty a - long, And ring thy dauntless slo - gan song, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land.

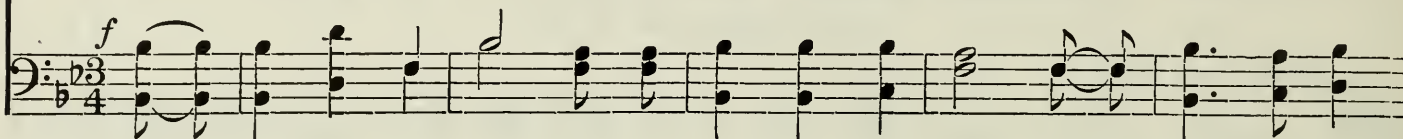
# THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

SAMUEL ARNOLD

*f Maestoso*

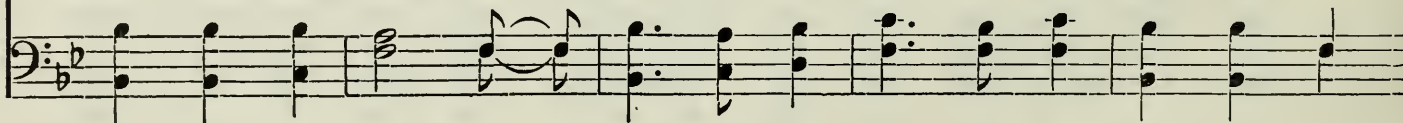
1. Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh - ty
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved



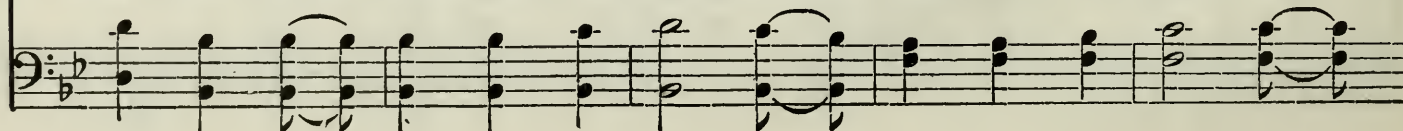
hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing; Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the  
 host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze o'er the  
 war and the bat - tle's com - fu - sion, A . . home and a coun - try should  
 homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the



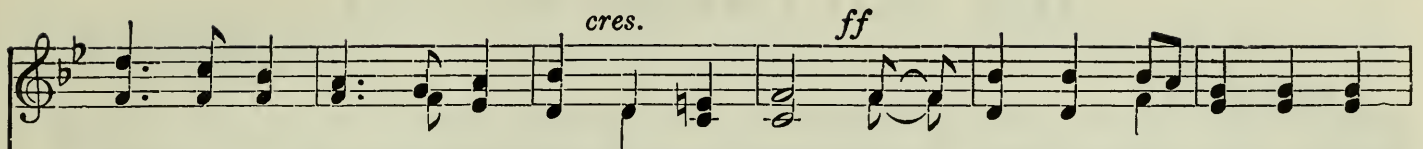
per - il - ous fight,—O'er the ram - parts we watch'd—were so gal - lant - ly  
 tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis -  
 leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' pol -  
 heav'n - res - cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a



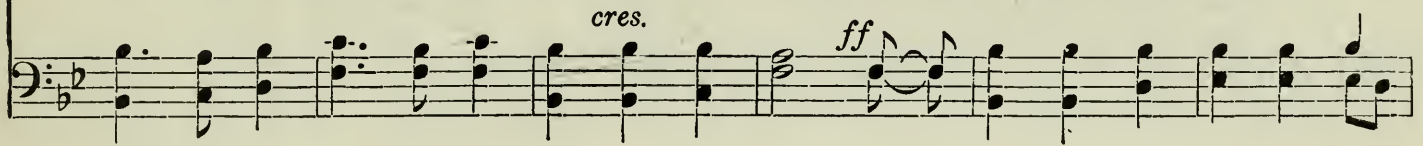
stream - ing? And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave  
 clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full  
 lu - tion; No ref - uge could save the . . hire - ling and slave From the  
 na - tion; Then, con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And







proof thro' the night that our flag was still there; Oh! say, does that star-span-gled  
glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream; 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner, Oh!  
ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-span-gled ban-ner in  
this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust." And the star-span-gled ban-ner in



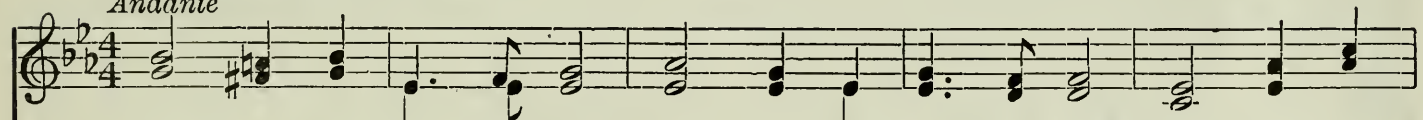
ban - ner still wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
tri - umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



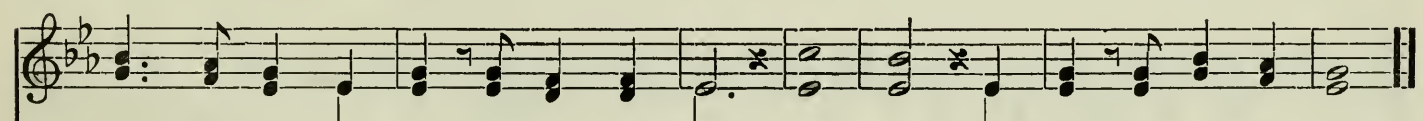
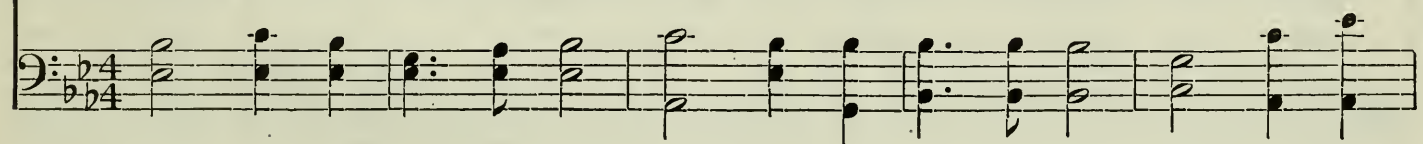
## STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

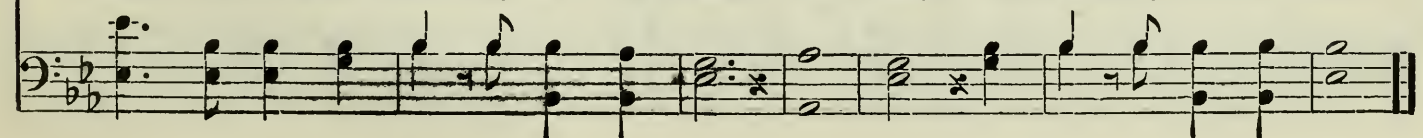
*Andante*



1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your  
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in  
3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch while, in



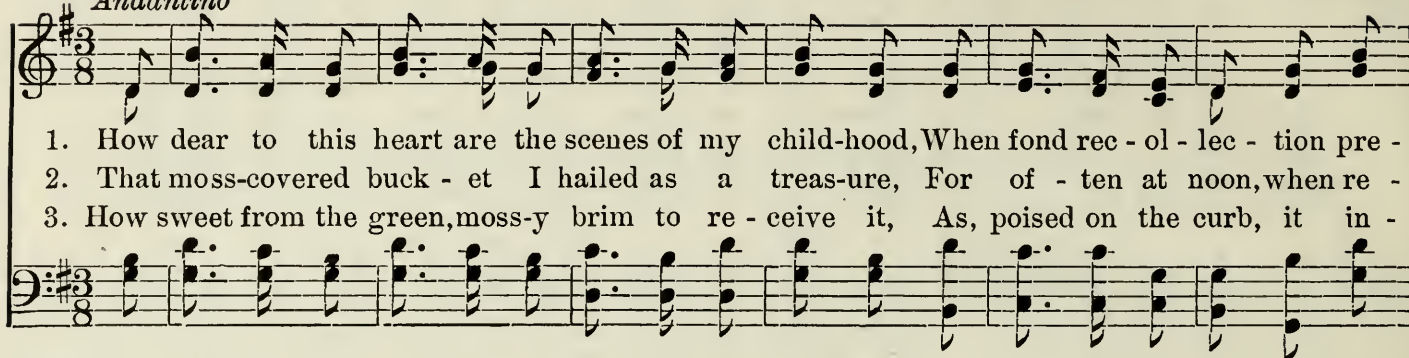
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.  
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.  
slum - bers light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.



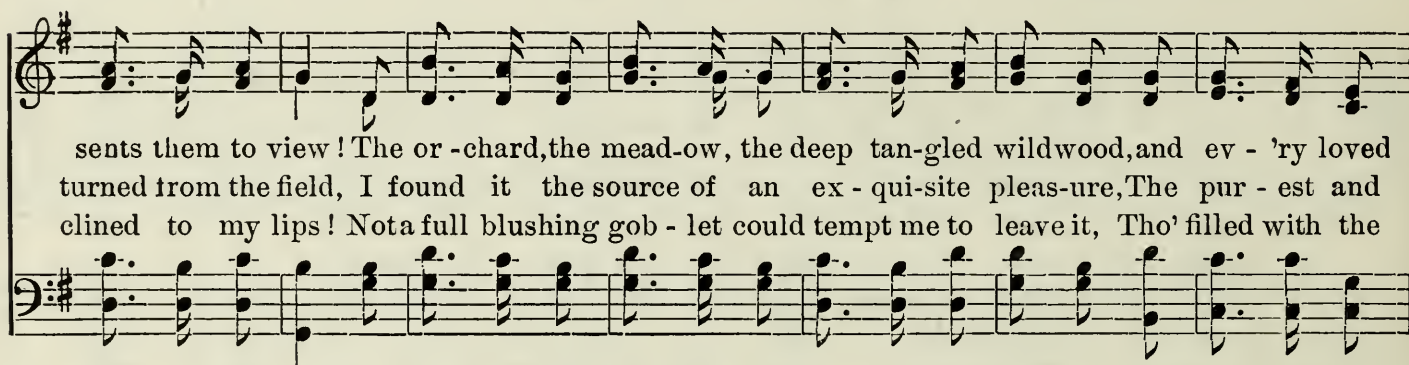
# THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

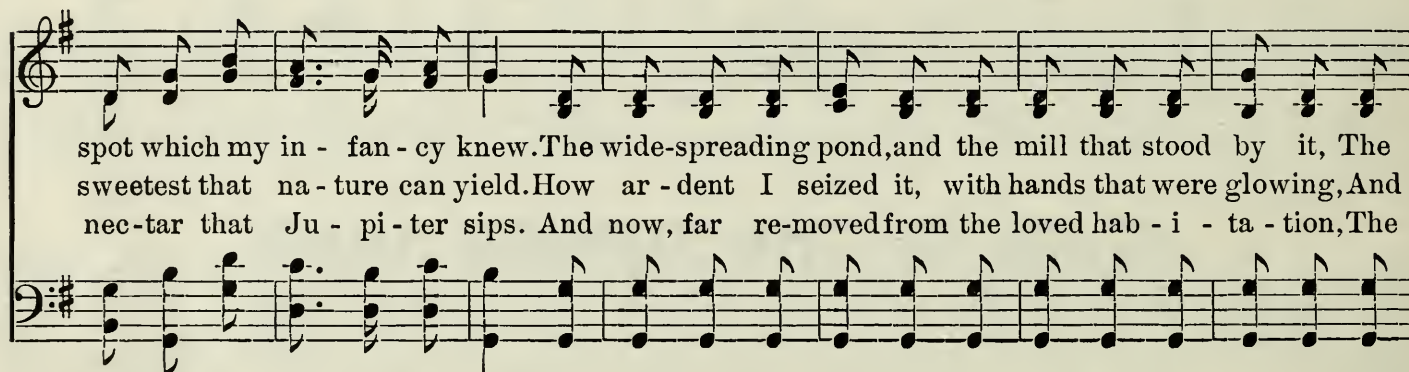
*Andantino*



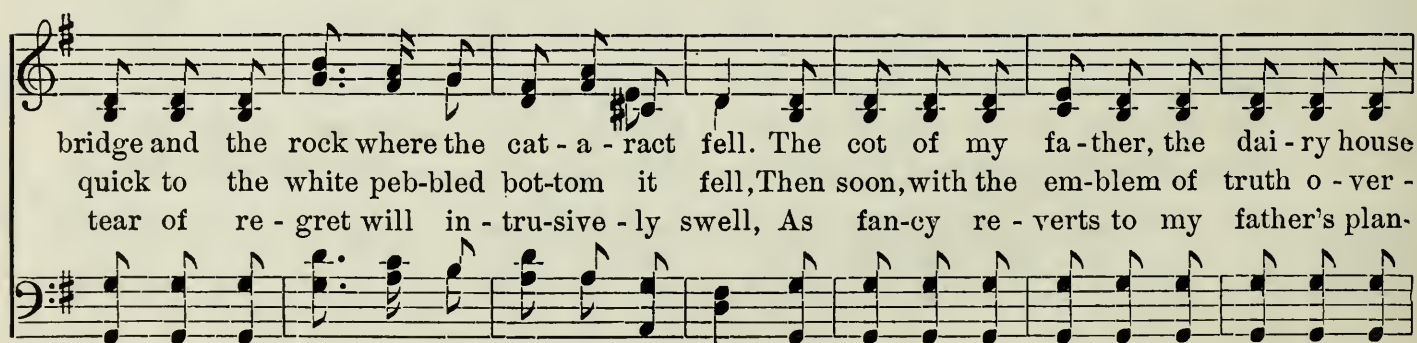
1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre -  
 2. That moss-covered buck - et I hailed as a treas - ure, For of - ten at noon, when re -  
 3. How sweet from the green, moss - y brim to re - ceive it, As, poised on the curb, it in -



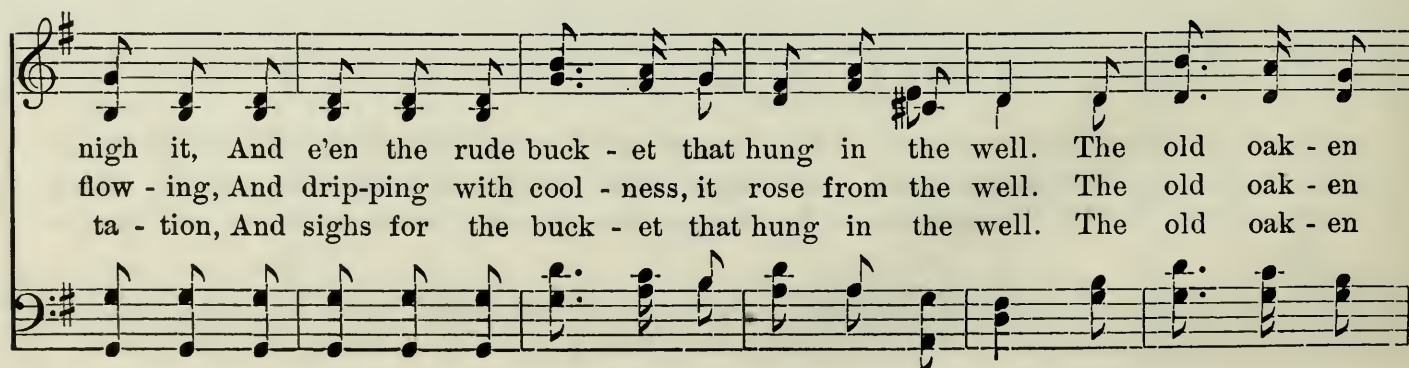
sents them to view! The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep tan - gled wildwood, and ev - 'ry loved  
 turned from the field, I found it the source of an ex - qui - site pleas - ure, The pur - est and  
 clined to my lips! Not a full blushing gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the



spot which my in - fan - cy knew. The wide - spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it, The  
 sweetest that na - ture can yield. How ar - dent I seized it, with hands that were glowing, And  
 nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And now, far re - moved from the loved hab - i - ta - tion, The



bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell. The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house  
 quick to the white peb - bled bot - tom it fell, Then soon, with the em - blem of truth o - ver -  
 tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, As fan - cy re - verts to my father's plan -



nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. The old oak - en  
 flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose from the well. The old oak - en  
 ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well. The old oak - en



buck - et, the i - ron-bound bucket, The moss - cov - er'd buck - et that hung in the well.

## OLD BLACK JOE

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

*Poco adagio*

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends  
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh  
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear,

from the cot - ton-fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know,  
 that my friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go?  
 that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go,

CHORUS

I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe." I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing,

For my head is bend - ing low; I hear those gentle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

## NANCY LEE

FRED. E. WEATHERLY

STEPHEN ADAMS

*Allegro*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The left hand starts with a bass clef and plays a similar rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo).

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line continues on the left hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The right hand has a few notes at the beginning of the line. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte).

1. Of all . . . the wives as e'er you know, . . . Yeo
2. The har - bor's past, the breez-es blow, . . . Yeo
3. The bo - s'n pipes the watch be-low; . . . Yeo

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues on the left hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The right hand has a few notes at the beginning of the line. Dynamics include *f* (forte).

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line continues on the left hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The right hand has a few notes at the beginning of the line. Dynamics include *f* (forte).

ho! . . . lads! ho! Yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! There's none . . . like  
 ho! . . . lads! ho! Yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! 'Tis long . . . e'er  
 ho! . . . lads! ho! Yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! Then here's . . . a

The piano accompaniment for the fourth vocal line continues on the left hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The right hand has a few notes at the beginning of the line. Dynamics include *f* (forte).

The piano accompaniment for the fifth vocal line continues on the left hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The right hand has a few notes at the beginning of the line. Dynamics include *f* (forte).

Nan - cy Lee I trow, . . . . Yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! . . . yeo ho!  
 we come back I know, . . . . Yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! . . . yeo ho!  
 health be-fore we go, . . . . Yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! . . . yeo ho!

The piano accompaniment for the sixth vocal line continues on the left hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The right hand has a few notes at the beginning of the line. Dynamics include *f* (forte).



See there she stands an' waves her hand up - on . . the quay, An'  
 But true an' bright from morn till night my home . will be, An'  
 A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates . at sea, An'

ev - 'ry day when I'm a - way she'll watch for me, An' whis - per low, when  
 all so neat an' snug an' sweet for Jack . . at sea, An' Nan - cy's face to  
 keep my bones from Da - vy Jones wher-e'er . . we be, An' may you meet a

tem-pests blow, for Jack . . at sea; Yeo ho! . . lad! ho! . . yeo ho!  
 bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo ho! . . lads! ho! . . yeo ho!  
 mate as sweet as Nan - cy Lee; Yeo ho! . . lads! ho! . . yeo ho!

The sail - or's wife, the sail - or's star . . shall be, Yeo ho! . . we

go a - cross . . the sea; . . The sail - or's wife the sail - or's

star. . . shall be, The sail - or's wife his star shall be. . . . . ,

## ROBIN ADAIR

CAROLINE KEPPEL

Scotch

*Con moto*

1. { What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; } Where's all the joy and mirth  
 { What was't I wished to see, What wished to hear? }

2. { What made th'as-sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair; } What, when the play was o'er,  
 { What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there; }

3. { But now thou'rt far from me, Rob - in A - dair; } Yet him I loved so well,  
 { And now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; }

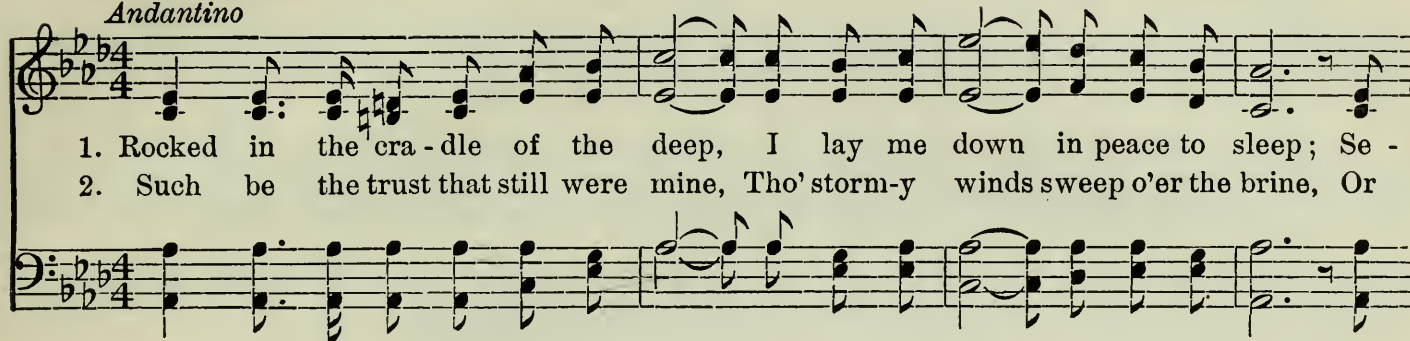
That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.  
 What made my heart so sore? Oh! it . . was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.  
 Still in . . my heart shall dwell, Oh! I . . can ne'er for - get Rob - in A - dair.



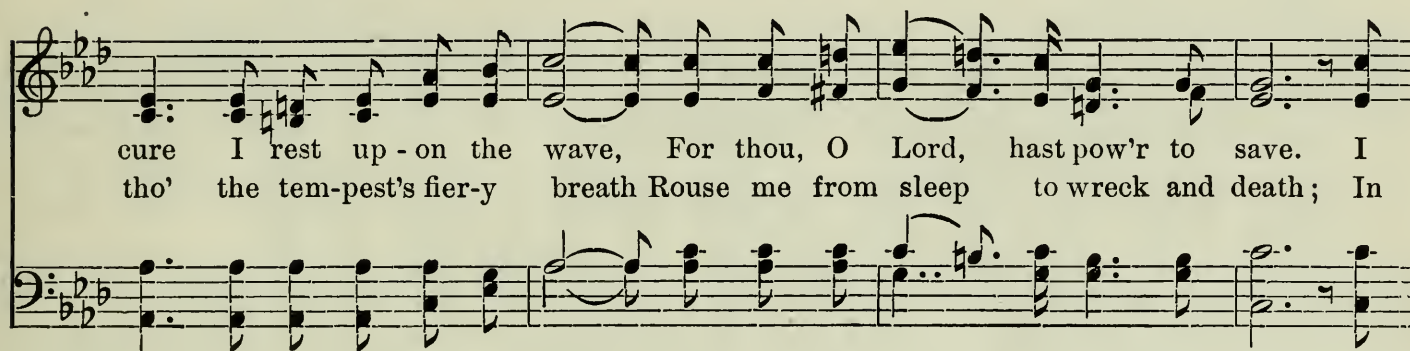
# ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

EMMA WILLARD

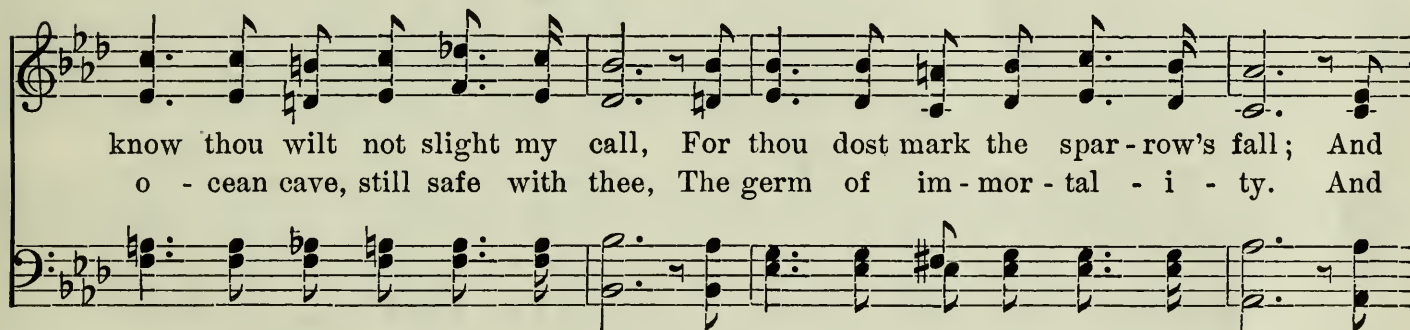
JOSEPH P. KNIGHT

*Andantino*


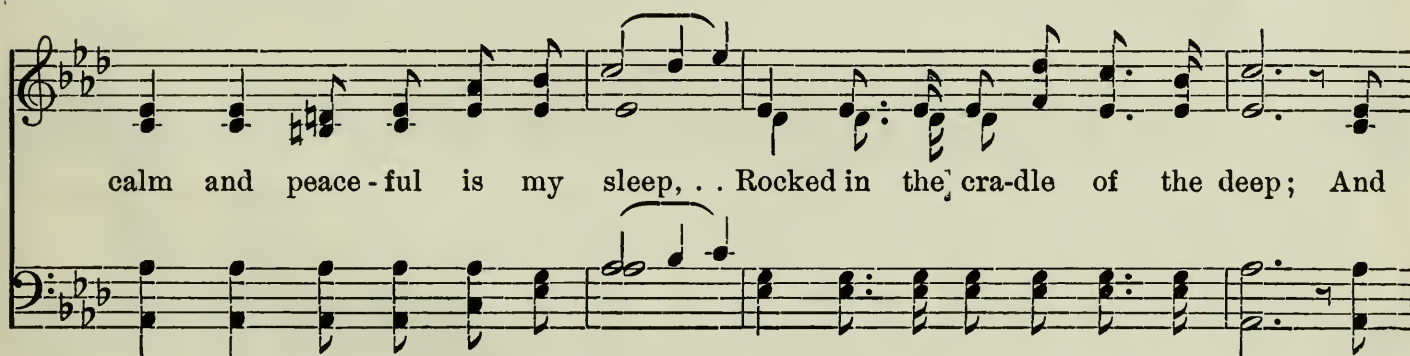
1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Se -  
 2. Such be the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds sweep o'er the brine, Or



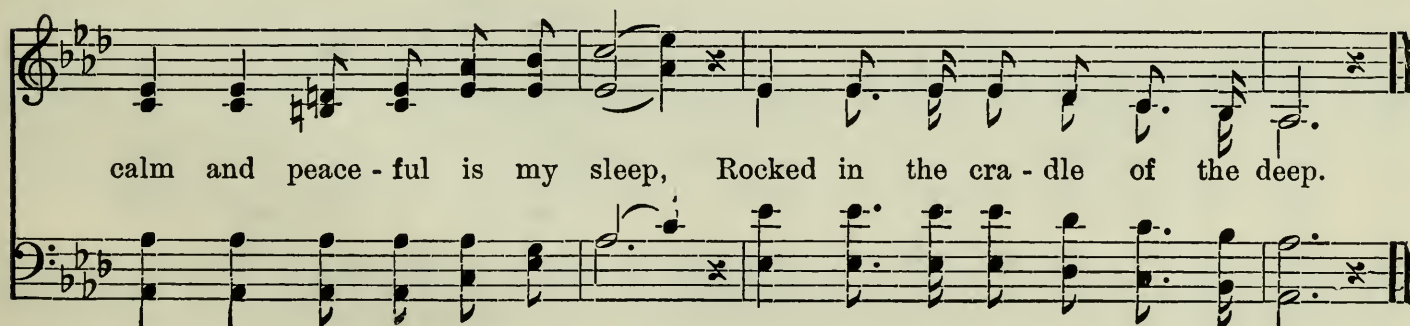
cure I rest up - on the wave, For thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save. I  
 tho' the tem-pest's fier-y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death; In



know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the spar-row's fall; And  
 o - cean cave, still safe with thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty. And



calm and peace - ful is my sleep, . . . Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep; And



calm and peace - ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep.

## SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

JOHANNA KINKEL

*Andante*

*p*

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part - ing kiss I give thee; And  
 2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With  
 3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng-ing, That

*p*

*cres.*

*p*

then what-e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare - well, fare -  
 spear and pen - non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare - well, fare -  
 with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll whis - per soft when dy - ing, Fare - well, fare -

*cres.*

*f* *sfz* *p* *pp*

well, my own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

*f* *sfz* *p* *pp*

## DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

BEN JONSON

*Moderato*

Old English

*mf*

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss but  
 2. I sent thee late a ros - y wreath, Not so much hon - ring thee, As giv - ing it a

*mf*

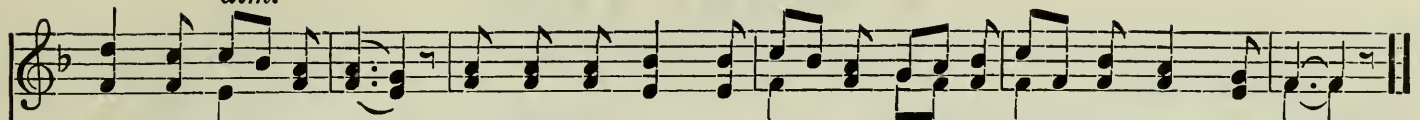
*cres.*

in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth  
 hope that there It could not with - ered be; But thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, And

*cres.*



*dim.*



ask a drink di - vine, But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.  
sent'st it back to me, Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee.

*dim.*



## HOME, SWEET HOME

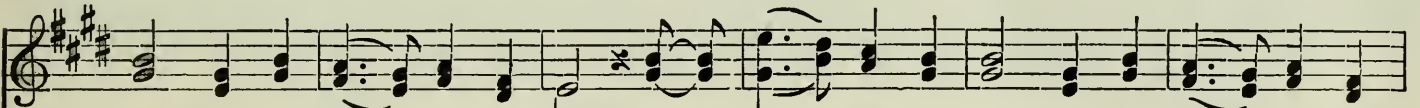
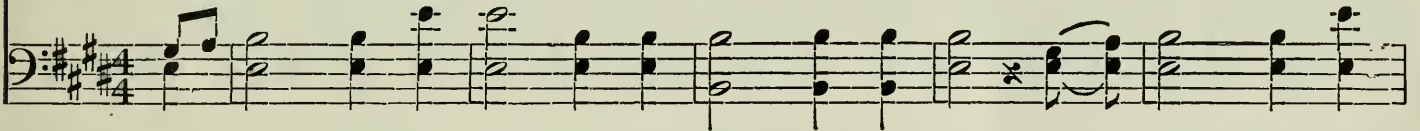
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Sir HENRY BISHOP

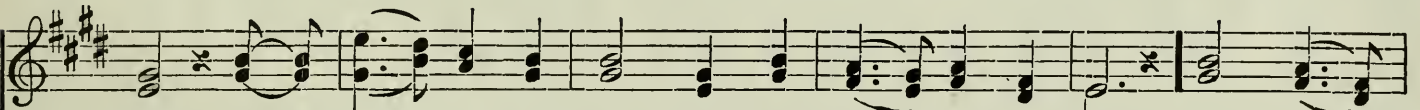
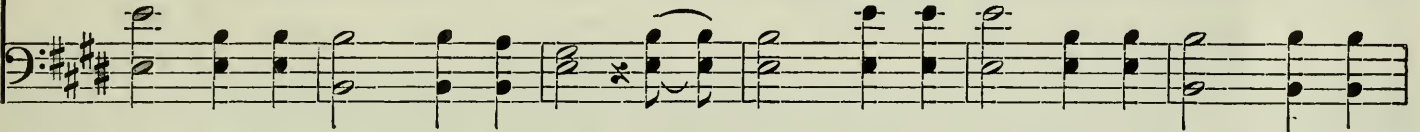
*Andante*



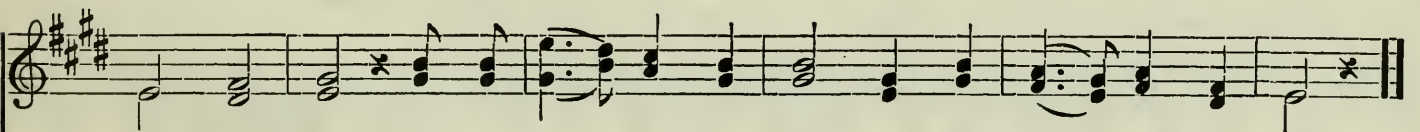
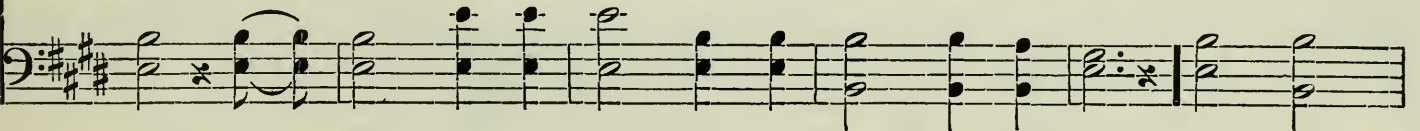
1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so  
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my  
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, . give me my



hum - ble, there's no place like home; A . charm from the skies seems to hal - low us  
moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage  
low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The . birds sing - ing gay - ly, that came at my



there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where. Home, home,  
door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,  
call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, home,



sweet, sweet home! Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.



## A MERRY LIFE

## FUNICULI-FUNICULA

LUIGI DENZA

*Allegretto giocoso**f* SOLO

1. Some think . . . . .  
2. Ah, me! . . . . .

*p* grazioso

. . the world is made for fun and frolic, . . . , And so do I! . . . .  
. . 'tis strange that some should take to sighing, . . . And like it well! . . .

CHORUS *f* SOLO *f*

. . And so do I! . . . . . Some think . . . . . it well to  
. . And like it well! . . . . . For me, . . . . . I have not

CHORUS *f*

be all melancholic, . . . To pine and sigh, . . . . . To pine and  
thought it worth the trying, . . . So cannot tell! . . . . . So cannot



## SOLO

sigh; . . . . But I, . . . . I love to spend my time in  
tell! . . . . With laugh . . . . and dance and song, the day soon

## CHORUS

sing - ing . . Some joy - ous song, . . . . Some joy - ous song; . . .  
pass - es, . . Full soon is gone, . . . . Full soon is gone; . . .

## SOLO

. . . . To set . . . . the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing . .  
. . . . For mirth . . . . was made for joy - ous lads and lass - es . .

*f* CHORUS

. . . . Is far from wrong! . . . . Is far from wrong! . . . .  
. . . . To call their own! . . . . To call their own! . . . .

*f* > 1st time SOLO

Hark - en! Hark - en! Mu - sic sounds a - far! . . Hark - en! Hark - en!

UNISON

*f* >

Hark - en! Hark - en! Mu - sic sounds a - far! . . Hark - en! Hark - en!

*f* >

Mu - sic sounds a-far! Tra-la - la - la, tra-la - la-la, tra-la - la - la, tra-la - la - la! *ten.*

Mu - sic sounds a-far! Tra-la - la - la, tra-la - la-la, tra-la - la - la, tra-la - la - la!

*p* *cres* - *cen* - - - - do *col canto*

*f* >

Joy is ev - 'ry-where, Tra-la - la - la, tra-la - la - la.

*f* >

Joy is ev - 'ry-where, Tra-la - la - la, tra-la - la - la.



# MY BONNIE

College Song

*Moderato**mf*

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . My Bon - nie lies  
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . Last night as I  
 3. O, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And blow, ye winds,

o - ver the sea; . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the  
 lay on my bed; . . . Last night as I lay on  
 o - ver the sea; . . . O, blow, ye winds, o - ver the

o - cean, . . . O, bring back my Bon - nie to me. . . .  
 pil - low, . . . I dreamt that my Bon - nie was dead. . . .  
 o - cean, . . . And bring back my Bon - nie to me. . . .

*p* REFRAIN

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me;

Bring back, bring back, O! bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me.

me. . . . .

# SOLDIERS' CHORUS

FROM FAUST

CHARLES GOUNOD

Arr. by W. A. W.

*Marziale*

*f*

Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold,

Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, Both read - y to fight and read - y to die for

*p*

Fa - ther - land Who needs bid - ding to dare, by a trum - pet blown?

*mf* *f* *cres.*

Who lacks pi - ty to spare when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe .

*mf* *f* *cres*

*ff*

. . if a - lone, or lost? And boast he was true, as cow - ard might do, when

*ff*



per - il is past? *f* Glo - ry and love to the men of old! Their sons may

cop - y their vir - tues bold! *f* Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, All

read - y to fight for Fa - ther-land. *p* Now to home a - gain we come, the

long and fier - y strife of bat - tle o - ver:.. *cres.* Rest .. is pleas - ant

af - ter toil as hard as ours be-neath a stran-ger sun, . . . . . *mf* hard, . . . . . as hard as ours be-neath a stran-ger sun, and

*p* Ma - ny a maid-en fair .. is wait-ing here to greet her tru - ant sol - dier

## SOLDIERS' CHORUS.

lov - er, And many a heart . . . will fail and brow . . . grow pale to

will fail . . . . and brow grow pale . . . . to

hear, . . . to hear the tale of cru - el per - il he has run, . . . And many a

hear, to hear . . . the and many . . . a

heart, . . . . and many a heart will fail and brow grow pale to

heart will fail, will fail,

hear the tale of per - il he has run. . . We are at home, we are at

home, we are at home, we are at home, Glo - ry and love to the men of old,

Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold; Cour - age in heart, and a sword in hand,



# SOLDIERS' CHORUS

61

*mf* *cres.*

All read - y to fight for Fa - ther - land! All read - y to fight, all read - y to

*f* *mf* *f*

die . . for Fa - ther - land! All read - y to fight, all read - y to

*ff* *rit.*

die, . . all read - y to die . . for Fa - ther - land.

# CRADLE SONG

W. TAUBERT

*Andantino con moto*

1. Sleep, my ba - by, sleep, O'er thee watch we keep. Night hangs o - ver  
2. Rest, my dar - ling, rest, In thy down - y nest. Now the dogs have

sleep, my ba - by, rest, my dar - ling, down - y we keep. nest.

field and hall, Soft - ly down the snow - flakes fall; Round and round they seem to wan - der  
ceased to bark, Beg - gars hide when all is dark; Lit - tle birds their young are tend - ing

*pp*

From the si - lent dark - ness yon - der, Cov'ring street and hill so deep, Sleep, my ba - by, sleep.  
When the light of day is end - ing; Close thine eyes on mother's breast, Rest, my darling, rest.

# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

*Moderato*

*p*

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay,
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mea-dow, the hill, and the shore.
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may go;

The corn-top's ripe and the mea-dow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day;  
They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door;  
A few more days and the trou-ble all will end In the field where the su-gar canes grow;

The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright,  
The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light;  
A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load,—No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;

By'n-by Hard Times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night.  
The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night.  
A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night.

## CHORUS

*mf*  
Weep no more, my la-dy, O, weep no more to-day; We will sing one song for the

*mf*



*rit. e dim.*

old Ken - tuck - y home, For the old Ken - tuck - y home far a - way.

*rall. e dim.*

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

ROBERT BURNS

J. M. COURTNEY

*Vivace*

1. My heart's in the High-lands, my heart is not here; . My heart's in the
2. Fare-well to the High-lands, fare-well to the North, The birth-place of
3. Fare-well to the moun - tains, high-cov-ered with snow; Fare-well to the

*f*

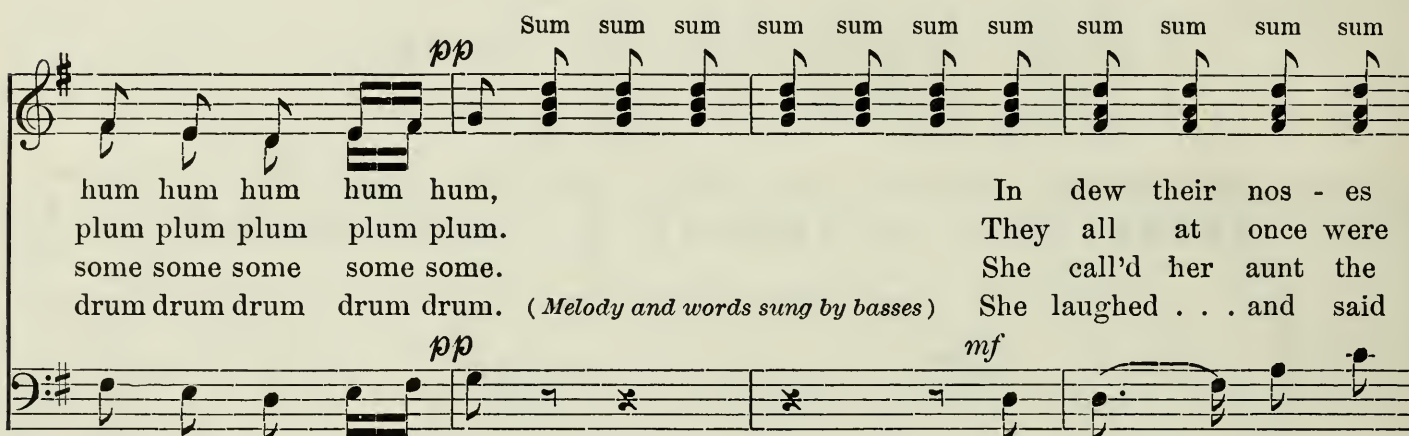
High - lands a - chas - ing the deer; . A - chas - ing the wild deer and fol - l'wing the  
val - or, the coun - try of worth; Wher - ev - er I wan - der, wher - ev - er I  
straths and green val - leys be - low; Fare-well to the for - ests and wild - hang - ing

roe, . My heart's in the High-lands wher - ev - er I go. . .  
rove, . The hills of the High-lands for - ev - er I love. .  
woods; Fare-well to the tor - rents and loud-pouring floods. .

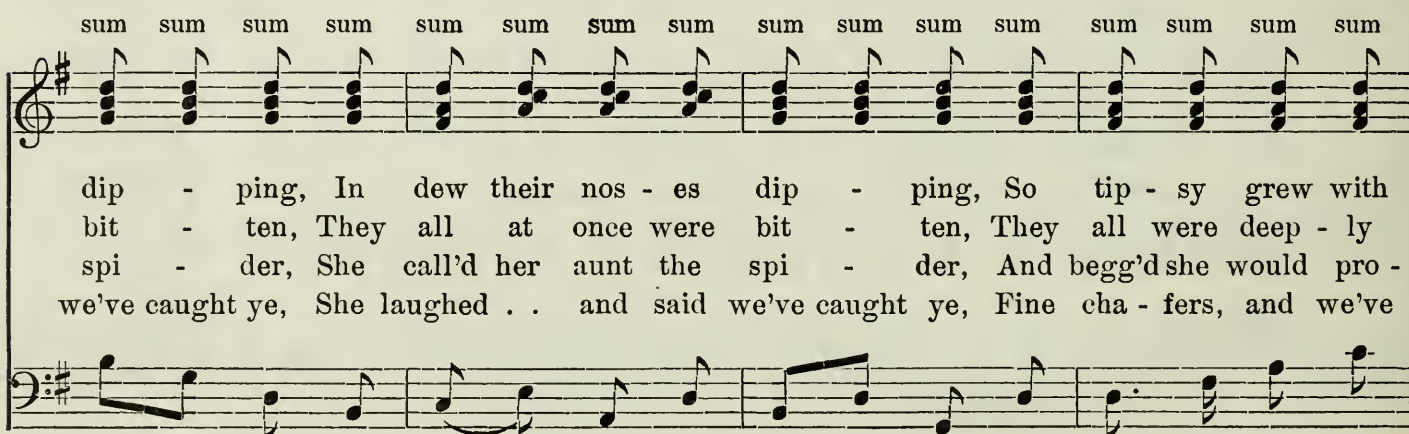
## THE THREE CHAFERS\*

*Allegretto giocoso*

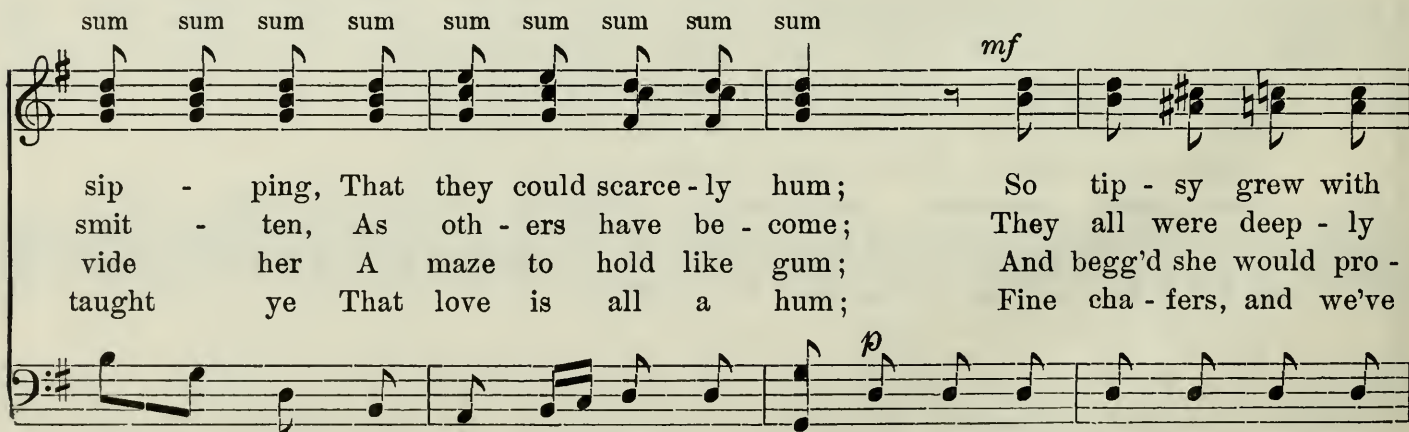

1. There were three young and gal-lant cha-fers, Who with a mer-ry  
 2. And soon they found a love-ly, love-ly flow'r, As tempt-ing as a  
 3. The pret-ty flow'r was wide, so wide . . a-wake, And art-full-er than  
 4. The flow'r tho' love-ly had, she had . . . a heart As hol-low as a



Sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum  
 hum hum hum hum hum, In dew their nos-es  
 plum plum plum plum plum. They all at once were  
 some some some some some. She call'd her aunt the  
 drum drum drum drum drum. (Melody and words sung by basses) She laughed . . . and said



sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum  
 dip-ping, In dew their nos-es dip-ping, So tip-sy grew with  
 bit-ten, They all at once were bit-ten, They all were deep-ly  
 spi-der, She call'd her aunt the spi-der, And begg'd she would pro-  
 we've caught ye, She laughed . . and said we've caught ye, Fine cha-fers, and we've



sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum  
 sip-ping, That they could scarce-ly hum; So tip-sy grew with  
 smit-ten, As oth-ers have be-come; They all were deep-ly  
 vide her A maze to hold like gum; And begg'd she would pro-  
 taught ye That love is all a hum; Fine cha-fers, and we've

\* Chafer, a beetle or dor-bug. Pronounce "Sum," Zoom.

Sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum



sip - ping, That they could scarce - ly hum, That they could scarce - ly hum.  
 smit - ten, As oth - ers have be - come, As oth - ers have be - come.  
 vide her A maze to hold like gum, A maze to hold like gum.  
 taught ye That love is all a hum, That love is all a hum.

sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum.

## THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Mrs. JORDAN  
Moderato

Scotch

1. Oh, where! and oh, where is your High - land lad - die gone?  
 2. Oh, where! and oh, where does your High - land lad - die dwell?  
 3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High - land lad - die clad?  
 4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High - land lad should die?

He's gone to fight the foe, for King George up - on the throne;  
 He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell;  
 His bon - net's Sax - on green, and his waist - coat of the plaid;  
 The bag - pipes should play o'er him, I'd lay me down and cry;

And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!  
 And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my lad - die well.  
 And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my High - land lad.  
 And it's oh! in my heart, that I wish he may not die.

## OUT ON THE DEEP

SAMUEL K. COWAN

FREDERIC N. LOHR

*Allegro moderato*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a descending pattern, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The first staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

*mf*

1. Out . . on the deep, . . when the sun is  
 2. Out . . on the deep, . . when the sun is

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the left hand. The right hand features chords and single notes, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking appearing in the second staff.

*mf**cres.*

low, . . And the sea with splen - dor burns, . . . With his  
 dead, . . And the first sweet star doth gleam, . . . Of a

The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern in the left hand. The right hand features chords and single notes, with a crescendo (*cres.*) marking appearing in the second staff.

*cres.*

sea - ly spoil, . . from his eve - ning toil, . . The  
 day . . . that is dead, . . and a love that is fled, . . The

The piano accompaniment concludes with the eighth-note pattern in the left hand. The right hand features chords and single notes, with a crescendo (*cres.*) marking appearing in the second staff.



fish - er home - ward turns, . . . And his oars flash bright, in the  
fish - er oft will dream, . . . And he thinks, tho' far, . . like that

o - cean light, . And he knows . . that eyes on shore, . . .  
first bright star, . . She is still . . be - side as of yore, . . .

. . Look out on the deep for his bright oar sweep, And he sings as he  
. . And his oars gleam bright in its sweet pale light, And he sighs as he

swings his oar: . . . "A long sweep, lads, . and a strong sweep, boys, . And a  
plies his oar: . . . "A slow sweep, lads, . and a low sweep, boys, . And a

song as a - long we go, . . . . For the hearts that yearn for our  
 song as a - long we go, . . . . For the star of Love that is

*cres.*

*cres.*

home re - turn, When the eve - ning sun is low, . . . . When the  
 bright a - bove, And its gleam in the wave be - low, . . . . And its

*dim.*

*molto rall.*

*dim.*

*sf*

eve - ning sun is low." . . . . .  
 gleam in the wave be - low." . . . . .

*mf* *a tempo* *dim.* *1*

*a tempo* *mf* *dim.* *colla voce* *f* *1*

*f* *p* *ff* *2*



# SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON

JOSEPH BARNBY

*Larghetto*

*pp*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,  
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon. Rest, rest on

*pp*

*sf* *p* *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. O - ver the roll - ing  
O - - - ver the  
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon. Fa - ther will come to his  
Fa - - - ther will

*sf* *p* *mf*

*pp* *f*

wa - ters go; Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow, Blow him a - gain to  
wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,  
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver  
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west;

*pp* *f*

*dim.* *p* *rall. e dim* - in - u - en - do

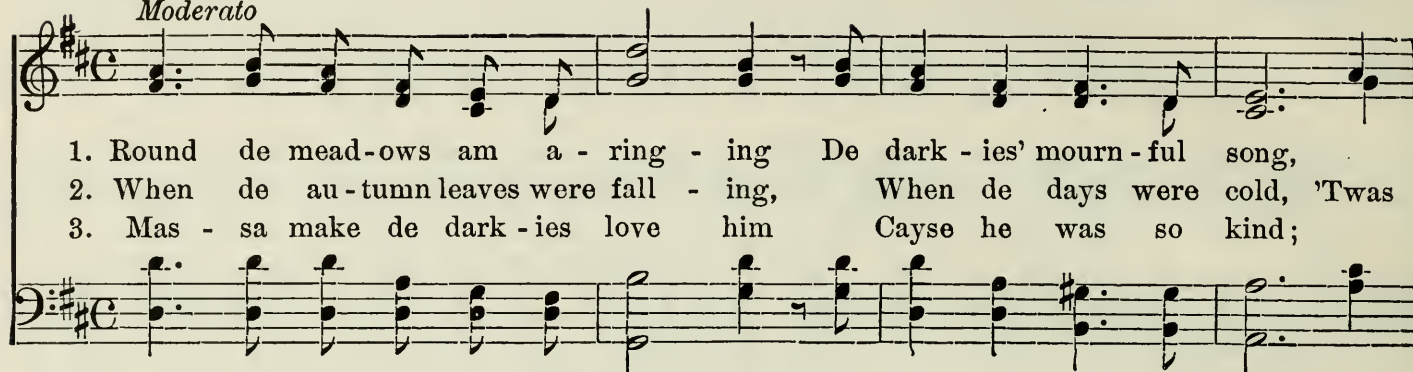
me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . .  
moon. Sleep, my lit - tle one; sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . .

*dim.* *p*

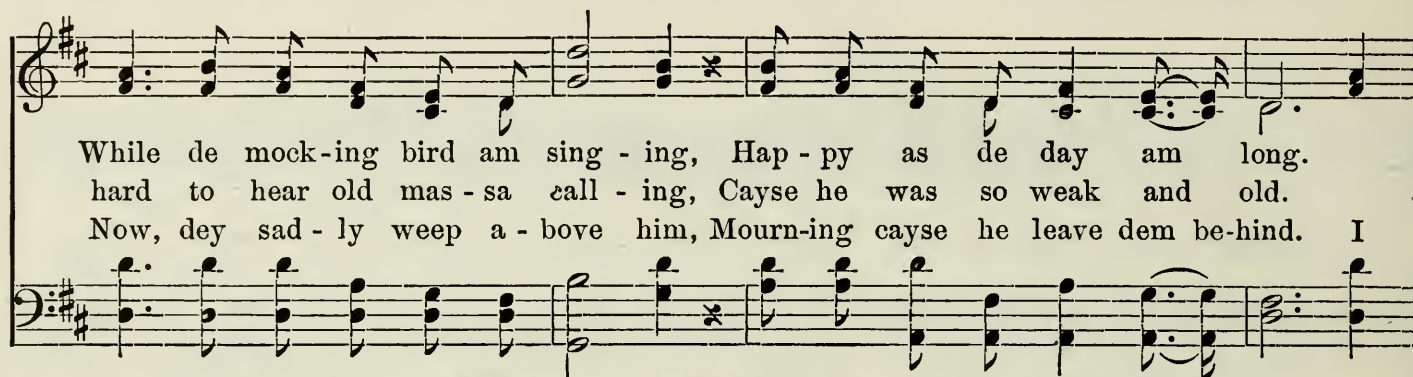
# MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

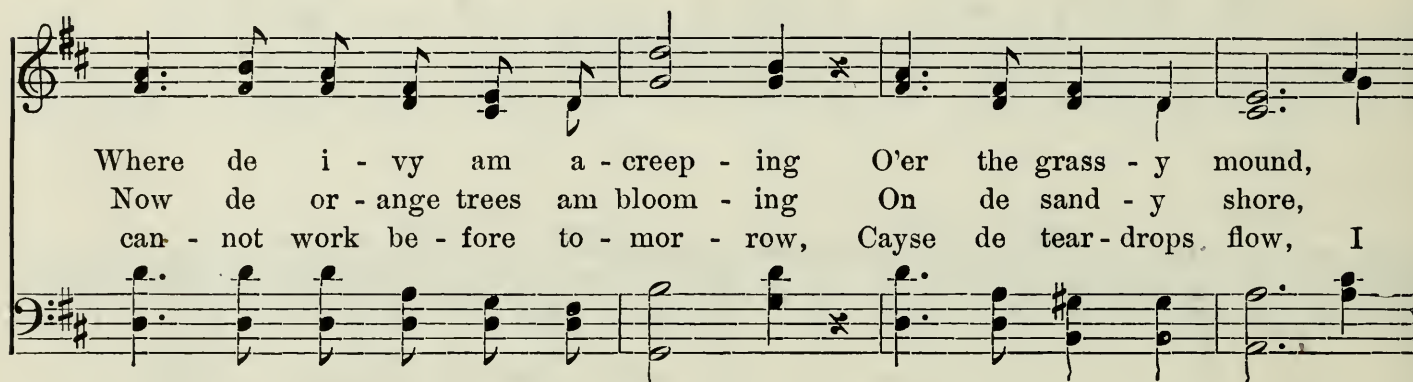
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

*Moderato*


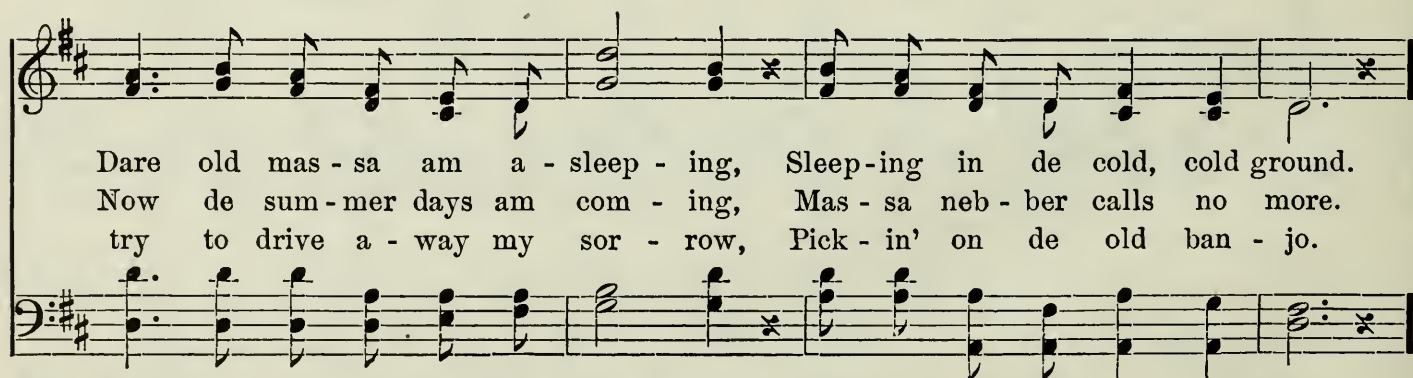
1. Round de mead-ows am a-ring-ing De dark-ies' mourn-ful song,  
 2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas  
 3. Mas-sa make de dark-ies love him Cayse he was so kind;



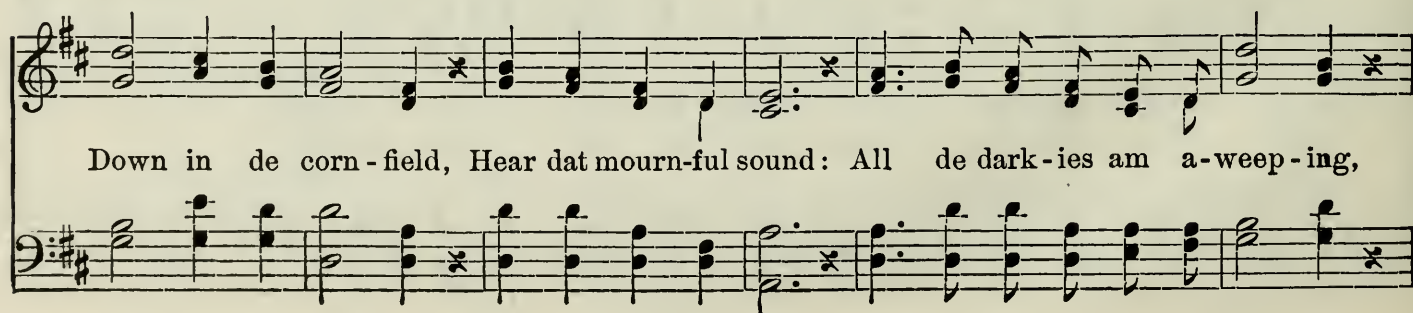
While de mock-ing bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long.  
 hard to hear old mas-sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.  
 Now, dey sad-ly weep a-bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem be-hind. I



Where de i-vy am a-creep-ing O'er the grass-y mound,  
 Now de or-ange trees am bloom-ing On de sand-y shore,  
 can-not work be-fore to-mor-row, Cayse de tear-drops flow, I



Dare old mas-sa am a-sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.  
 Now de sum-mer days am com-ing, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.  
 try to drive a-way my sor-row, Pick-in' on de old ban-jo.



Down in de corn-field, Hear dat mourn-ful sound: All de dark-ies am a-weep-ing,



Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn-field, Hear dat mourn-ful sound:

All de dark-ies am a-weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

# LULLABY

From the German of K. SIMROCK

JOHANNES BRAHMS

*pp*

1. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by and good - night! With ros - es be - dight,  
2. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by and good - night! Thy moth-er's de - light!

*p*

1. Lul-la-by and good-night! With ros-es be-dight, With  
2. Lul-la-by and good-night! Thy moth-er's de-light! Bright

Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Lay thee down now and rest, May thy  
Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, They will guard thee at rest, Thou shalt

lil - ies o'er-spread Is ba-by's wee bed. Lay thee down now and rest, May thy  
an - gels be - side My dar-ling a - bide. They will guard thee at rest, Thou shalt

*pp*

slum-ber be blest; Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, May thy slum-ber be blest.  
wake on my breast; Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Thou shalt wake on my breast.

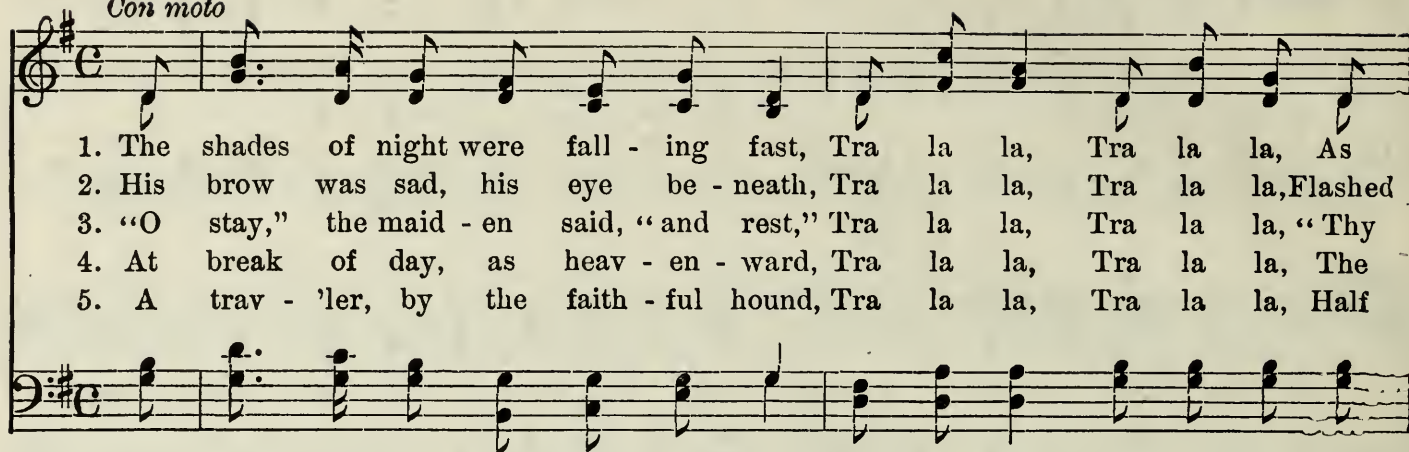
*p*

slum-ber be blest; Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slum-ber be blest.  
wake on my breast; They will guard thee at rest, Thou shalt wake on my breast.

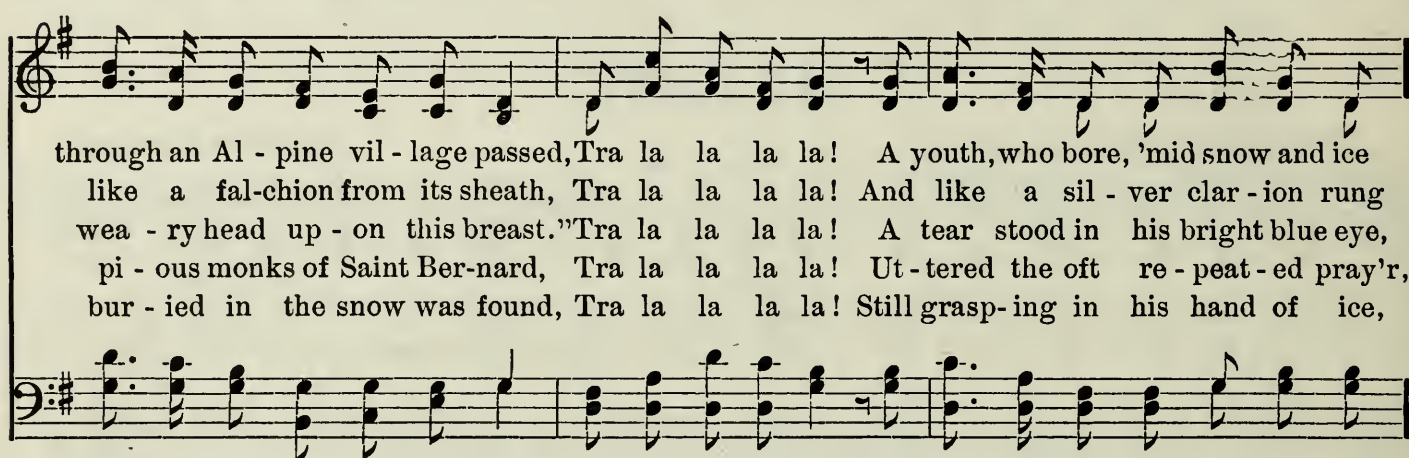
The musical score for 'Lullaby' is in 3/4 time, G major. It features a gentle melody in the treble staff and a simple accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are in a dialect form of German. The score includes dynamic markings like *pp* (pianissimo) and *p* (piano). The piece concludes with a final chord in the treble staff.

## UPIDEE

Arr. by W. A. W.

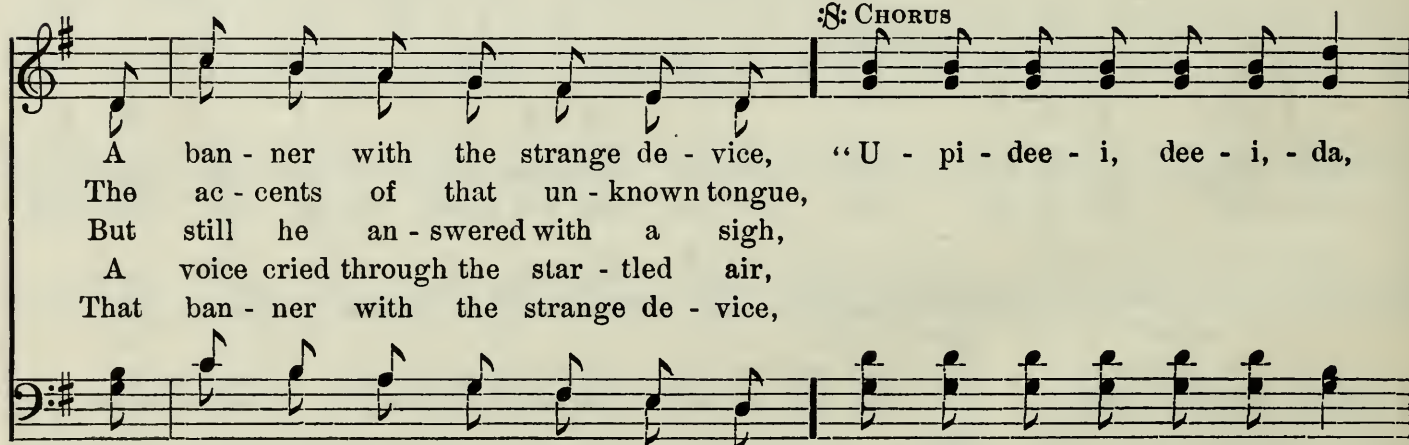
*Con moto*


1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, Tra la la, Tra la la, As  
 2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Tra la la, Tra la la, Flashed  
 3. "O stay," the maid - en said, "and rest," Tra la la, Tra la la, "Thy  
 4. At break of day, as heav - en - ward, Tra la la, Tra la la, The  
 5. A trav - 'ler, by the faith - ful hound, Tra la la, Tra la la, Half



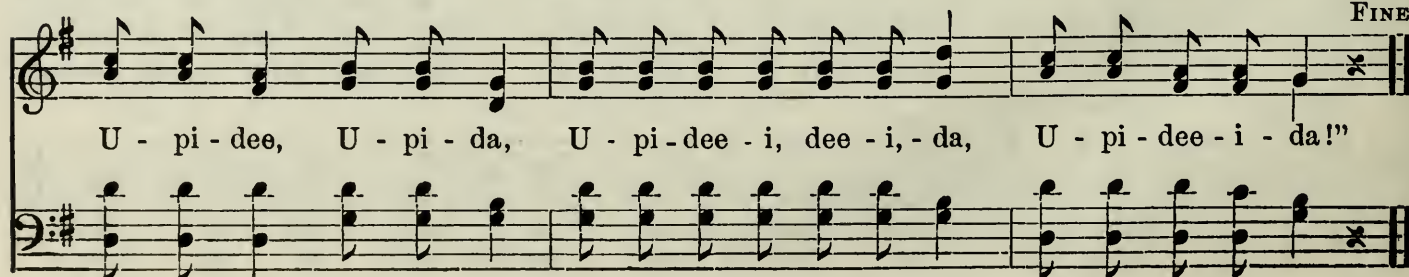
through an Al - pine vil - lage passed, Tra la la la la! A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice  
 like a fal - chion from its sheath, Tra la la la la! And like a sil - ver clar - ion rung  
 wea - ry head up - on this breast." Tra la la la la! A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
 pi - ous monks of Saint Ber - nard, Tra la la la la! Ut - tered the oft re - peat - ed pray'r,  
 bur - ied in the snow was found, Tra la la la la! Still grasp - ing in his hand of ice,

## :S: CHORUS



A ban - ner with the strange de - vice, "U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, - da,  
 The ac - cents of that un - known tongue,  
 But still he an - swered with a sigh,  
 A voice cried through the star - tled air,  
 That ban - ner with the strange de - vice,

FINE



U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, - da, U - pi - dee - i - da!"



Musical score for 'The Merry-Go-Round' in G major, 2/4 time. The score is for a single melodic line, likely for a flute or violin. It consists of two staves. The first staff contains the main melody, and the second staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a lively, dance-like feel. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

\* Imitating a watchman's rattle.

# VESPER HYMN

THOMAS MOORE

LOWELL MASON, arr.

*Moderato.*

*Moderato*

1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the wa - ters, soft and clear;  
2. Now like moon - lit waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long;

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves, a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom. Both staves are in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps, F# and C#) and common time (indicated by a 'C' in a circle). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, with two verses. The first verse is 'Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the wa - ters, soft and clear;' and the second verse is 'Now like moon - lit waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long;'. The music ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Near - er yet and near - er peal - ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear:  
Now, like an - gry surg - es meet - ing, Breaks the min - gled tide of song:

*f*

\* Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.  
Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

*f*

*p* *rit.*  
 Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.  
 Hark! a - gain, like waves re - treat - ing, To the shore, it dies a - long.

*p* *rit.*

\* Pronounce *Jubilate*, jū' bī lă tē.

## A WARRIOR BOLD

EDWIN THOMAS

STEPHEN ADAMS

*Con spirito*

*f* *3* *ff*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a quarter note B-flat, followed by eighth notes A-flat, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. It then moves to a triplet of eighth notes (F, G, A) and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include forte (f) and fortissimo (ff). There are also markings for a triplet of 3 and a crescendo.

*Con spirito*  
*p*

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And bar-ons held their  
2. So this brave knight, in ar - mor bright, Went gay-ly to the

The vocal melody begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note B-flat, then a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line. Dynamics include piano (p).

sway, A war - rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay;— Sang  
fray; He fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had pass'd a - way,— His

The vocal melody continues with a quarter note B-flat, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment remains a steady eighth-note bass line. Dynamics include piano (p).

mer - ri - ly his lay: “My love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en  
soul had pass'd a - way. The plight-ed ring he wore Was crush'd and wet with

The vocal melody concludes with a quarter note B-flat, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note bass line. Dynamics include piano (p).



*cres.* *f.*

hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her com - pare. So  
gore, Yet ere he died, he brave-ly cried, 'T've kept the vow I swore. So

*cres.* *colla voce*

what care I tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So what care I, tho'  
what care I tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die, So what care I, tho'

1 2 death be nigh, I'll live for love or die." death be nigh, I've fought for love, for

*f* *piu lento* *cres.*

*ad lib.* *rall. e dim.*

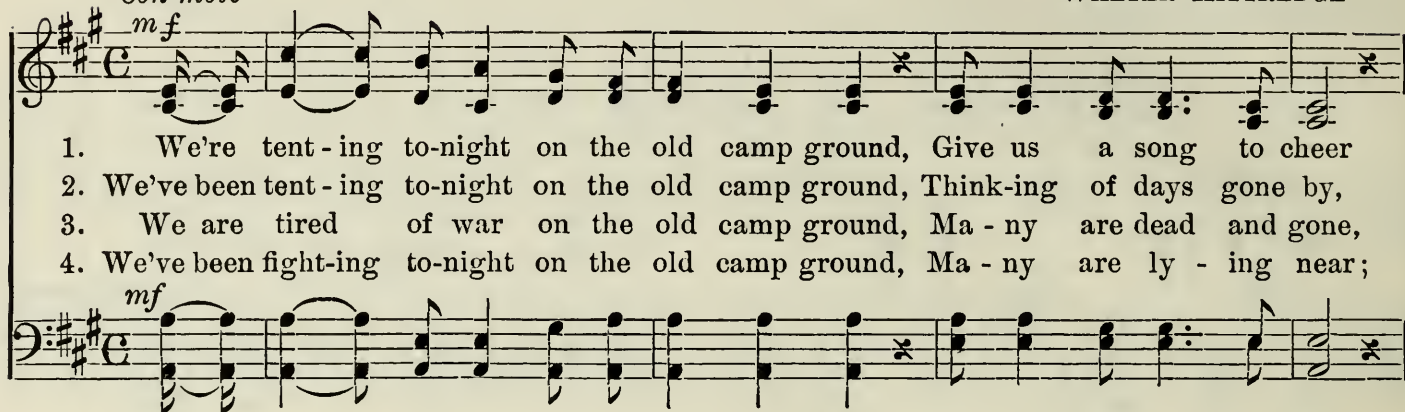
love I die, I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."

*f* *colla voce.* *a tempo* *ff*

*Ped.*

## TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

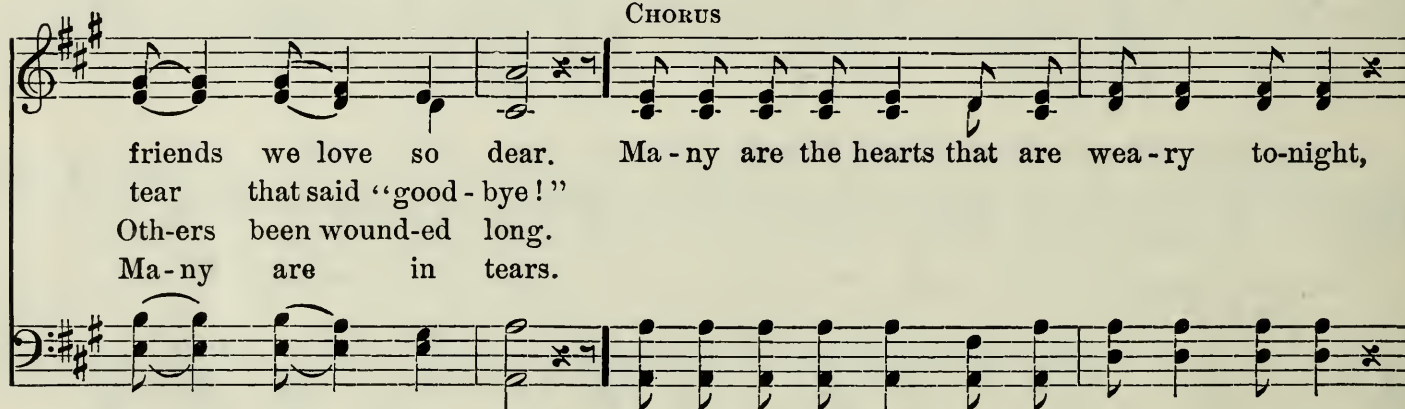
WALTER KITTREDGE

*Con moto**mf*


1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer  
 2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Think-ing of days gone by,  
 3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are dead and gone,  
 4. We've been fight-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are ly-ing near;

Our wea-ry hearts, a song of home, And  
 Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the  
 Of the brave and true who've left their homes,  
 Some are dead, and some are dy-ing,

## CHORUS



friends we love so dear. Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night,  
 tear that said "good-bye!"  
 Oth-ers been wound-ed long.  
 Ma-ny are in tears.

Wish-ing for the war to cease; Ma-ny are the hearts look-ing for the right,

To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night,  
 Last stanza. Dy-ing to-night, Dy-ing to-night,



*Last time ppp*

Tent-ing on the old camp ground.  
(Omit) . . . . . Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

## SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES

FROM "JUDAS MACCABÆUS"

Dr. MORELL

GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL

*Marziale e maestoso*

1. See, the con-qu'ring he-ro comes, Sound . . the trum-pets,  
2. See, the god-like youth . . ad-vance, Breathe . . the flutes and

beat . . the drums. Sports . . pre-pare, the lau-rel bring,  
lead . . the dance. Myr-tle wreaths and ros-es twine, To

Songs . . of tri-umph to . . him sing; Sports pre-pare, the  
deck . . the he-ro's brow . . di-vine. See, the con-qu'ring

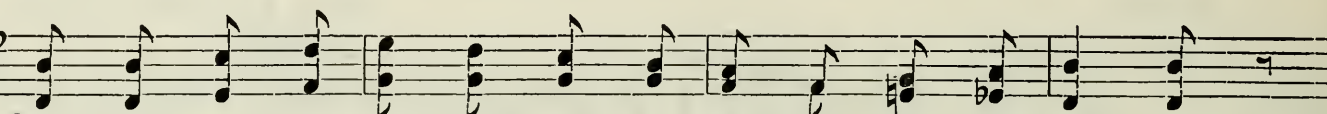
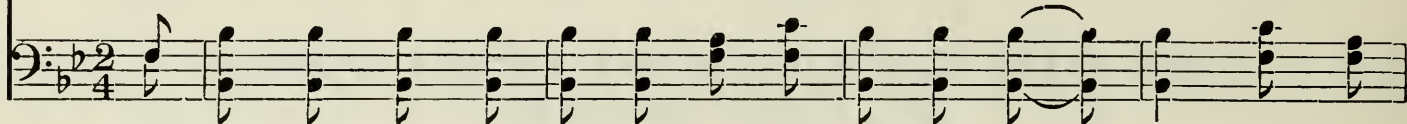
lau-rel bring, Songs . . of tri-umph to . . him sing.  
he-ro comes, Sound . . the trum-pets, beat . . the drums.

# YANKEE DOODLE

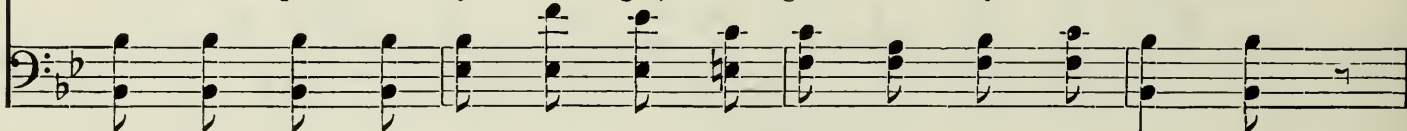
*Con spirito*



1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - 'in, And  
 2. And there we see a thou - sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And  
 3. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton Up - on a slap - ping stal - lion, A -  
 4. And then the feath - ers on his hat, They looked so ver - y fine, ah! I



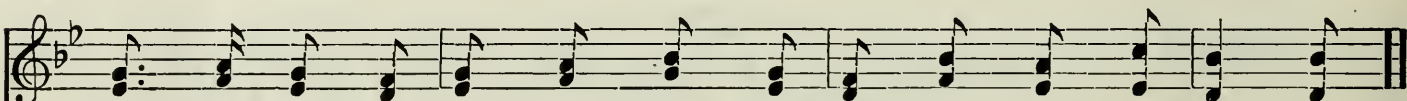
there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.  
 what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.  
 giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion.  
 want - ed pes - ki - ly to get, To give to my Je - mi - ma.



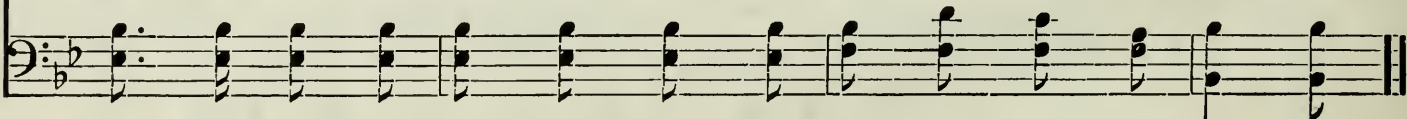
## CHORUS



Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,



Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.



5 And there I see a swamping gun,  
 Large as a log of maple,  
 Upon a mighty little cart;  
 A load for father's cattle.

6 And every time they fired it off,  
 It took a horn of powder;  
 It made a noise like father's gun,  
 Only a nation louder.

7 And there I see a little keg,  
 Its heads all made of leather,  
 They knocked upon't with little sticks,  
 To call the folks together.

8 And Cap'n Davis had a gun,  
 He kind o' clapt his hand on 't  
 And stuck a crooked stabbing iron  
 Upon the little end on 't.

9 The troopers, too, would gallop up,  
 And fire right in our faces;  
 It scared me almost half to death  
 To see them run such races.

10 It scared me so I hooked it off,  
 Nor stopped, as I remember,  
 Nor turned about till I got home,  
 Locked up in mother's chamber.



# THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME

M. W. BALFE  
"The Bohemian Girl"

*Andante cantabile*

1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In  
2. When cold-ness or de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize, And

lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well, There  
deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes; When

may, per-haps, in such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be Of days that have as  
hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill break your own to see: In such a mo - ment

hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber me, And you'll re - member, you'll remember me.  
I but ask, That you'll re - mem - ber me, That you'll re - member, you'll remember me.

## THREE BLIND MICE

A ROUND

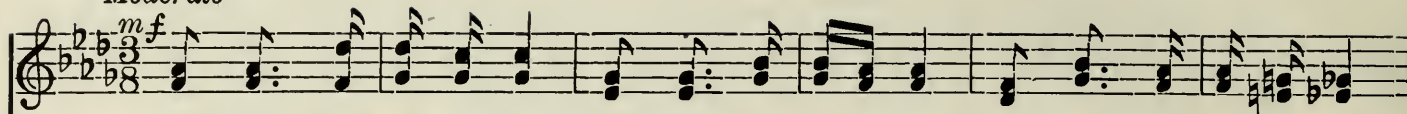
1  
Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run, See how they run! They  
2  
all ran af - ter the farm - er's wife, She cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife; Did  
3  
ev - er you see such a thing in your life As three blind mice?  
4

# SANTA LUCIA

From the Italian

Neapolitan Boat Song

*Moderato*



1. Moon-light, so sweet and pale, From heav - en fall - ing; Wave - lets that murmur low,
2. Soft winds that come and go, Cool-ness are bring-ing; Bear - ing on gen - tle wings
3. O joy! to lie at rest, Drift - ing and dream-ing On o - cean's peaceful breast,

*Moderato*



To us are call - ing. White is the sum-mer night; Sum - mer sea,  
 Ech - oes of sing - ing. Waits the light boat for thee, Float o'er the  
 'Neath moon - light gleam-ing! Bride of the sum-mer sea, Na - ples, thy



sil - ver bright. *f* San - ta Lu - ci - a! *p* *rall.* San - ta Lu - ci - a!  
 waves with me. San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!  
 child to be! San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!



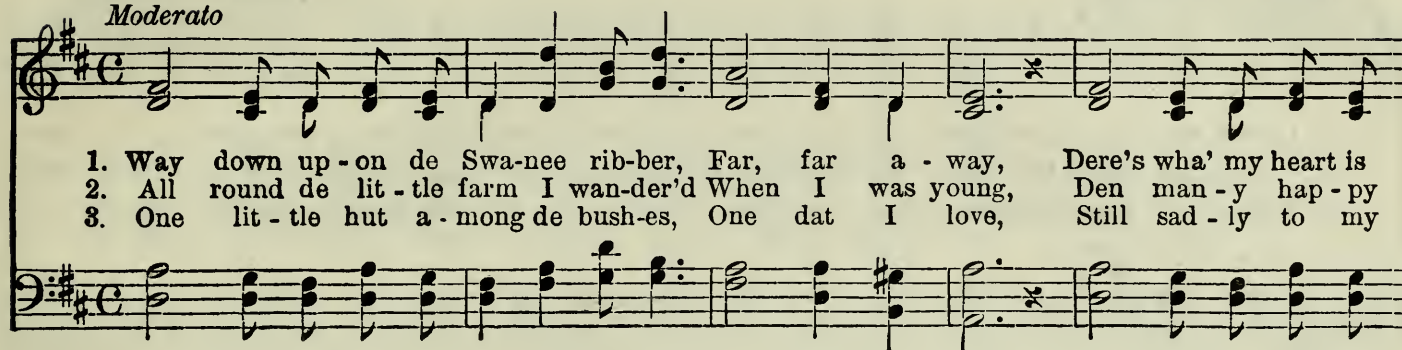
\* Pronounce *Santa Lucia* Săn'tă Lū chēs'ă



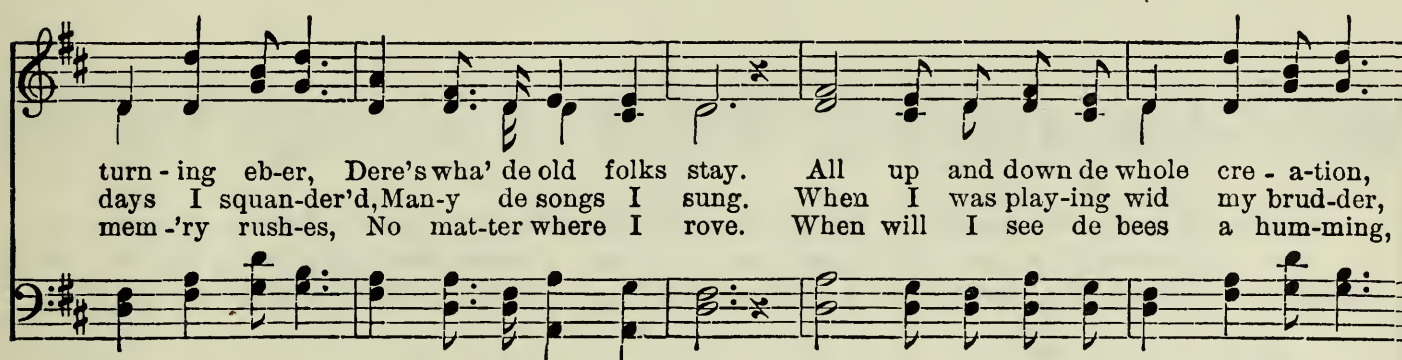
# OLD FOLKS AT HOME

STEPHEN C. FOSTER  
*Moderato*

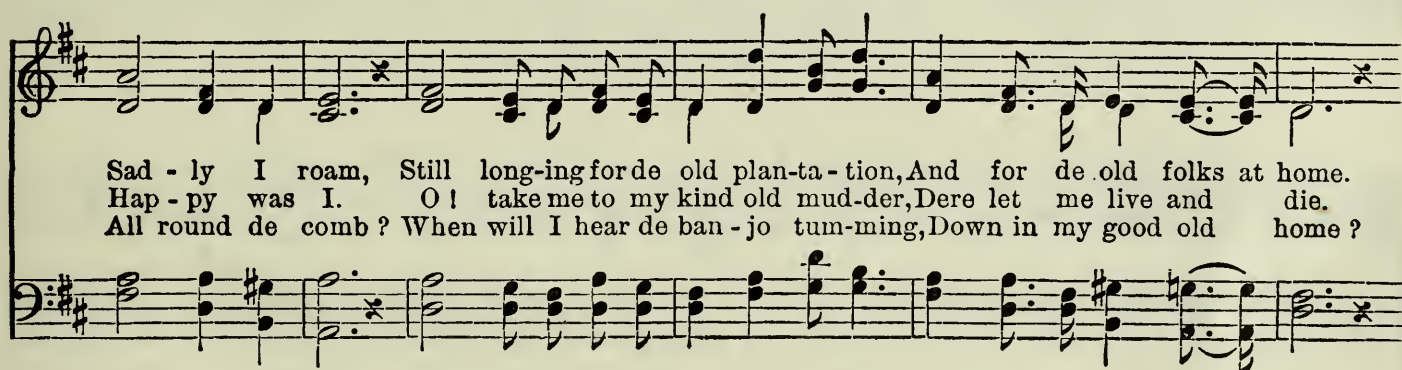
STEPHEN C. FOSTER



1. Way down up-on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-way, Dere's wha' my heart is  
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wan-der'd When I was young, Den man-y hap-py  
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love, Still sad-ly to my

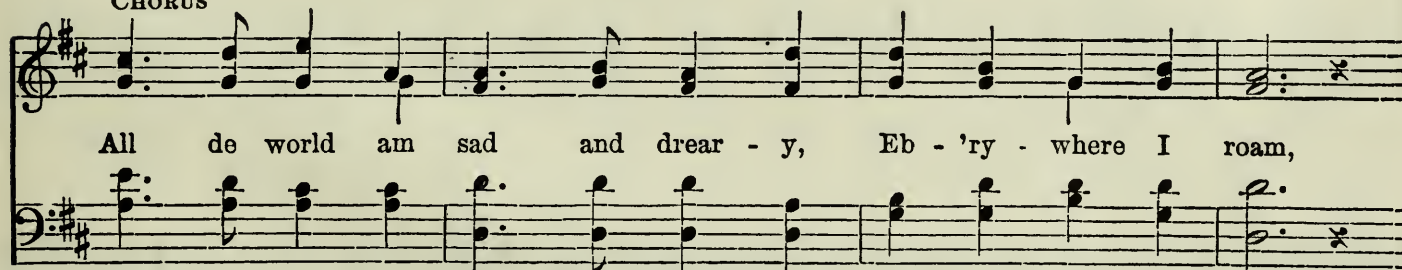


turn-ing eb-er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre-a-tion,  
days I squan-der'd, Man-y de songs I sung. When I was play-ing wid my brud-der,  
mem-ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a hum-ming,

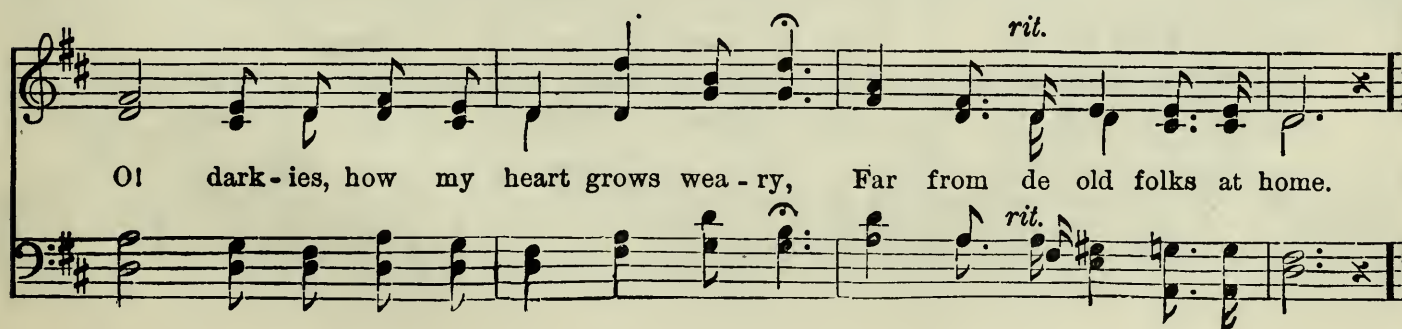


Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.  
Hap-py was I. O! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.  
All round de comb? When will I hear de ban-jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?

## CHORUS



All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb-'ry-where I roam,

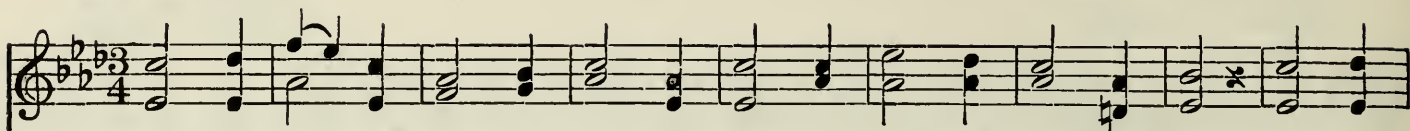


O! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

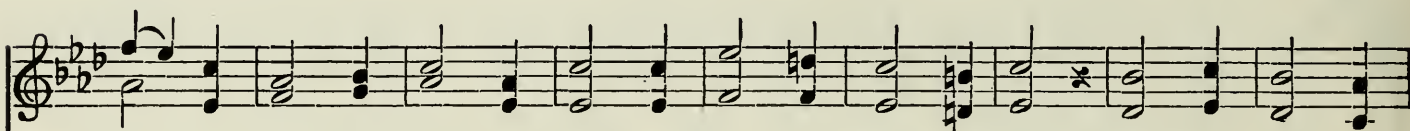
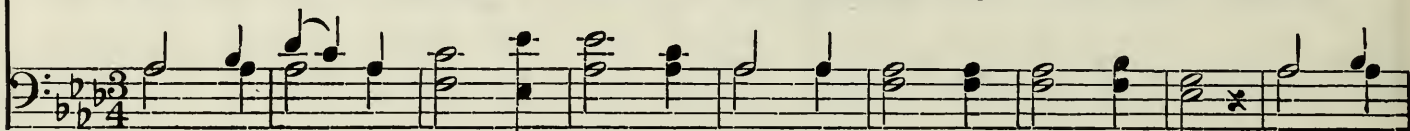
## GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

WM. WILLIAMS

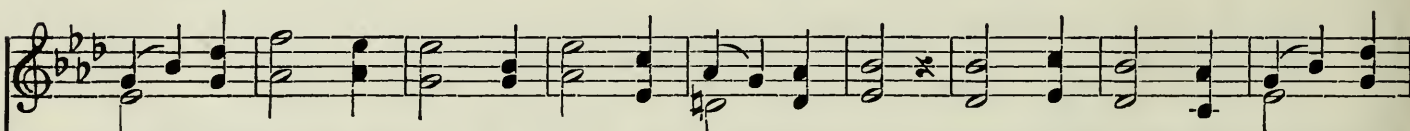
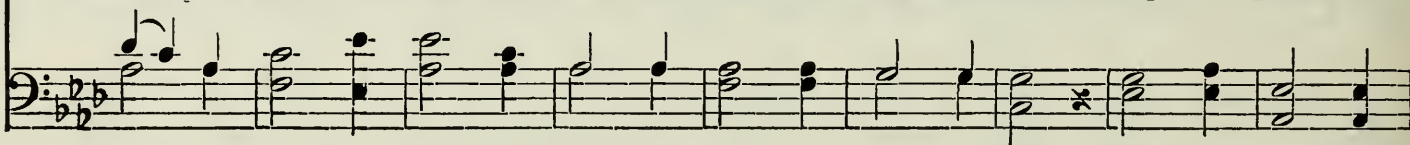
F. F. A. VON FLOTOW



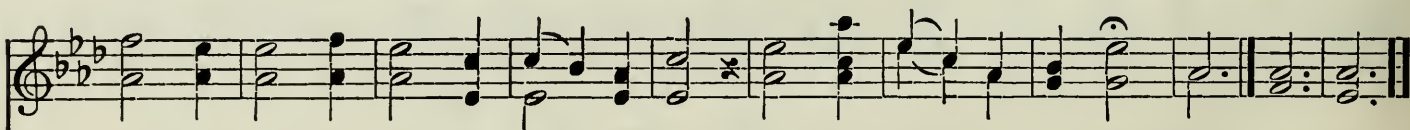
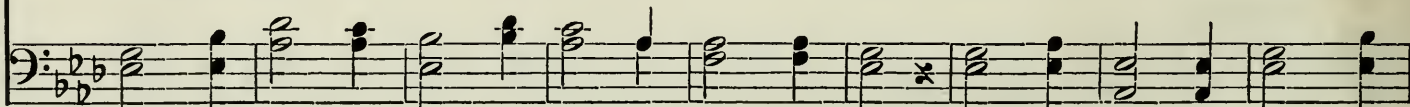
1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil-grim through this bar - ren land; I am
2. O - pen thou the crys - tal foun-tain Whence the heal - ing streams do flow; Let the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid the swell - ing stream sub-side; Death of



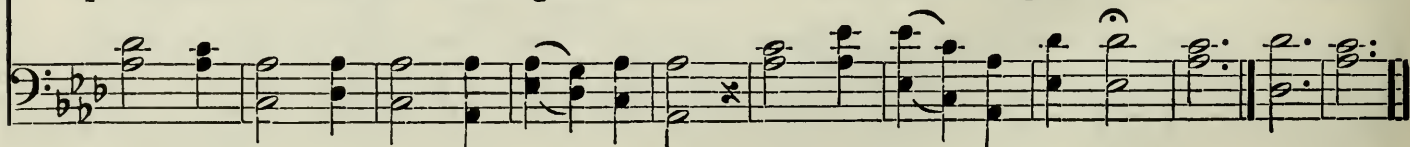
weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy power - ful hand; Bread of heav - en,  
fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney through; Strong De - liv - 'rer,  
death, and fell de - struc - tion, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side; Songs of prais - es,



Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav - en, Bread of  
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield; Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De -  
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee; Songs of prais - es, Songs of



heav - en, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.  
liv - 'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield; Be thou still my strength and shield.  
prais - es, I will ev - er give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee. A - MEN.



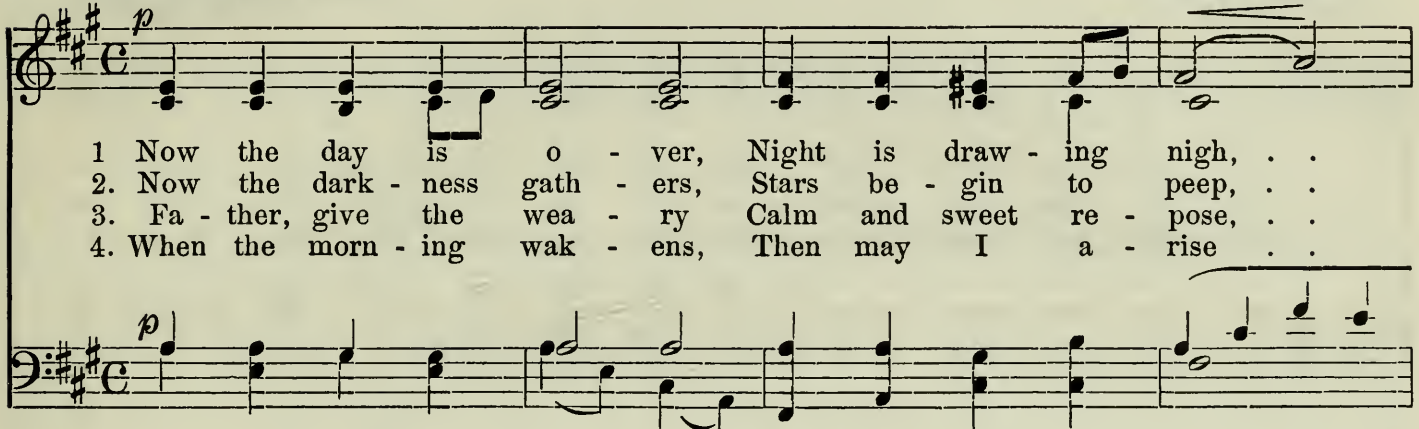


# NOW THE DAY IS OVER

SABINE BARING-GOULD

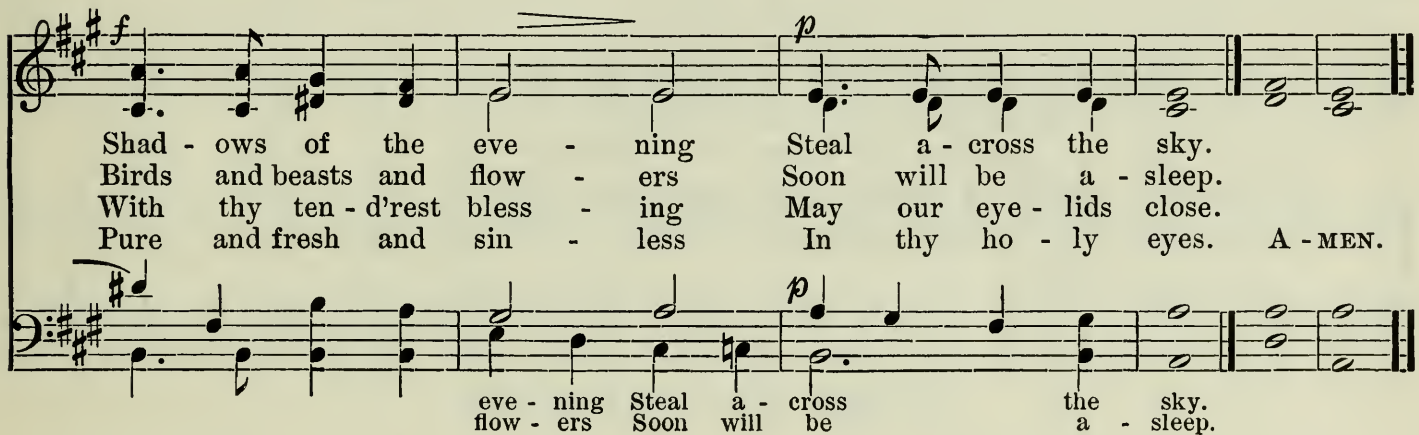
JOSEPH BARNBY

*p*



1 Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, . .  
 2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep, . .  
 3. Fa - ther, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose, . .  
 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise . .

*f* *p*



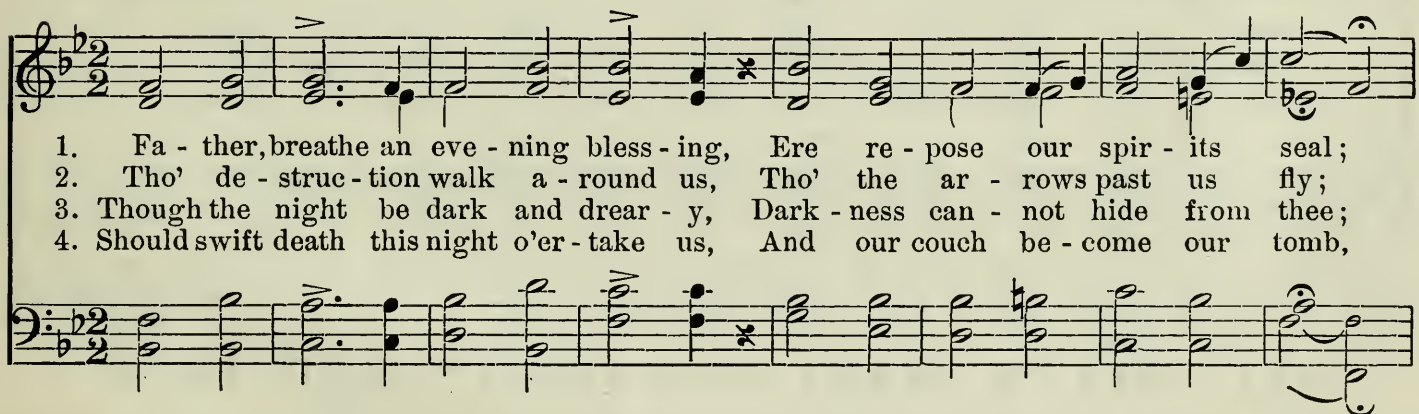
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
 Birds and beasts and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.  
 With thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.  
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
 flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.

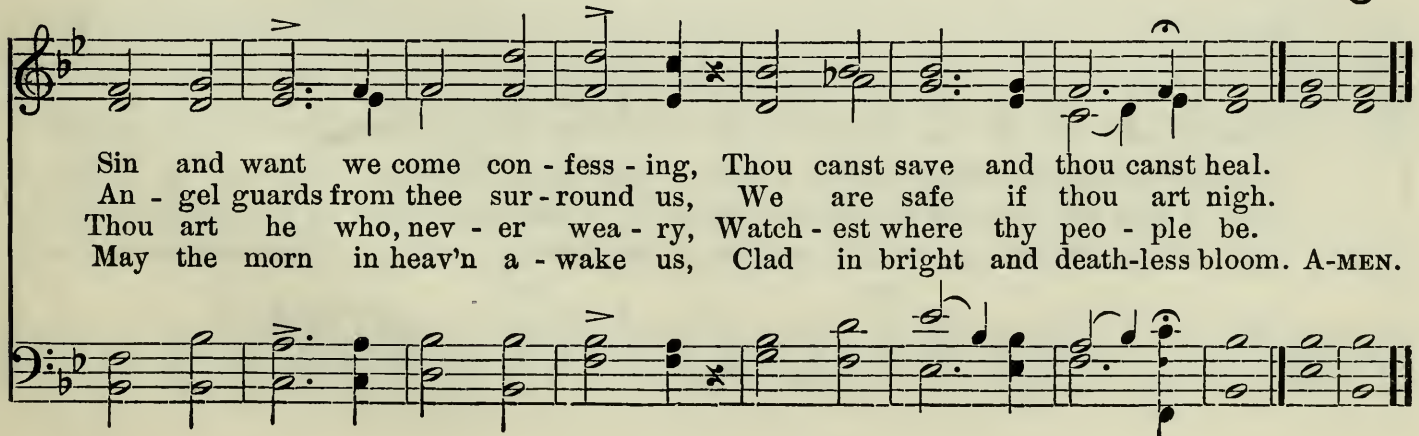
# FATHER, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING

J. EDMESTON

GEORGE C. STEBBINS



1. Fa - ther, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;  
 2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly;  
 3. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from thee;  
 4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,



Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and thou canst heal.  
 An - gel guards from thee sur - round us, We are safe if thou art nigh.  
 Thou art he who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where thy peo - ple be.  
 May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in bright and death-less bloom. A-MEN.

# AS PANTS THE WEARIED HART

R. LOWTH

E. J. HOPKINS

1. As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs, That sinks ex -  
 2. Lord, thy sure mer - cies, ev - er in my sight, My heart shall  
 3. Why faint, my soul? why doubt Je - ho - vah's aid? Thy God the

haust - ed in the sum-mer's chase, So pants my soul for thee, great King of  
 glad - den thro' the te - dious day; And 'midst the dark and gloom-y shades of  
 God of mer - cy still shall prove; With - in his courts thy thanks shall yet be

kings, So thirsts to reach thy sa - cred dwell - ing - place.  
 night, To thee, my God, I'll tune the grate - ful lay.  
 paid; Un - ques - tion'd be his faith - ful - ness and love. A-MEN.

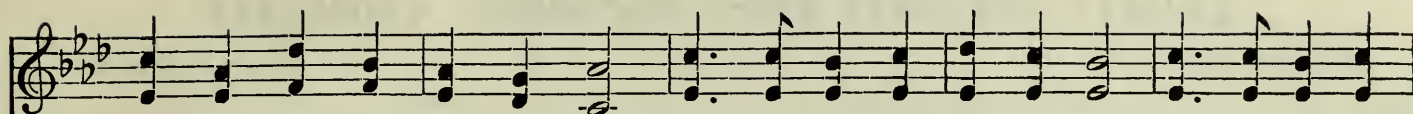
# ALL THAT'S GOOD, AND GREAT, AND TRUE

G. THRING

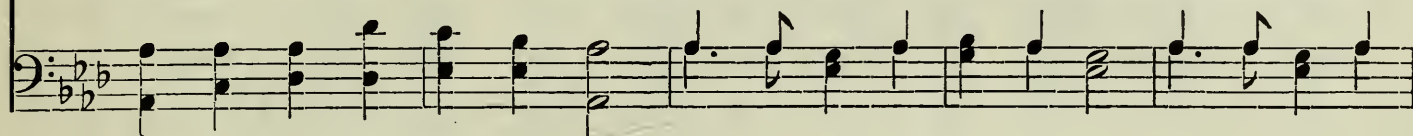
Spanish Melody

1. All that's good, and great, and true, All that is and is to be, Be it old or be it new,  
 2. Not a bird that doth not sing Sweet - er praises to thy name; Not an in-sect on the wing  
 3. Fill us then with love di - vine; Grant that we, tho' toiling here, May, in spir - it be-ing thine,

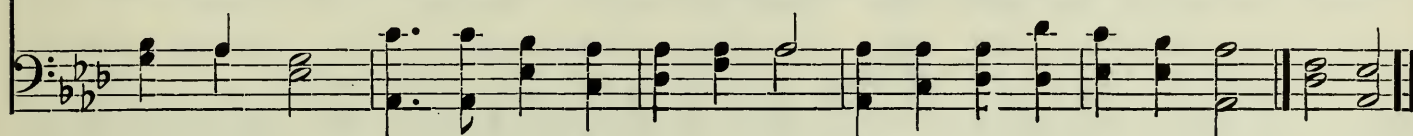




Comes, O Fa - ther, comes from thee: Mer - cies dawn with ev - 'ry day, New - er, brighter,  
But thy won - ders doth pro-claim: Far and near, o'er land and sea, Moun-tain top and  
See and hear thee ev - 'ry - where: May we all with songs of praise, Whilst on earth thy



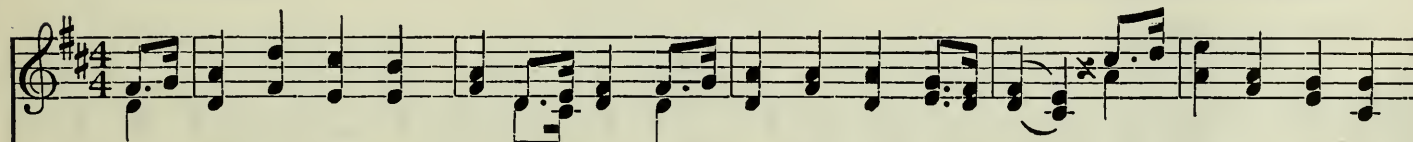
than be fore, And the sun's de - clin-ing ray Lay-eth oth - ers up in store.  
wood - ea dell, All in sing - ing sing of thee, Songs of love in - ef - fa - ble.  
name a - dore, Till with an - gel choirs we raise Songs of praise for ev - er - more. A-MEN.



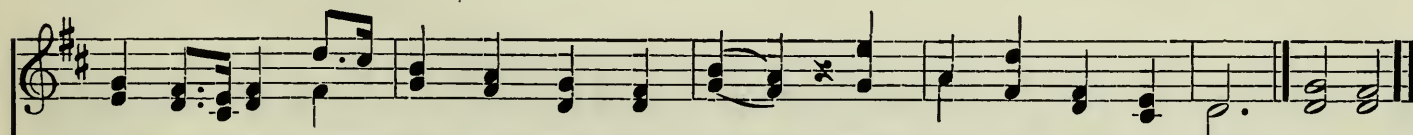
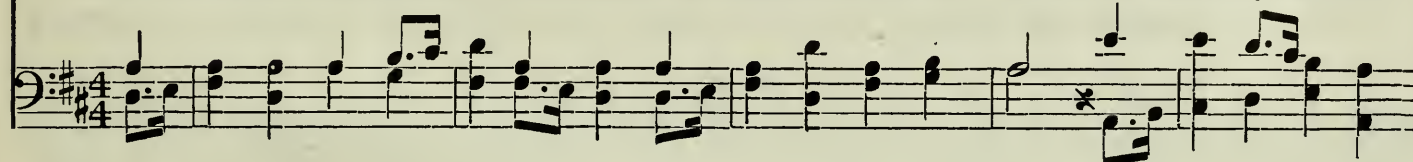
## AWAKE, MY SOUL

P. DODDRIDGE

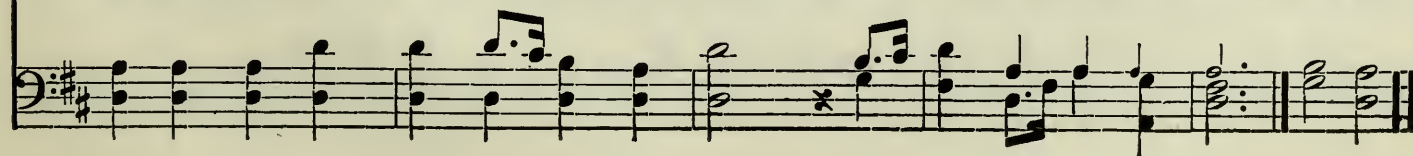
GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL



1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heav'n-ly race de -  
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For - get the steps al -  
3. 'Tis God's all-an - i - mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own hand pre -  
t. Then wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heav'n-ly race de -



mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.  
read - y trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.  
sents the prize To thine up - lift - ed eye, To thine up - lift - ed eye.  
mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown. A-MEN.



# COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE ABROAD

ISAAC WATTS

I. SMITH

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je -  
 2. He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound; The  
 3. Come, wor - ship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We

ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.  
 wa - t'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.  
 are his works, and not our own; He formed us by his word. A - MEN.

# COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

ITALIAN HYMN

CHARLES WESLEY

FELICE GIARDINI

1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all -  
 2. Come, thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword, Our prayer attend; Come, and thy  
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou who al -  
 4. To the great One and Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be Hence, ev - er - more: His sovereign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!  
 peo - ple bless, And give thy word success: Spirit of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!  
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power!  
 ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore! A - MEN.



# CROSSING THE BAR

ALFRED TENNYSON

GEORGE F. ROOT

1. Sun - set and Ev - 'ning Star, And one clear call for me;  
 2. But mov - ing tide a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam,  
 3. Twi - light and Ev - 'ning Bell, And aft - er that the dark;  
 4. For tho' from time and place, The flood may bear me far,

And may there be no moan - ing bar When I put out to sea.  
 When that which drew from out the deep Turns a - gain to its home.  
 And may there be no sad fare - well When I at last em - bark.  
 I hope to see my Pi - lot's face, When I have crossed the bar. A - MEN.

# FATHER, ADORED IN WORLDS ABOVE

J. HATTON

1. Fa - ther, a - dored in worlds a - bove, Thy glo - rious name be hal - lowed still!  
 2. Lord, make our dai - ly wants thy care, For - give the sins which we for - sake;  
 3. E - vils be - set us ev - 'ry hour, — Thy kind pro - tec - tion we im - plore;

Thy kingdom come, in truth and love, And earth, like heaven, o - bey thy will!  
 In thy com - pas - sion let us share, As fel - low - men of ours par - take.  
 Thine is the king - dom, thine the power, The glo - ry thine for ev - er - more! A - MEN.

# LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

JOHN B. DYKES

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-ling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Should'st lead me on; I lov'd to  
 3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moon and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I  
 choose, and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I lov'd the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

do not ask to see . . The dis - tant scene; one step e-nough for me.  
 day; and, spite of fears, . Pride rul'd my will: re-mem-ber not past years.  
 an - gel fac - es smile, . Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while. A - MEN.

# ABIDE WITH ME

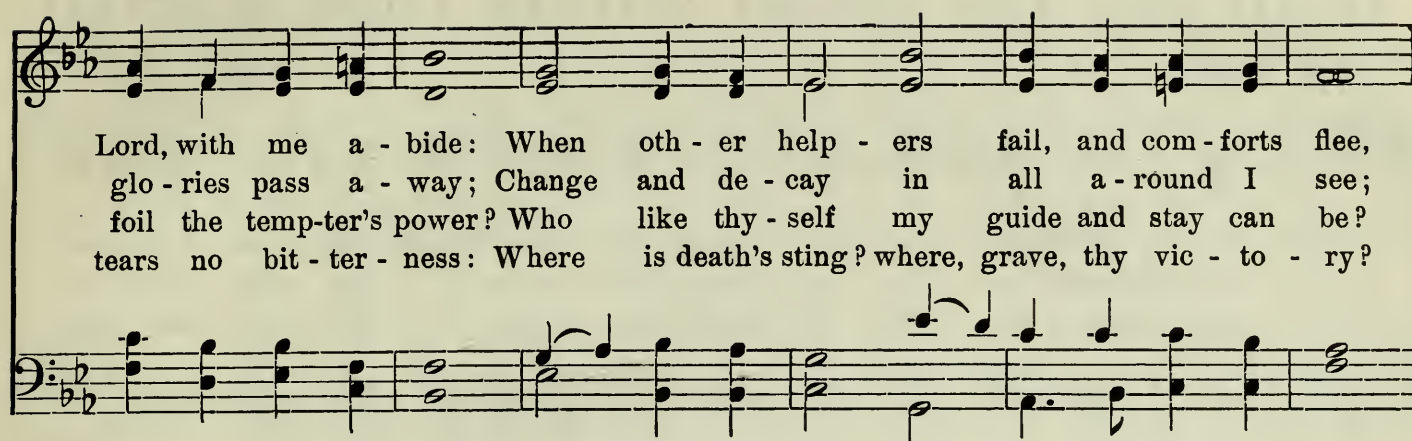
EVENTIDE

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

WILLIAM HENRY MONK

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness thick - ens,  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim; its  
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but thy grace can  
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and





Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,  
 glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
 foil the temp - ter's power? Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be?  
 tears no bit - ter - ness: Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?



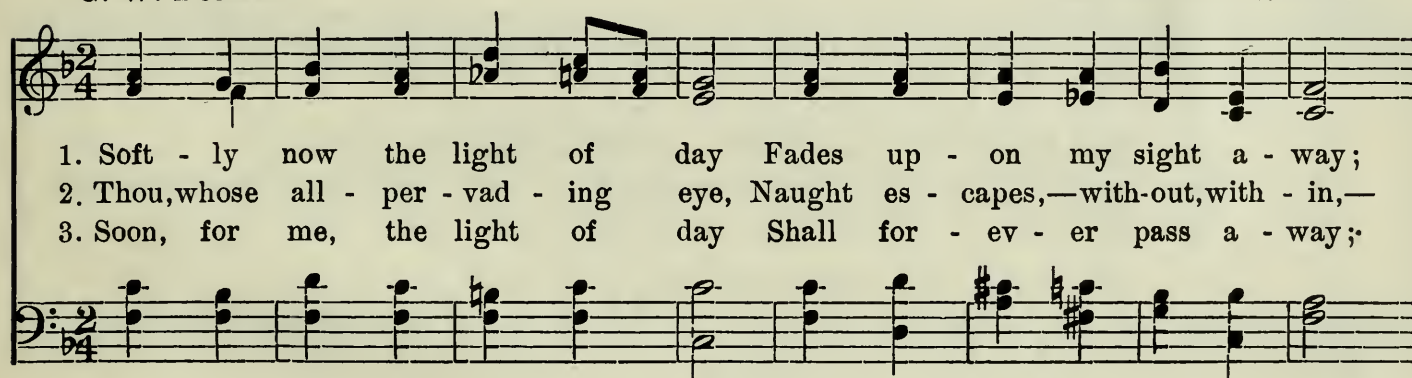
Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!  
 O thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!  
 Through cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!  
 I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me! A - MEN.

## SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY

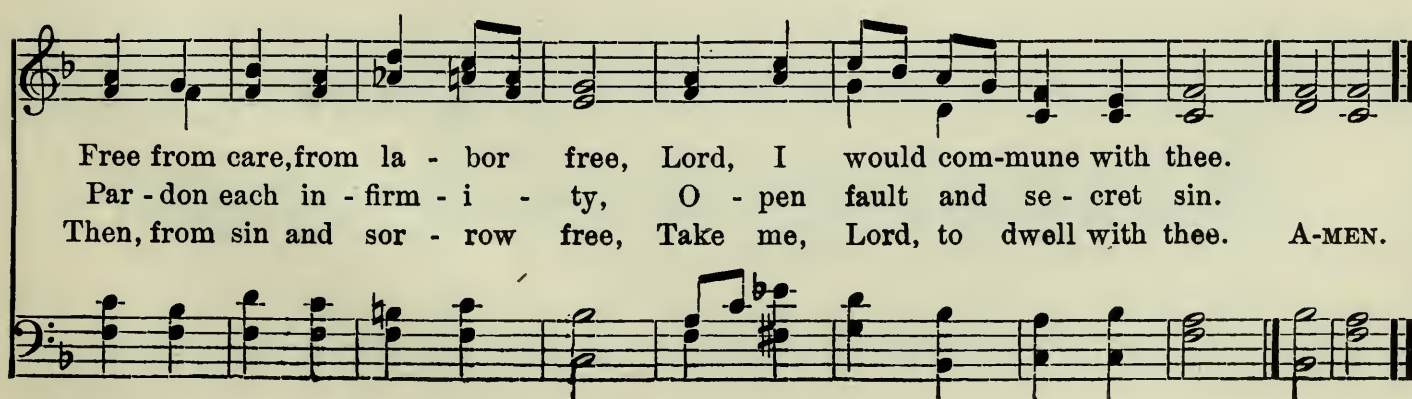
SEYMOUR

G. W. DOANE

CARL M. VON WEBER



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;  
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye, Naught es - capes, — with - out, with - in, —  
 3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.  
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.  
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee. A - MEN.

# HATH NOT THY HEART WITHIN THEE BURNED

S. G. BULFINCH

LOWELL MASON

1. Hath not thy heart with - in thee burned At evening's calm and ho - ly hour,  
 2. Hast thou not heard 'mid for - est glades, While an-cient riv - ers mur - mured by,  
 3. It was the voice of God that spake In sil-ence to thy sil - ent heart,

As if its in - most depths dis - cerned The pres-ence of a loft - ier power?  
 A voice from out th' e - ter - nal shades, That spake a pres - ent De - i - ty?  
 And bade each wor - thier tho't a - wake, And ev-'ry dream of earth de - part. A-MEN.

# HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

NICÆA

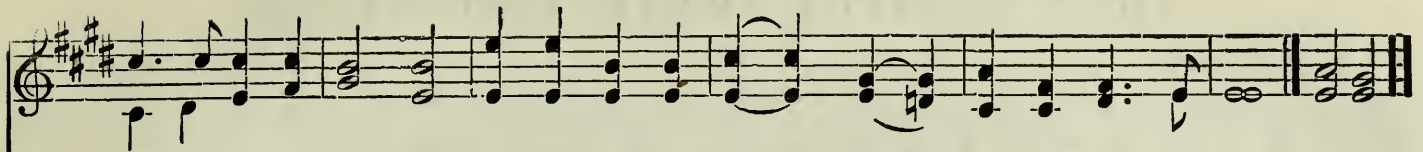
REGINALD HEBER

JOHN B. DYKES

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore thee, Cast - ing down their  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Tho' the dark-ness hide thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!  
 gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim  
 sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly thou art ho - ly,





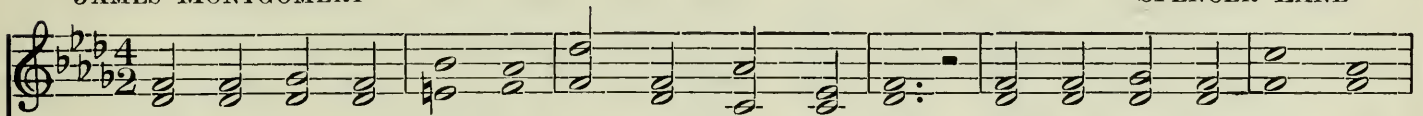
mer-ci - ful and might-y! All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky and sea.  
fall-ing down be-fore thee, Thou who wast, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be!  
there is none be-side thee, In - fi - nite in power, in love, and pur - i - ty! A-MEN.



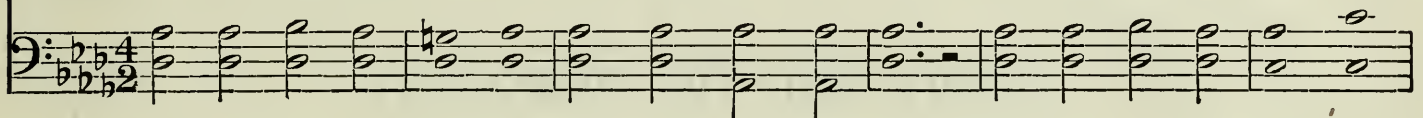
## IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

JAMES MONTGOMERY

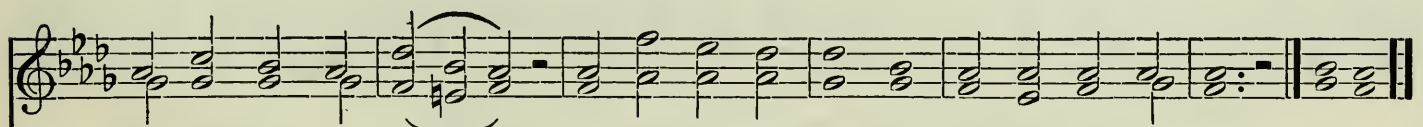
SPENCER LANE



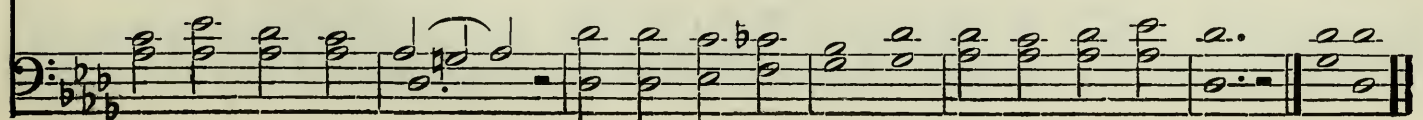
1. In the hour of tri - al, Fa - ther, strengthen me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for - bid - den pleas-ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did treas - ures
3. Should thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil and woe; Or should pain at - tend me



I de - part from thee. . . When thou see'st me wav - er,  
Spread to work me harm; . . . By thy love sus - tain - ing,  
On my path be - low: . . . Grant that I may nev - er



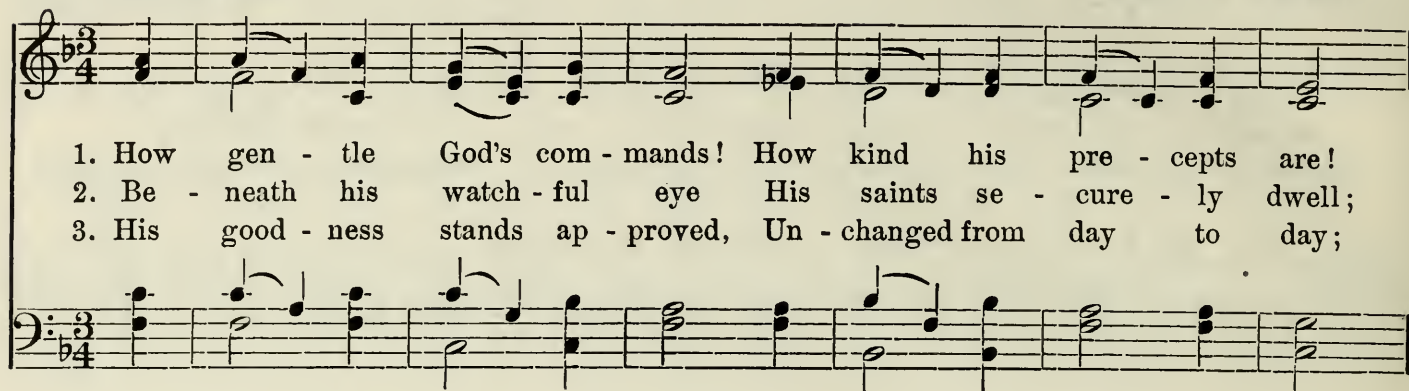
With a touch re - call, . . . Nor from thy dear fav - or, Suf - fer me to fall.  
Fa - ther, keep thy child; . . . All my foes re - strain - ing, And my pas - sions wild.  
Fail thy hand to see; . . . Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee. A-MEN.



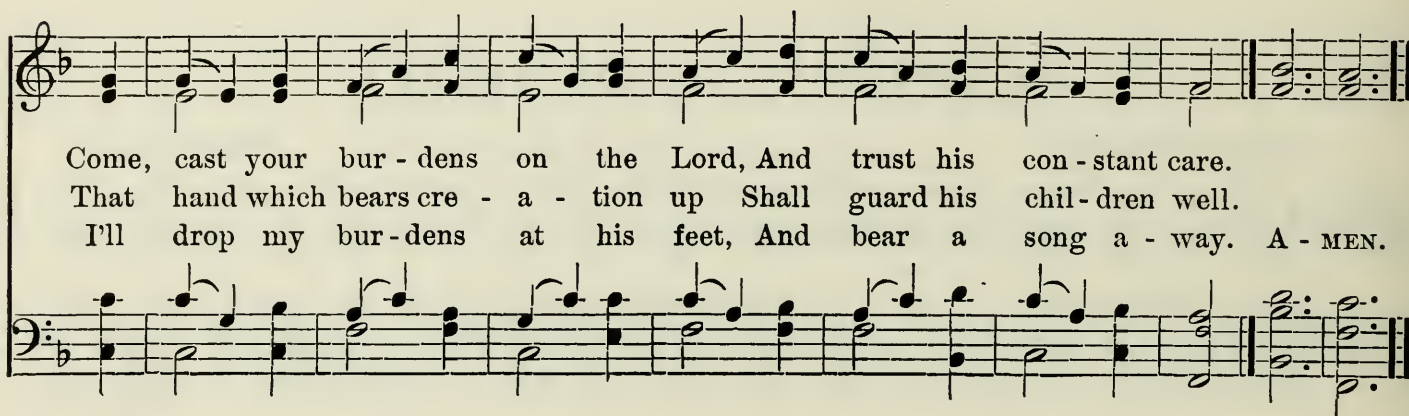
# HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS

P. DODDRIDGE

HANS G. NÄGELI



1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind his pre - cepts are!  
 2. Be - neath his watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;  
 3. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day;

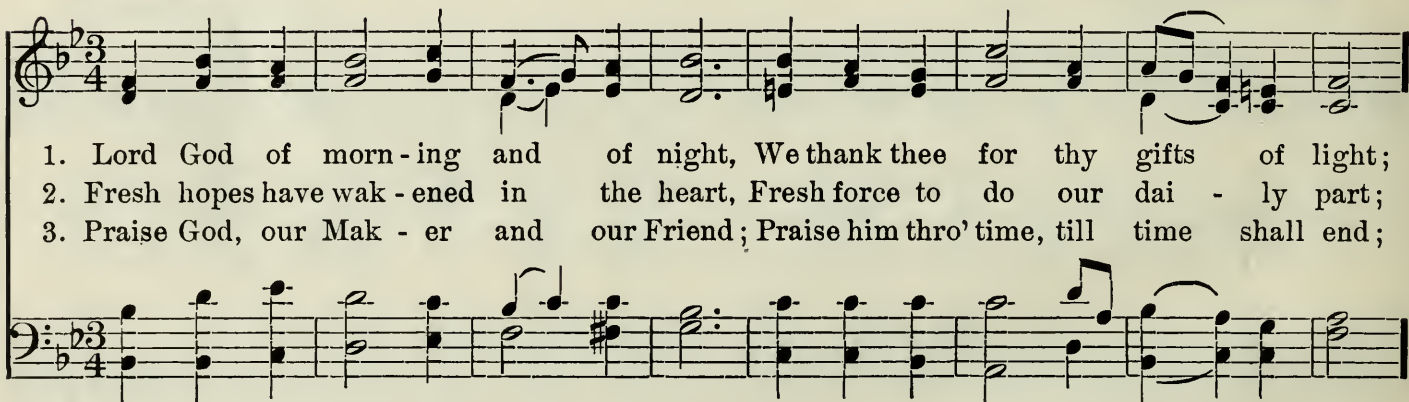


Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.  
 That hand which bears cre - a - tion up Shall guard his chil - dren well.  
 I'll drop my bur - dens at his feet, And bear a song a - way. A - MEN.

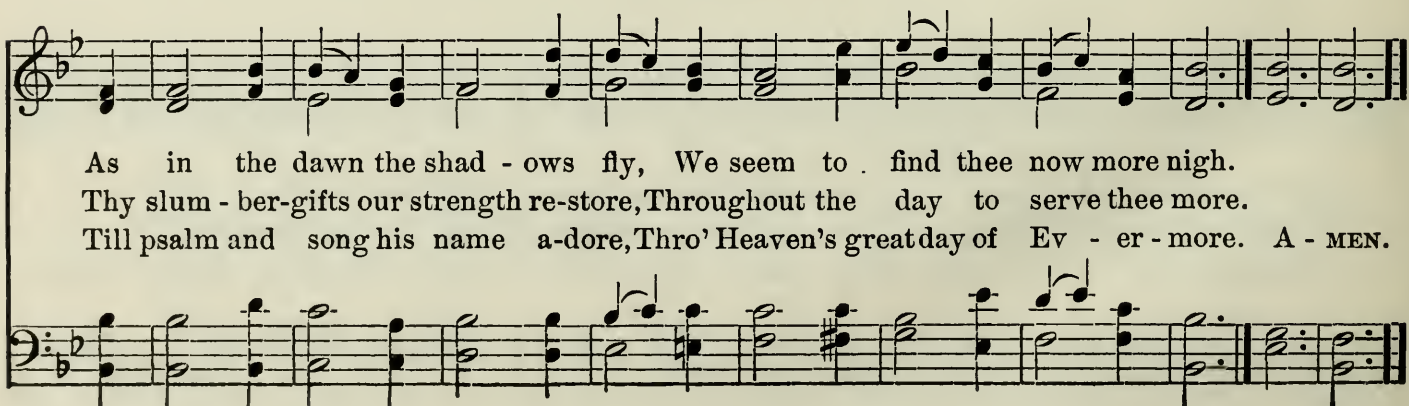
# LORD GOD OF MORNING

J. KEBLE

L. VAN BEETHOVEN



1. Lord God of morn - ing and of night, We thank thee for thy gifts of light;  
 2. Fresh hopes have wak - ened in the heart, Fresh force to do our dai - ly part;  
 3. Praise God, our Mak - er and our Friend; Praise him thro' time, till time shall end;



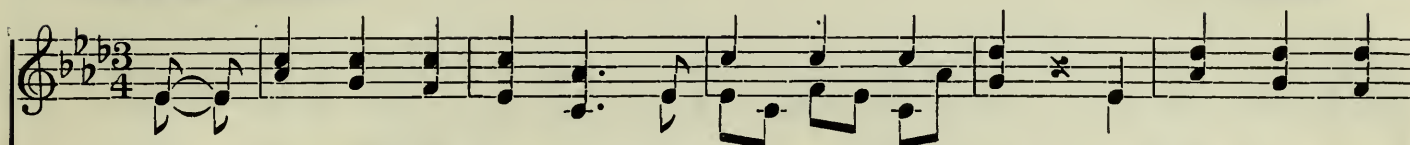
As in the dawn the shad - ows fly, We seem to find thee now more nigh.  
 Thy slum - ber-gifts our strength re-store, Throughout the day to serve thee more.  
 Till psalm and song his name a-dore, Thro' Heaven's great day of Ev - er - more. A - MEN.



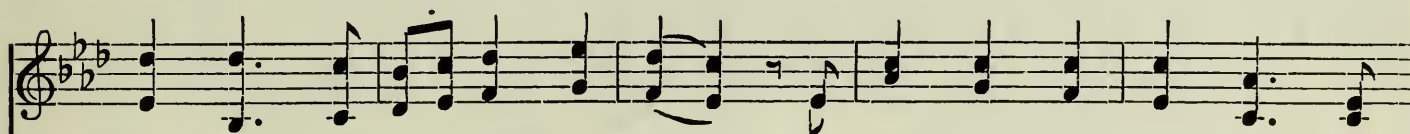
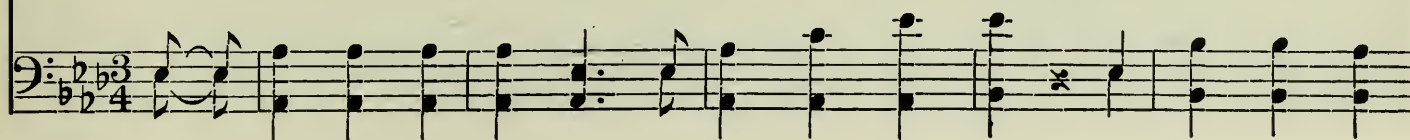
# THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

JAMES MONTGOMERY

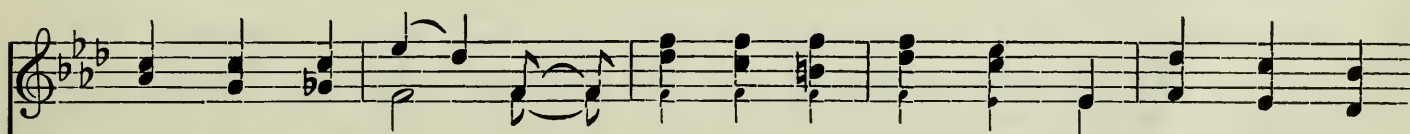
KOSCHAT



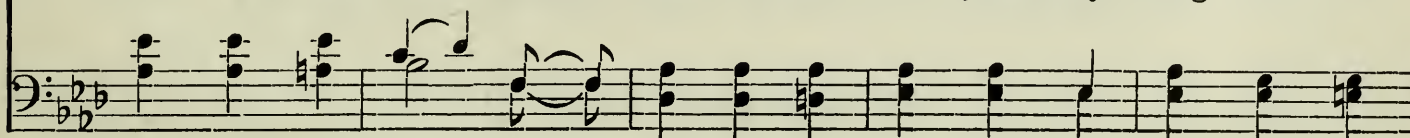
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green  
 2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray, Since thou art my  
 3. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God! Still fol - low my



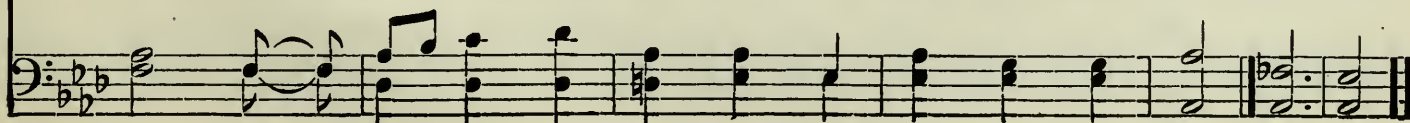
pas - tures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the  
 Guard - ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy  
 steps till I meet thee a - bove; I seek, by the path which my



still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re - deems when op -  
 staff be my stay; No . . harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er  
 fore - fa - thers trod Thro' the land of their so - journ, thy king - dom of



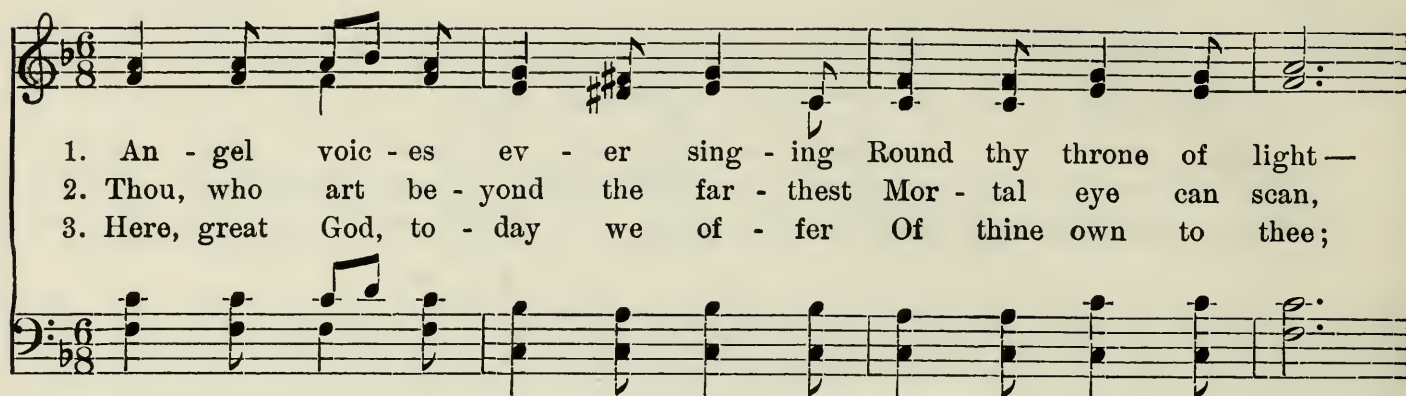
pressed, Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.  
 near, No . . harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.  
 love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of love. A - MEN.



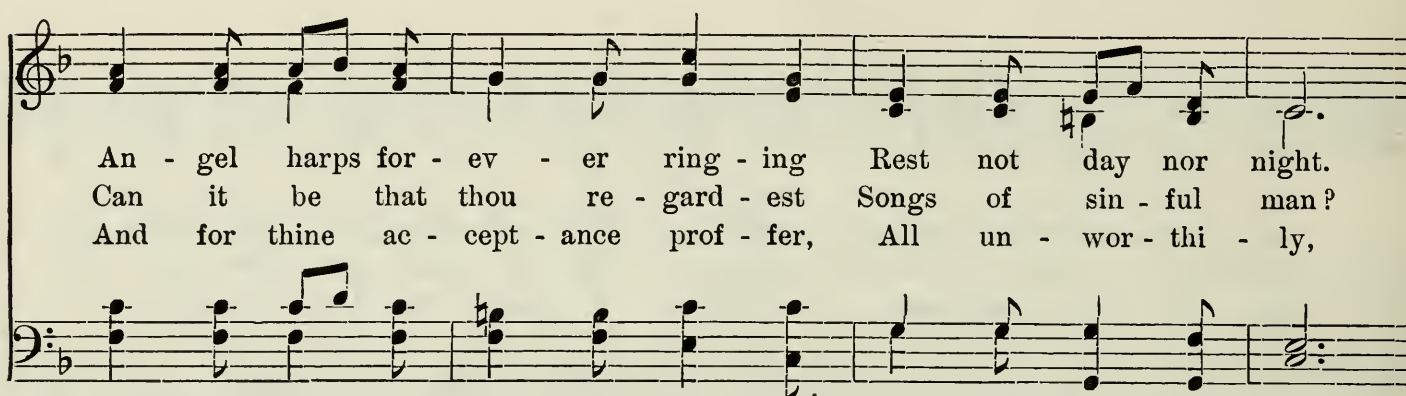
## ANGEL VOICES

FRANCIS POTT

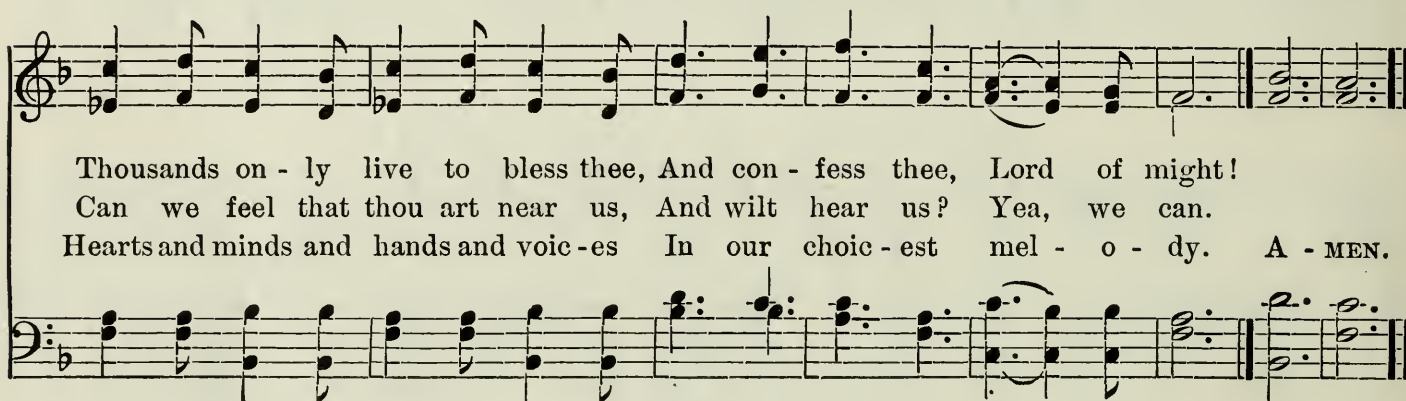
ARTHUR SULLIVAN



1. An - gel voic - es ev - er sing - ing Round thy throne of light —  
 2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,  
 3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of thine own to thee;



An - gel harps for - ev - er ring - ing Rest not day nor night.  
 Can it be that thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?  
 And for thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly,



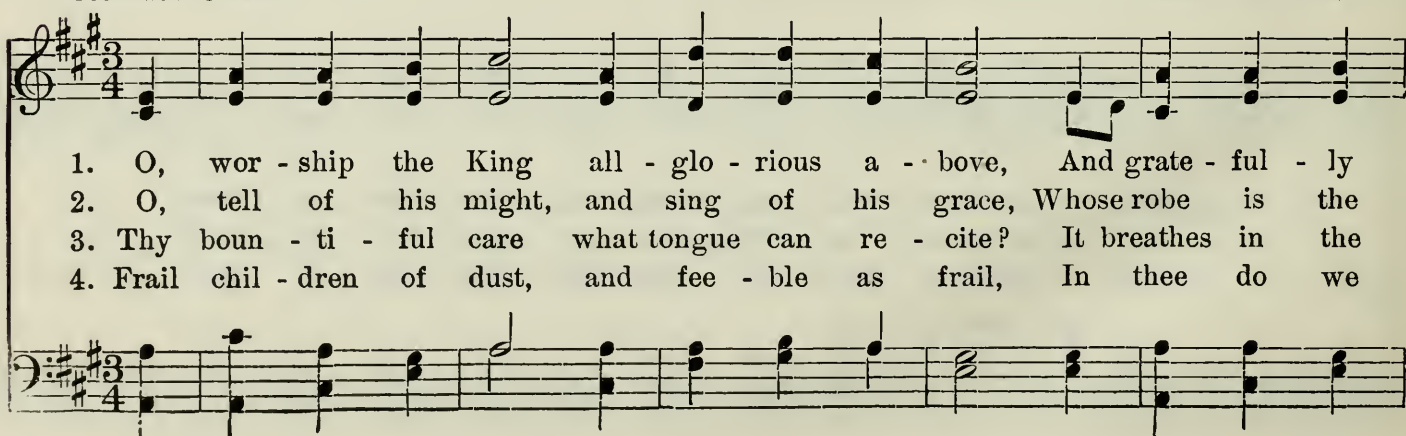
Thousands on - ly live to bless thee, And con - fess thee, Lord of might!  
 Can we feel that thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.  
 Hearts and minds and hands and voic - es In our choic - est mel - o - dy. A - MEN.

## O WORSHIP THE KING

LYONS

ROBERT GRANT

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN

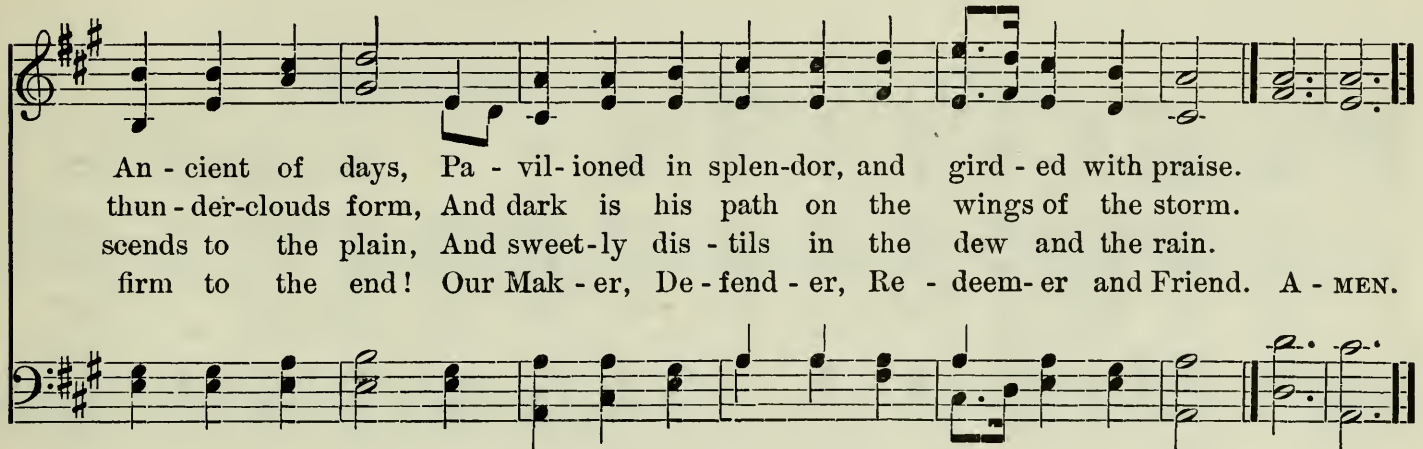


1. O, wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - - bove, And grate - ful - ly  
 2. O, tell of his might, and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the  
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the  
 4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we





sing his won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the  
 light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep  
 air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -  
 trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how



An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.  
 thun - der - clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.  
 scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.  
 firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er and Friend. A - MEN.

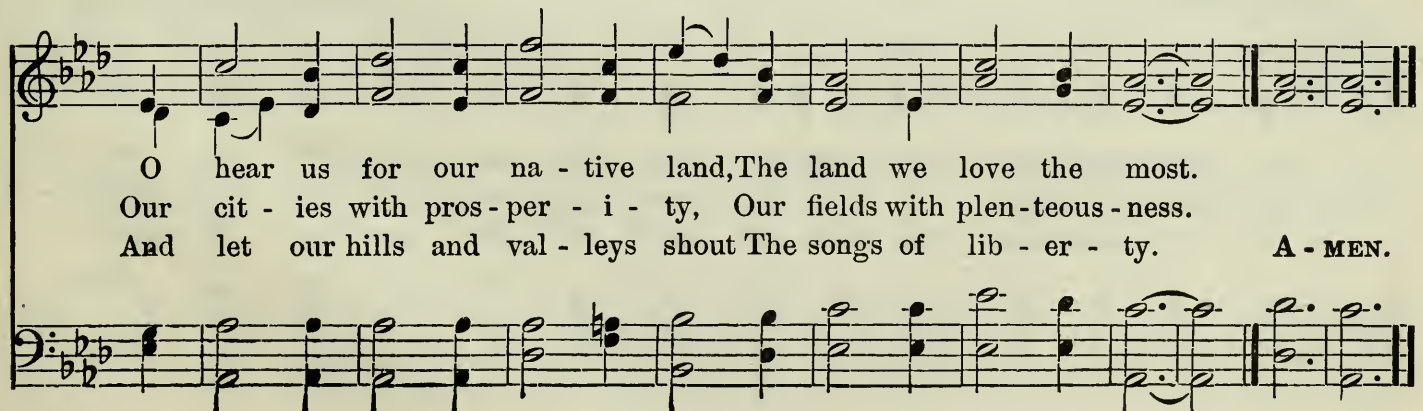
## LORD, WHILE FOR ALL MANKIND WE PRAY

J. R. WREFORD

G. ROSSINI



1. Lord, while for all man - kind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast,  
 2. O guard our shores from ev - 'ry foe; With peace our bor - ders bless,  
 3. U - nite us in the sa - cred love Of know - ledge, truth, and thee;

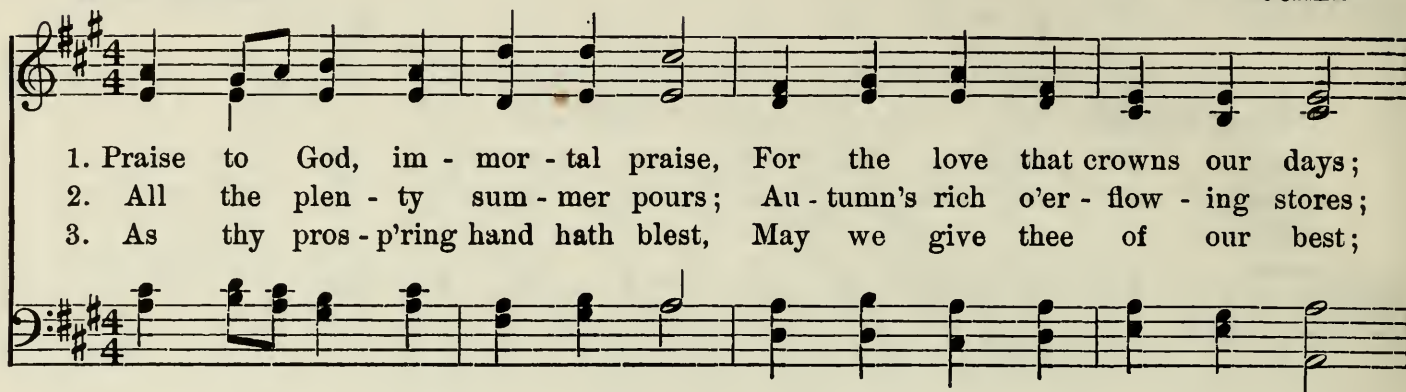


O hear us for our na - tive land, The land we love the most.  
 Our cit - ies with pros - per - i - ty, Our fields with plen - teous - ness.  
 And let our hills and val - leys shout The songs of lib - er - ty. A - MEN.

# PRAISE TO GOD, IMMORTAL PRAISE

A. L. BARBAULD

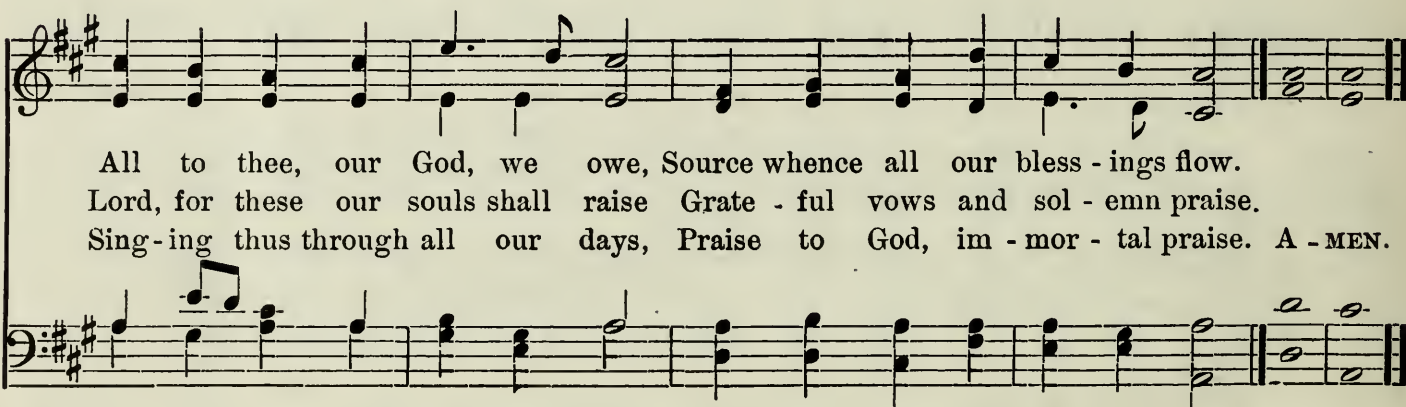
C. KOCHER



1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;  
 2. All the plen - ty sum - mer pours; Au - tumn's rich o'er - flow - ing stores;  
 3. As thy pros - p'ring hand hath blest, May we give thee of our best;



Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy:  
 Flocks that whit - en all the plain; Yel - low sheaves of rip - ened grain:  
 And by deeds of kind - ly love For thy mer - cies grate - ful prove;



All to thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow.  
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.  
 Sing - ing thus through all our days, Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise. A - MEN.

# FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY BLISS

ANNE STEELE

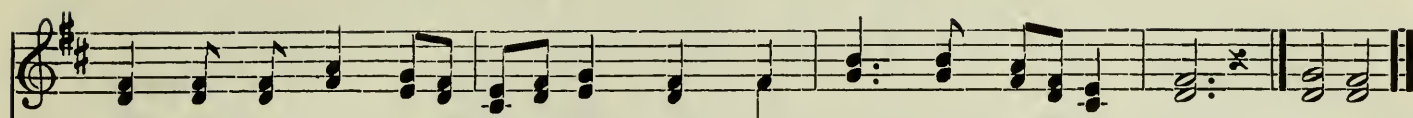
NAOMI

HANS GEORG NÄGELI

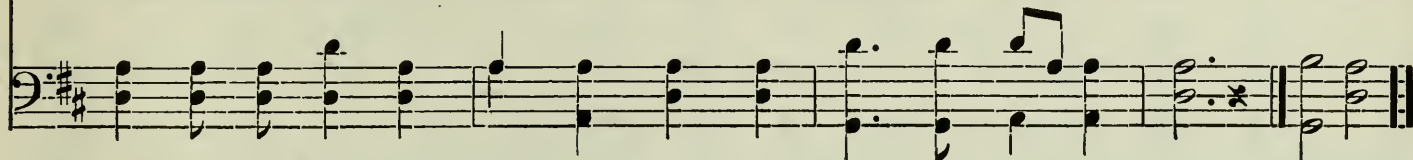


1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss, Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,  
 2. Give me a calm, a thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;  
 3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death at - tend;





Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:  
 The bless - ings of thy grace im - part, And make me live to thee.  
 Thy pres - ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end. A - MEN.

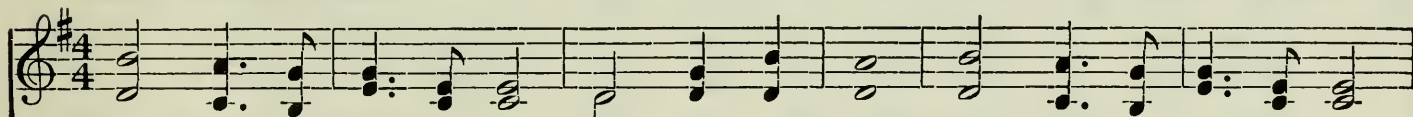


## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

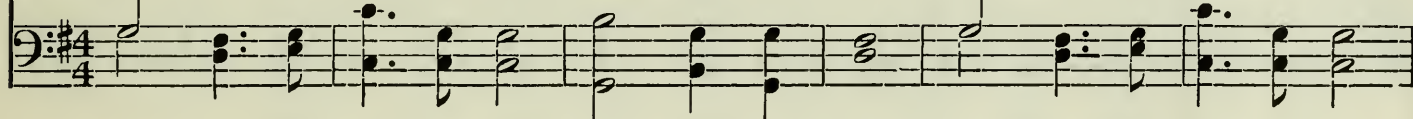
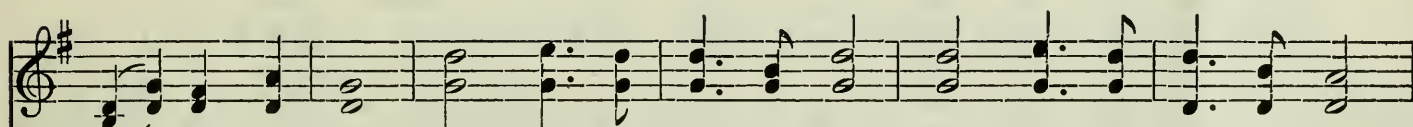
BETHANY

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

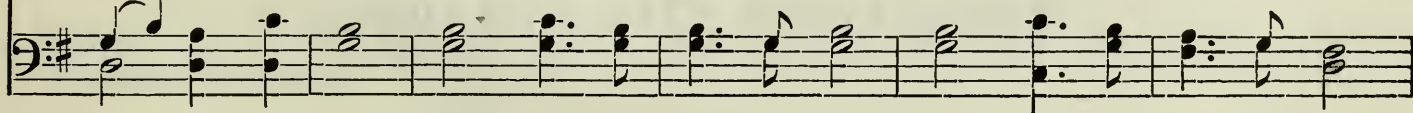
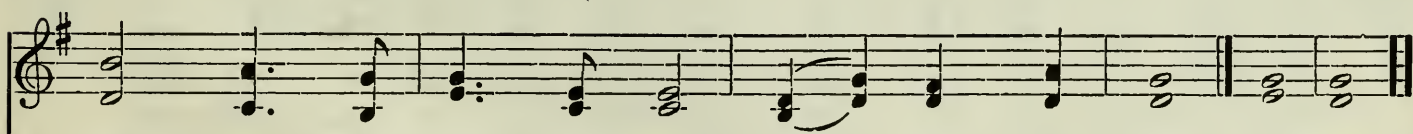
LOWELL MASON



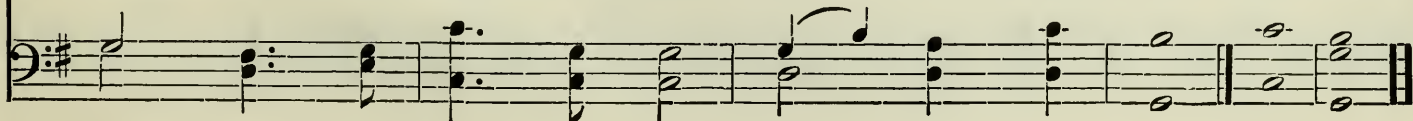
1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en though it be a cross  
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou send - est me,  
 4. Then with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs  
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! A - MEN



# MAKER OF ALL THINGS

D. WALMSLEY

F. F. FLEMMING

1. Mak - er of all things, lov - ing all thy crea - tures, God of all  
 2. Bless thou our pur - pose, con - se - crate our la - bors; Keep us still  
 3. Glo - ry and hon - or, thanks and ad - o - ra - tion, Still will we

good - ness, in - fi - nite in mer - cy, Change - less, e - ter - nal,  
 faith - ful to the best and tru - est; Guide us, pro - tect us,  
 bring, O God of men and an - gels To thee, the ho - ly,

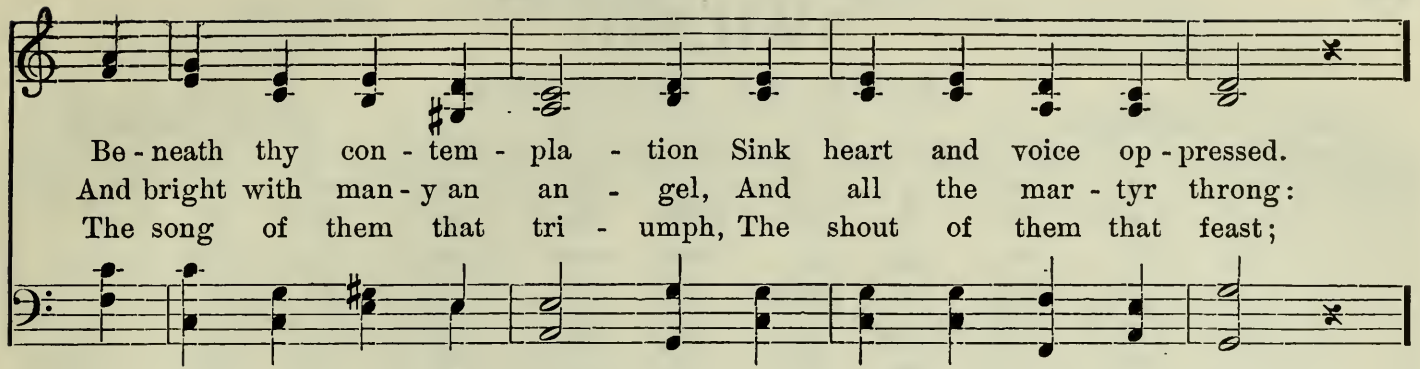
ho - li - est, and wis - est, Hear thou thy chil - dren.  
 make us not un - wor - thy Hum - bly to praise thee.  
 mer - ci - ful, and might - y, Our God and Fa - ther! A - MEN.

# JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

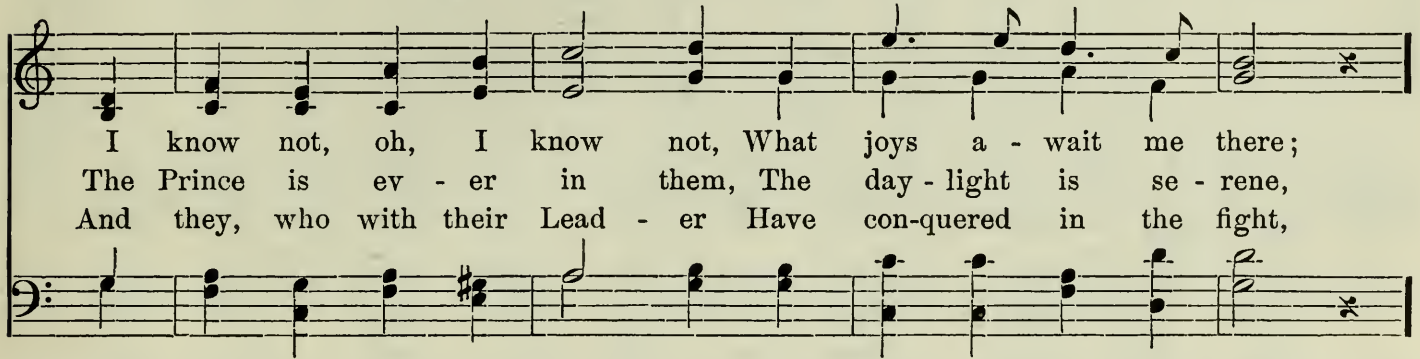
ALEXANDER EWING

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest;  
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,  
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,

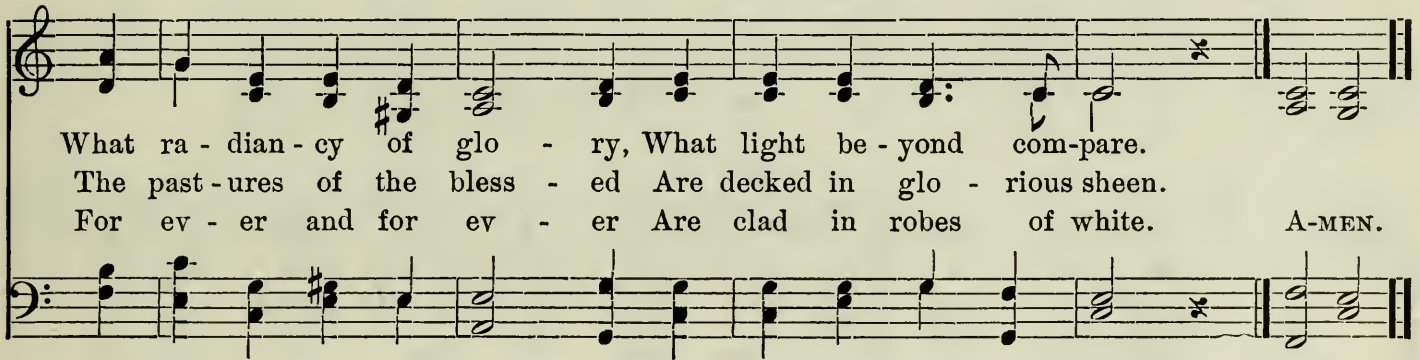




Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed.  
 And bright with man - y an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng:  
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;



I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there;  
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene,  
 And they, who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,

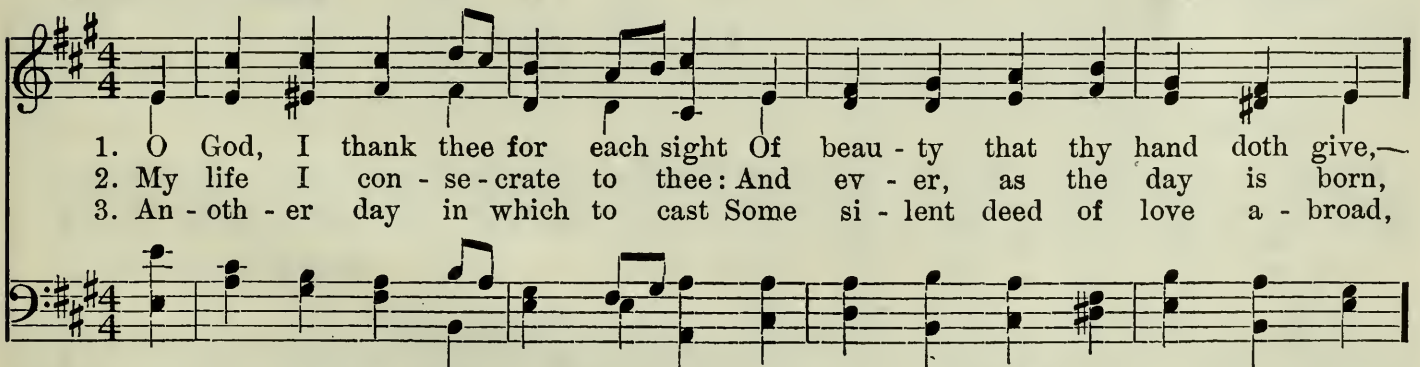


What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.  
 The past - ures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.  
 For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white. A-MEN.

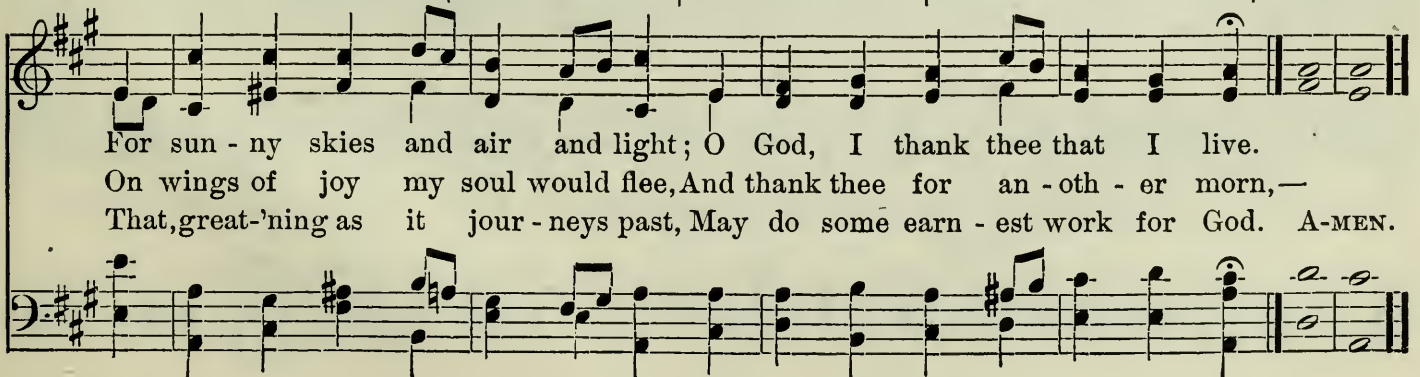
## O GOD, I THANK THEE FOR EACH SIGHT

Mrs. C. A. MASON

R. SCHUMANN



1. O God, I thank thee for each sight Of beau - ty that thy hand doth give,—  
 2. My life I con - se - crate to thee: And ev - er, as the day is born,  
 3. An - oth - er day in which to cast Some si - lent deed of love a - broad,



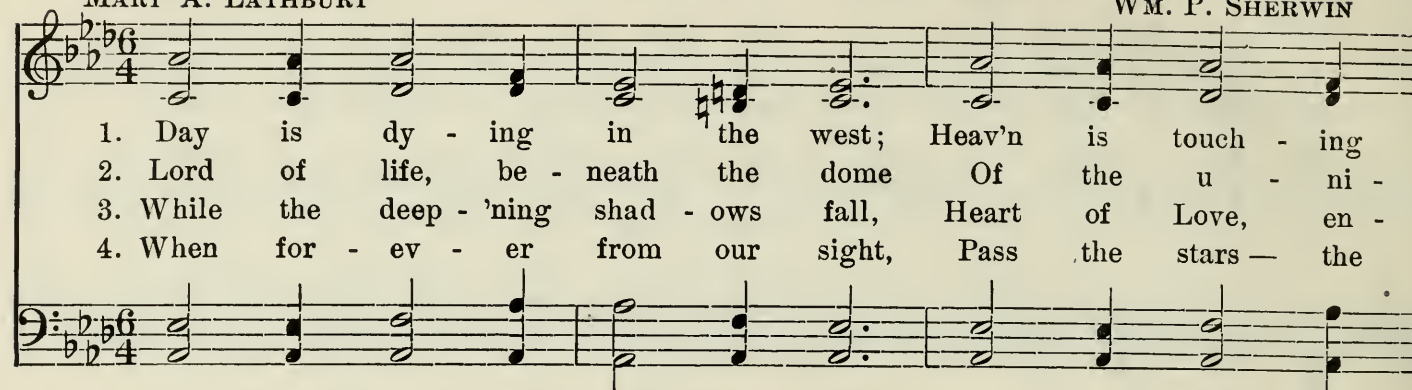
For sun - ny skies and air and light; O God, I thank thee that I live.  
 On wings of joy my soul would flee, And thank thee for an - oth - er morn,—  
 That, great - 'ning as it jour - neys past, May do some earn - est work for God. A-MEN.

# TWILIGHT

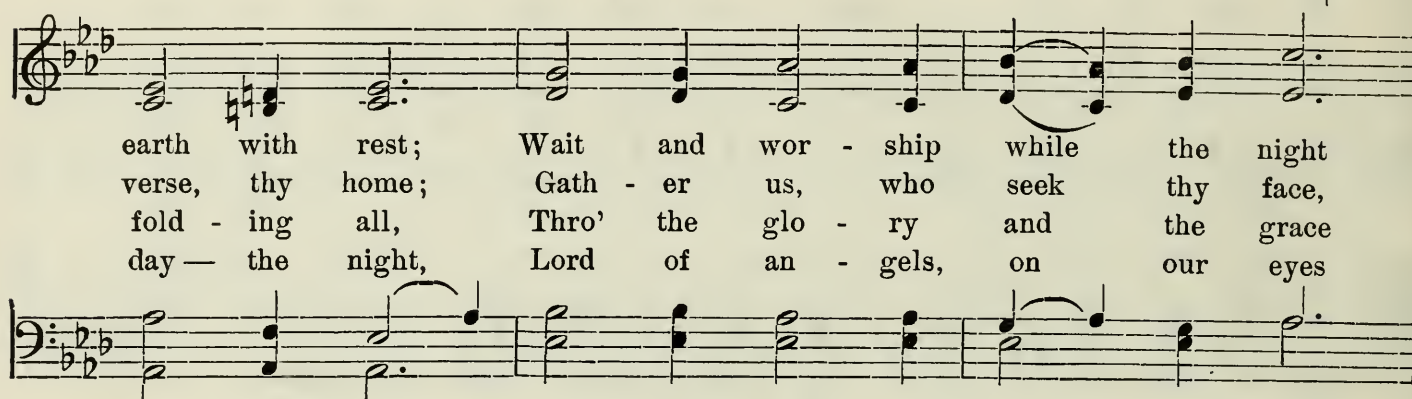
## CHAUTAUQUA EVENING HYMN

MARY A. LATHBURY

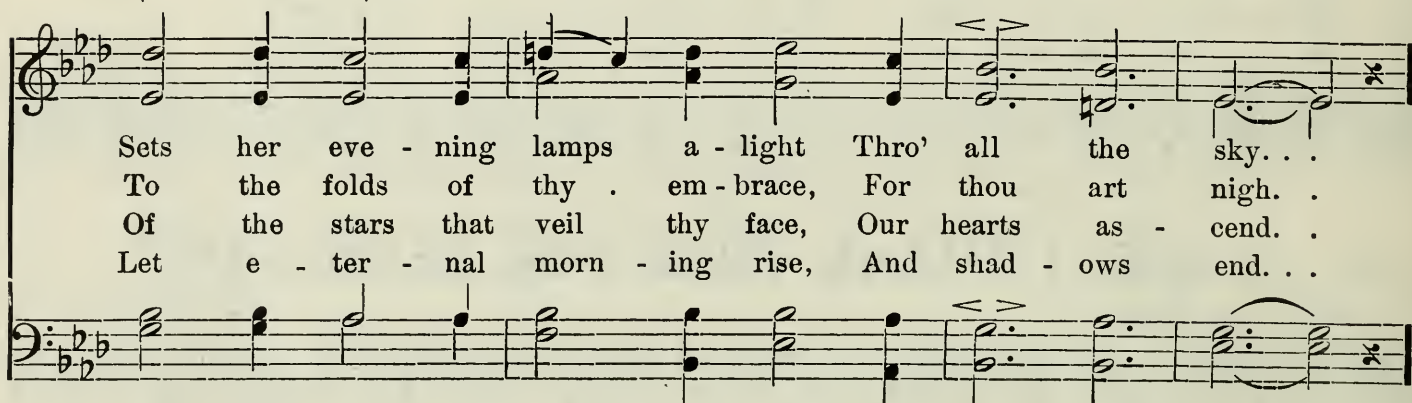
WM. P. SHERWIN



1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing  
 2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni -  
 3. While the deep - 'ning shad - ows fall, Heart of Love, en -  
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars — the



earth with rest; Wait and wor - ship while the night  
 verse, thy home; Gath - er us, who seek thy face,  
 fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace  
 day — the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

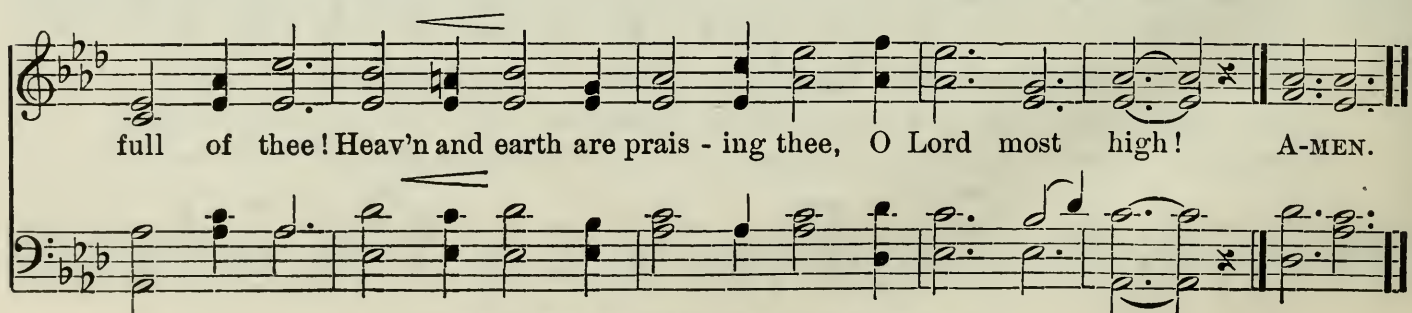


Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky...  
 To the folds of thy . em - brace, For thou art nigh. .  
 Of the stars that veil thy face, Our hearts as - cend. .  
 Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end. .

### CHORUS



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are



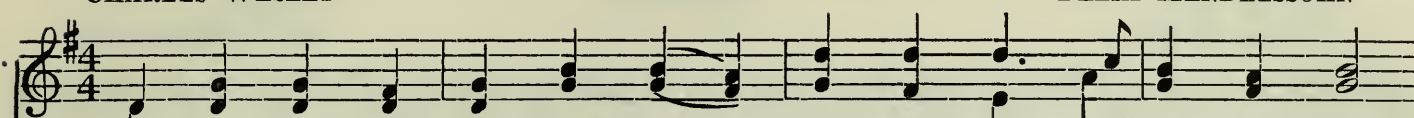
full of thee! Heav'n and earth are prais - ing thee, O Lord most high! A-MEN.



# HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

CHARLES WESLEY

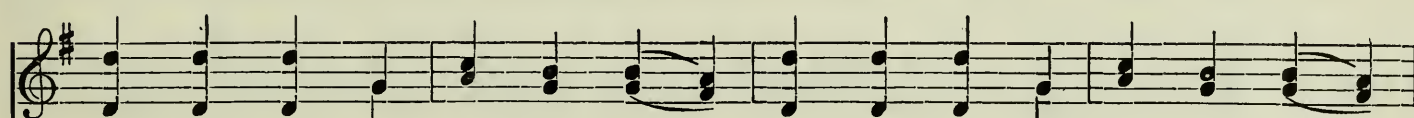
FELIX MENDELSSOHN




1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!  
 2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;  
 3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Son of Right-eous - ness!




Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."  
 Late in time be - hold him come, Off-spring of the fa - vored one.  
 Light and life to all he brings, Risen with heal - ing in his wings.



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;  
 Veil'd in flesh, the God-head see; Hail th' in - car - nate De - i - ty:  
 Mild he lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die:



With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."  
 Pleased, as man, with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el!  
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.



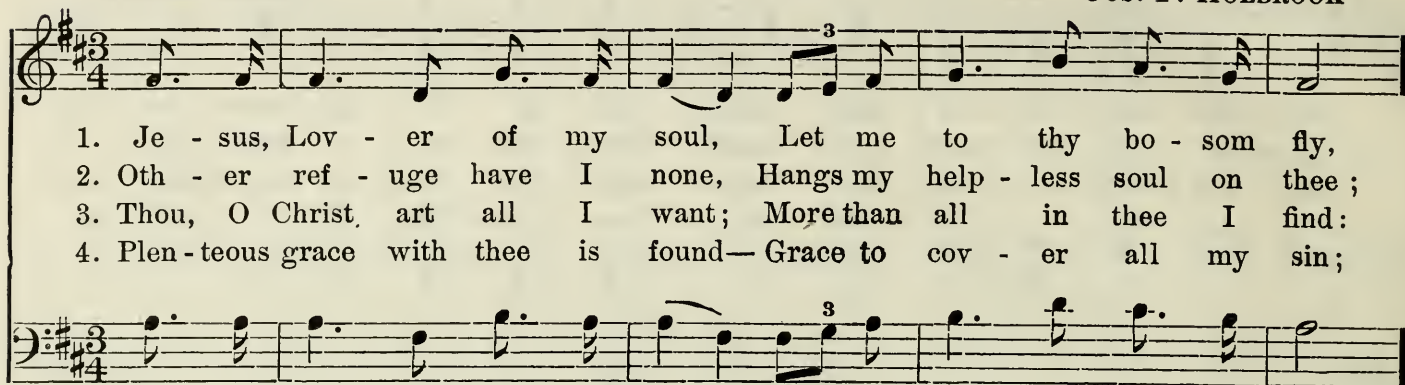
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!" A-MEN.

# JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

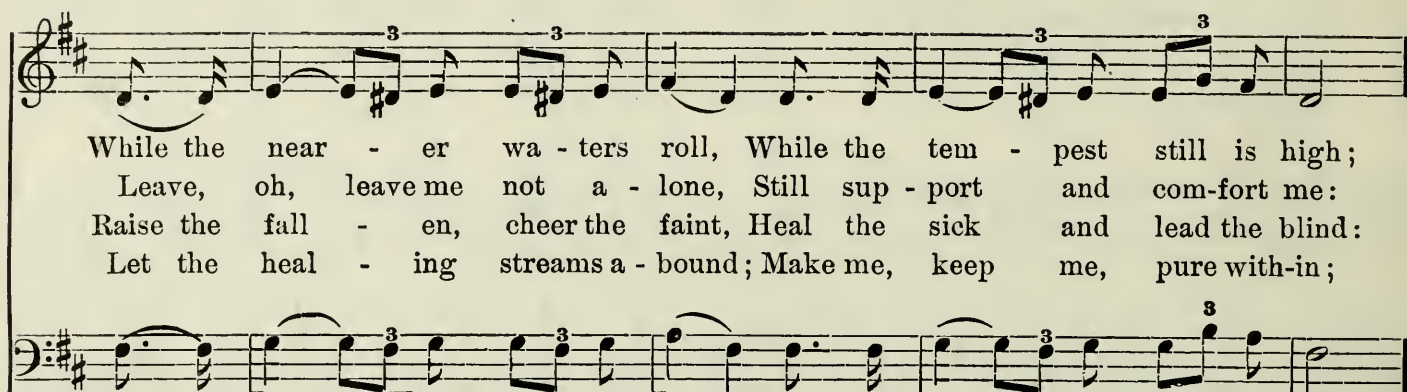
REFUGE

CHARLES WESLEY

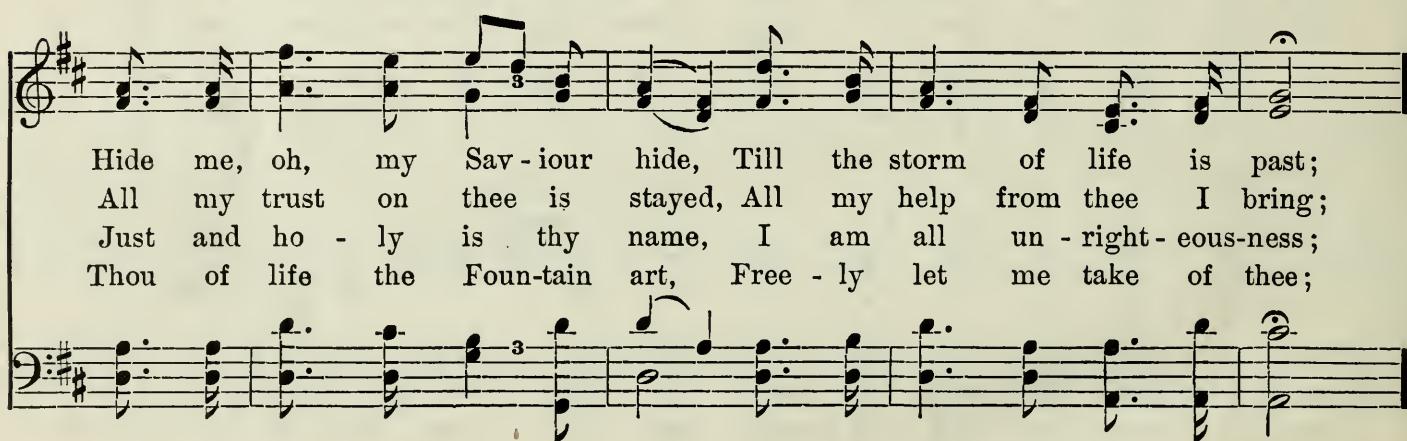
JOS. P. HOLBROOK



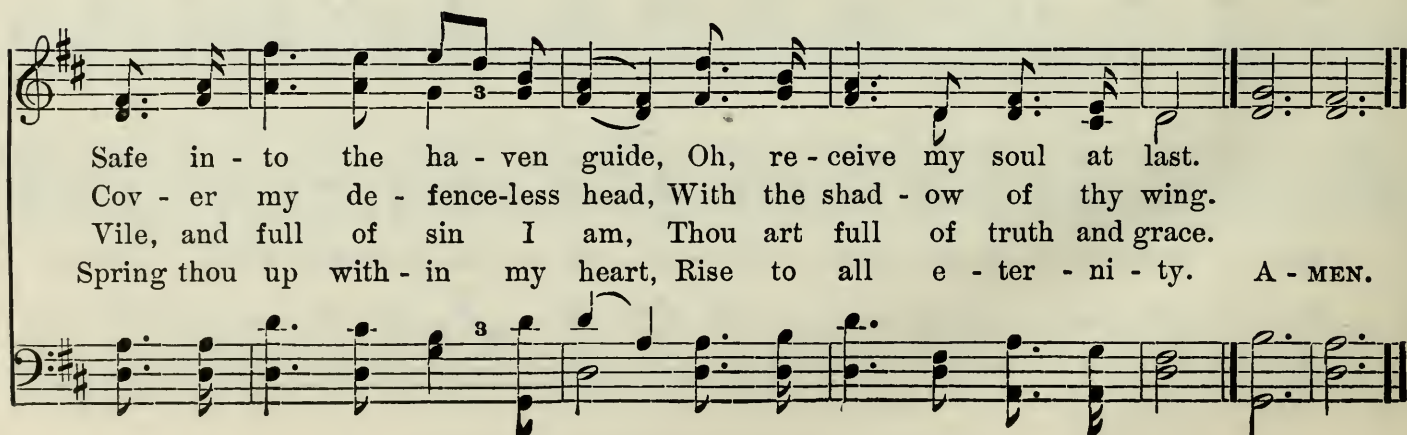
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee ;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find:  
 4. Plen - teous grace with thee is found— Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;  
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:  
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind:  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me, pure with-in;



Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;  
 Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all un - right - eous-ness;  
 Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.  
 Cov - er my de - fence-less head, With the shad - ow of thy wing.  
 Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.



# JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

(Second Tune)

CHARLES WESLEY

S. B. MARCH

FINE

# JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME

EDWARD HOPPER, D.D.

J. E. GOULD

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pil - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea ;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild ;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Un - known waves be - fore me roll . Hid - ing rocks and treach - rous shoal ;  
 Bois - t'rous waves o - bey thy will . When thou say'st to them, " Be still." .  
 'Twixt my soul and peace - ful rest, . Then, while lean - ing on thy breast, .

Chart and com - pass came from thee ; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear thee say to me, " Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A - MEN.

# ROCK OF AGES

A. M. TOPLADY

THOMAS HASTINGS

1. Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;  
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,  
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side which flowed,  
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone:  
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold thee on thy throne,

Be. of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.  
 Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee. A - MEN.

# GLORIA PATRI

HENRY W. GREATOREX

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

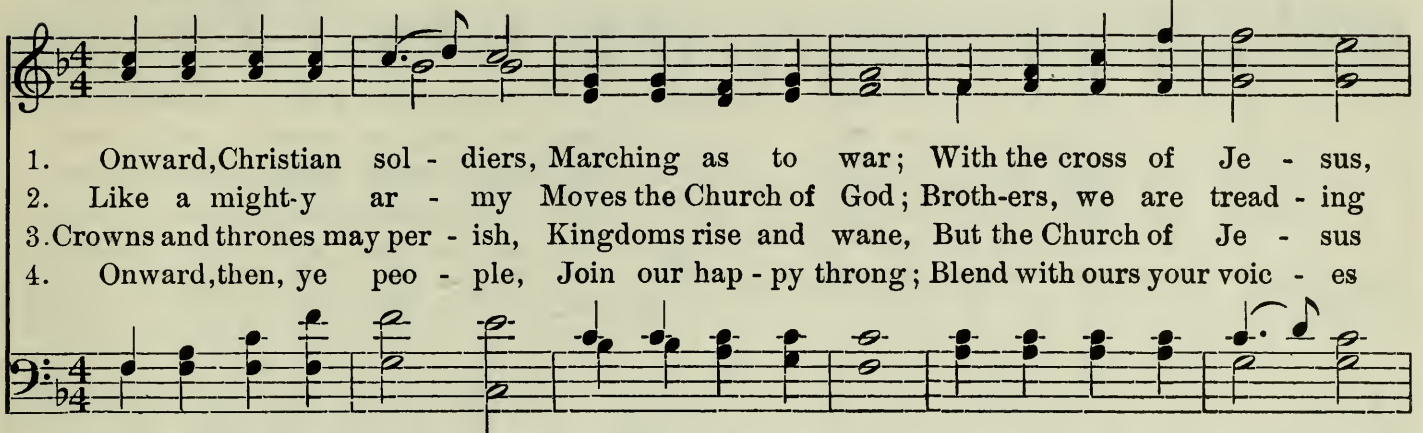
was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end, A - men, A - men.



# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

S. BARING-GOULD

A. S. SULLIVAN

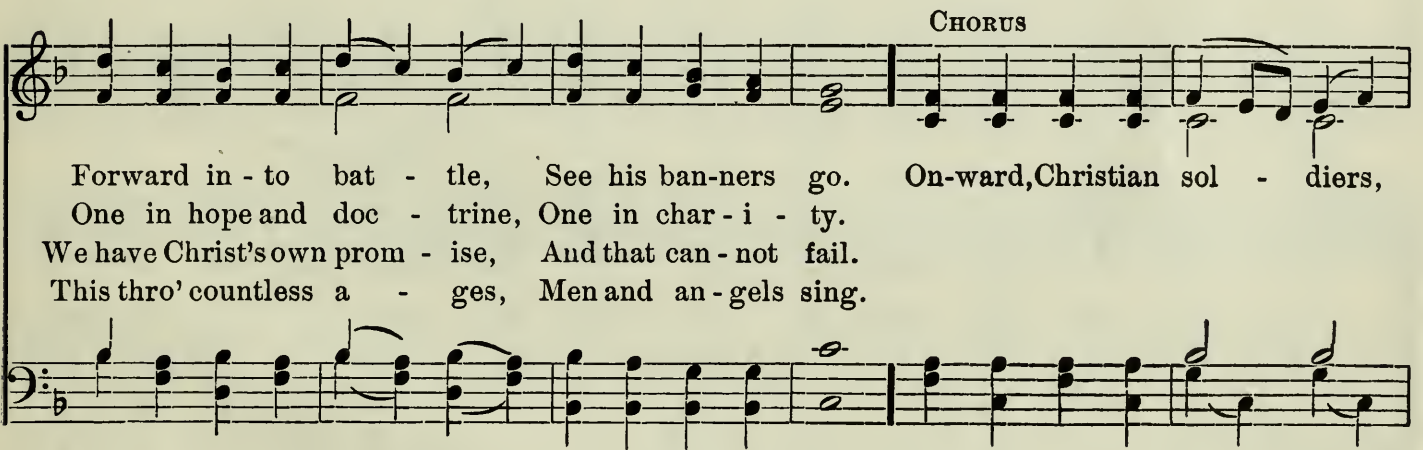


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus,  
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread - ing  
 3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus  
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your voic - es

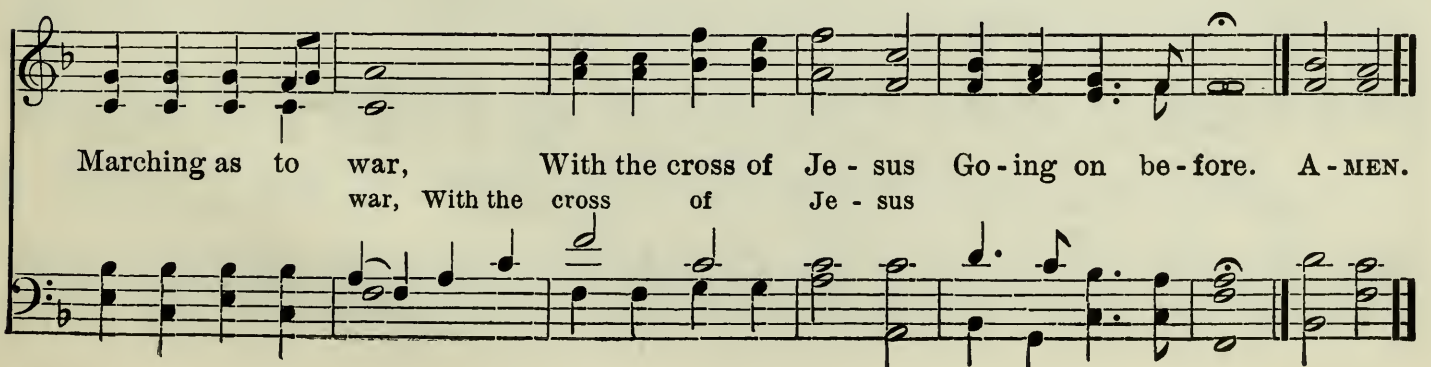


Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,  
 Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail;  
 In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;

CHORUS



Forward in - to bat - tle, See his ban - ners go. On - ward, Christian sol - diers,  
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.  
 This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

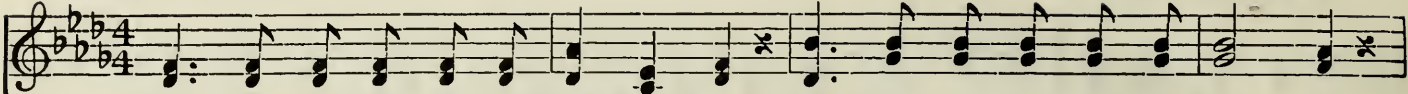


Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.  
 war, With the cross of Je - sus

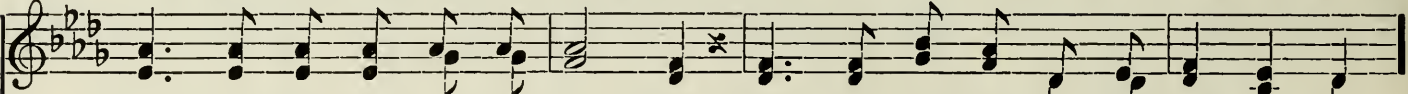
## GOD BE WITH YOU

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By his coun - sels guide, up - hold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Neath his wings se - cure - ly hide you;  
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con - found you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you;



With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Put his arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

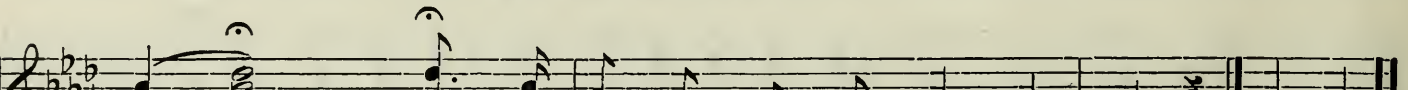
## CHORUS



Till we meet, . . . . . Till we meet, . . . . . Till we  
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,



meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, . . . . . till we  
 till we meet; Till we meet, till we



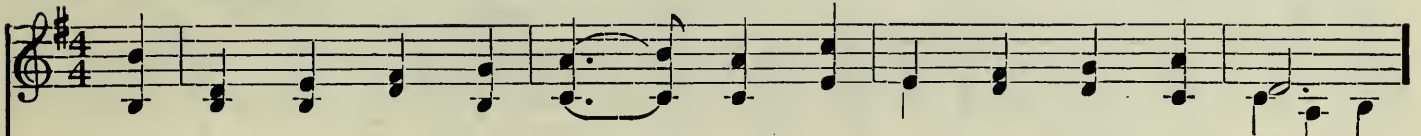
meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain. A - MEN.  
 meet a - gain,




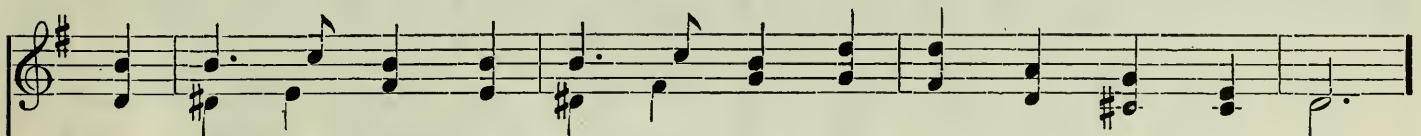
# BETHLEHEM

PHILLIPS BROOKS

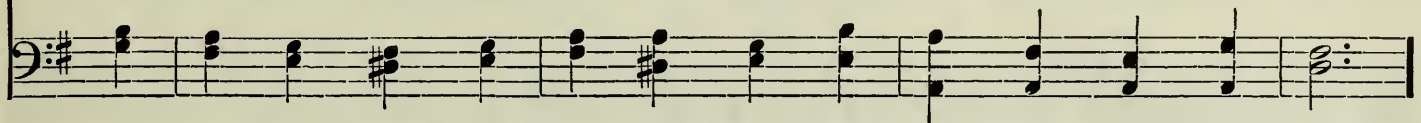
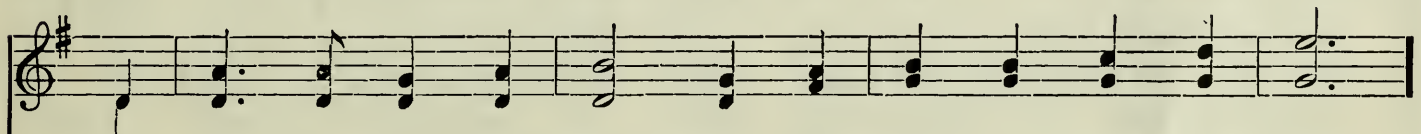
JOSEPH BARNBY




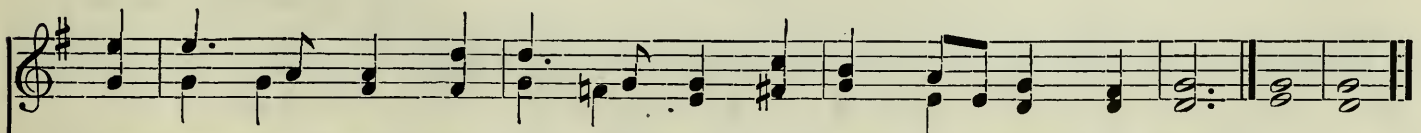
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie! . .  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove, .  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is given! .  
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray; .


A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;  
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love.  
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heav'n.  
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;  
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,  
 No ear may hear his com - ing, But in this world of sin,  
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!  
 Where meek souls will re - ceive him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.  
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im - man - u - el! A - MEN.



# SILENT NIGHT

FRANZ GRUBER

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright  
 2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night, Shep - herds quake at the sight!  
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light

Round yon vir - gin moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so  
 Glo - ries stream from Heav - en a - far, Heav'n - ly hosts sing  
 Ra - diant beams from thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re -

ten - der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 "Al - le - lu - ia, Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sav - iour, is born!"  
 deem - ing grace, Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth. A-MEN.

# JOY TO THE WORLD

ISAAC WATTS

ANTIOCH

GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL  
Arr. by LOWELL MASON

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King;  
 2. Joy to the world, the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy;  
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground;  
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove



Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re -  
He comes to make his bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far  
The glo - ries of his right - eous - ness, And won - ders of his love, And

And heav'n and na - ture  
Re - peat the sound - ing  
Far as the curse is  
And won - ders of his

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.  
peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
as the curse is found, Far as, Far as . . the curse is found.  
won - ders of his love, And wonders, And won - ders of his love. A - MEN.

sing, . . . . .  
joy, . . . . .  
found, . . . . .  
love, . . . . .

sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing,  
joy, Re - peat the sound - ing joy,  
found, Far as the curse is found,  
love, And won - ders of his love,

## OLD HUNDRED

### DOXOLOGY

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise him, all creat - ures here be - low;

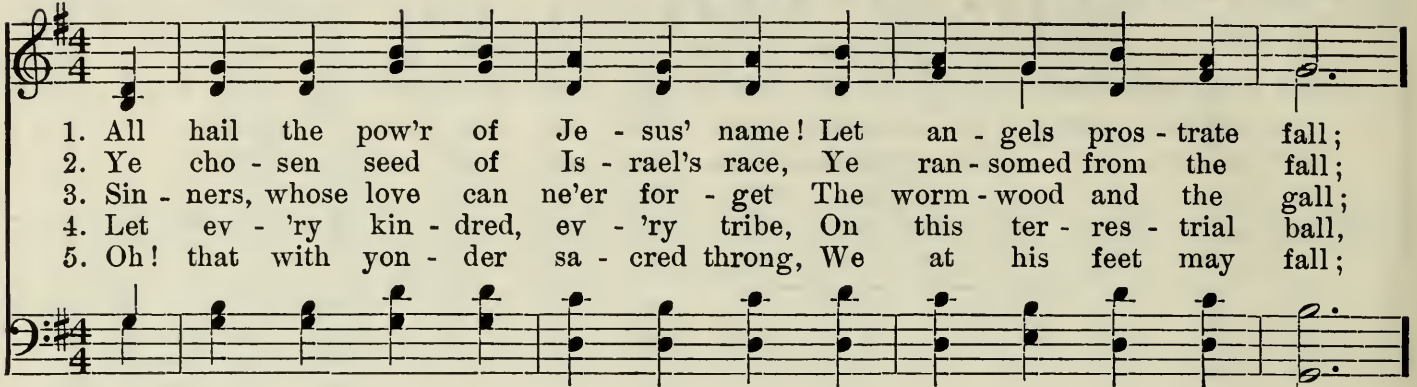
Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost. A - MEN.

# ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

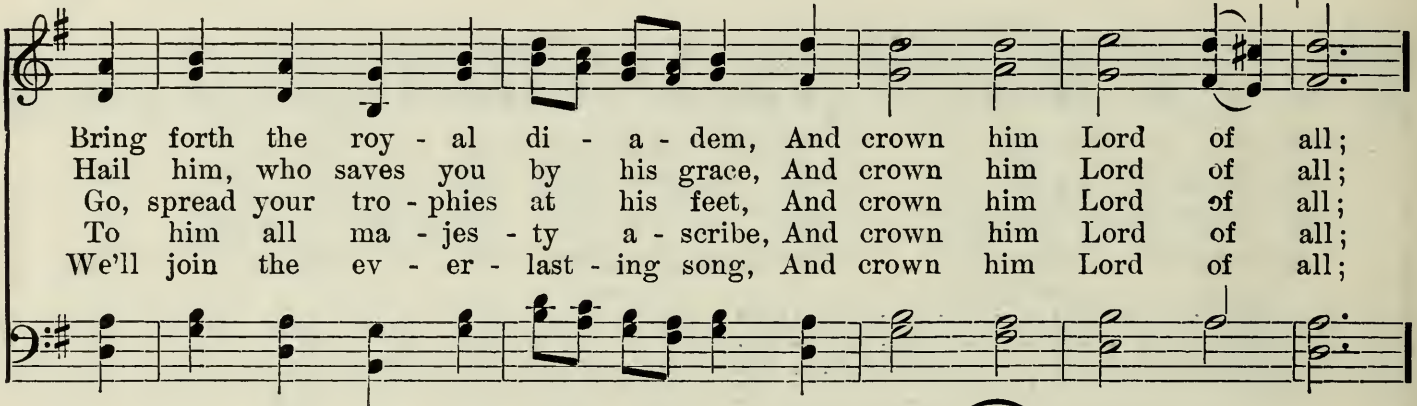
EDWARD PERRONET

CORONATION

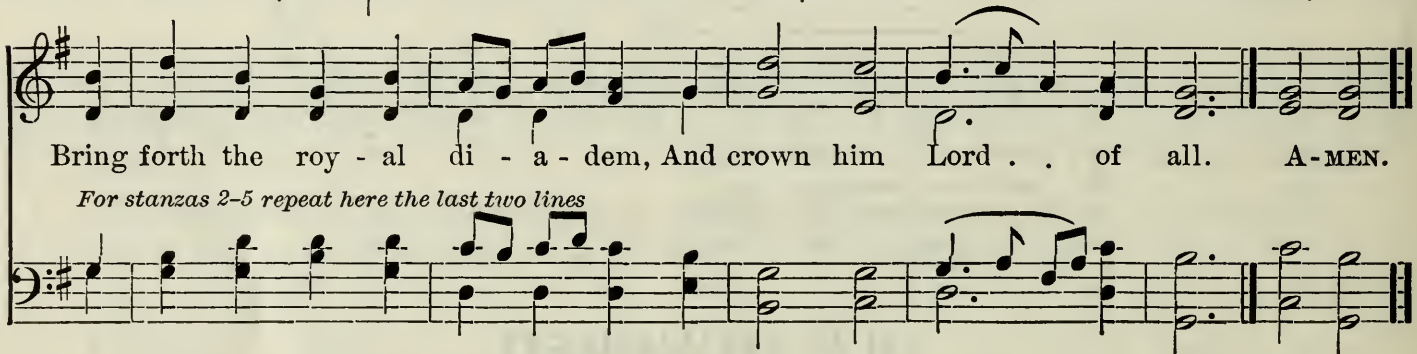
OLIVER HOLDEN



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall;  
 3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall;  
 4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 5. Oh! that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall;

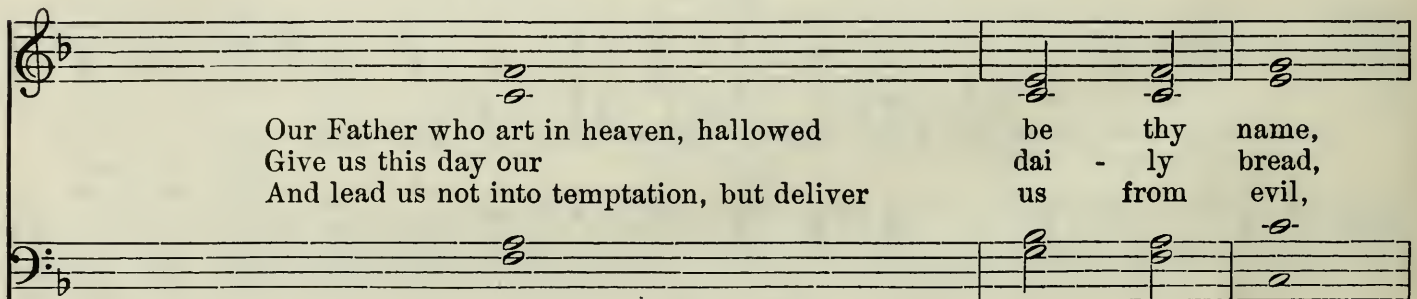


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;  
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all;  
 Go, spread your tro - phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all;  
 To him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And crown him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all;

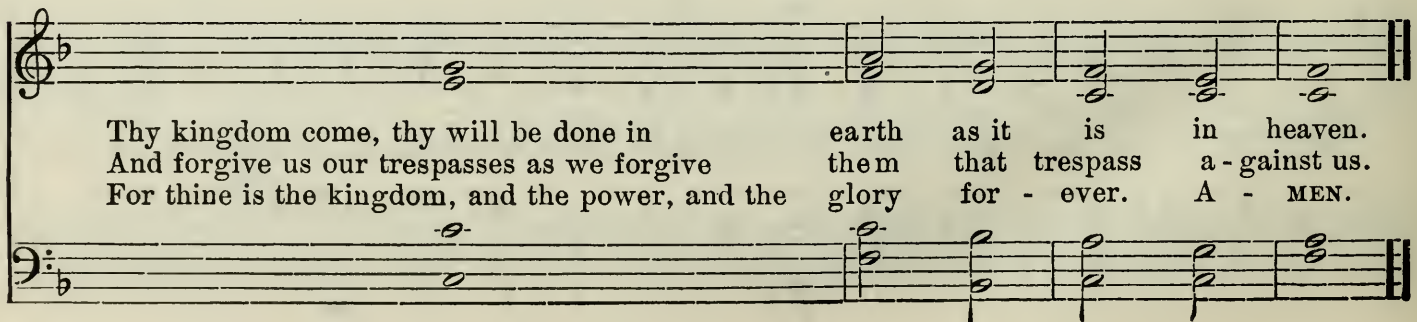


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord . . of all. A - MEN.  
*For stanzas 2-5 repeat here the last two lines*

## THE LORD'S PRAYER



Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,  
 Give us this day our dai - ly bread,  
 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,



Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.  
 And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.  
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for - ever. A - MEN.



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